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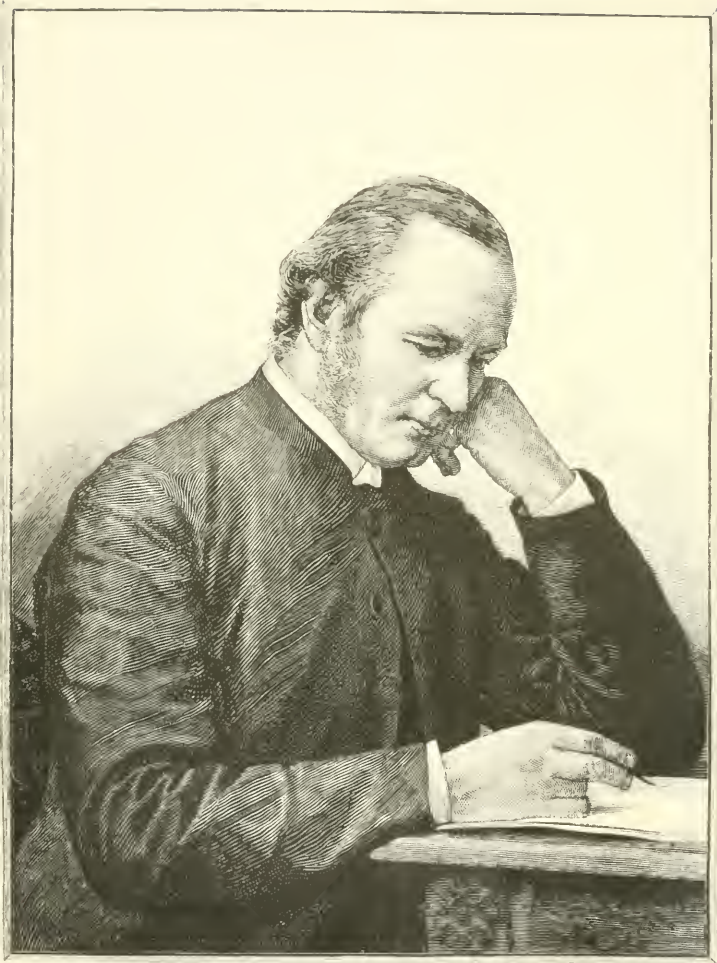
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Frederic W. Farrar.

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SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN AMERICA

BY

FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.

ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF WESTMINSTER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

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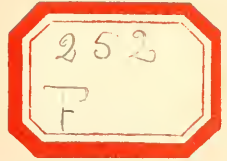
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TO
MY FRIENDS AND HOSTS
AND THE MANY
FROM WHOM I HAVE RECEIVED ACTS OF KINDNESS
THIS VOLUME
IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

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PREFACE.

THESE Sermons and Addresses are published in accordance with the wishes of many who, after hearing them, expressed a desire to have them in a permanent form. As it was necessary to pass them through the press before leaving America, I fear that they may suffer from the lack of greater time and better opportunity to submit them to careful revision. But, if only they are received with a tenth part of the kindness which has everywhere been bestowed upon the author, I may rely on the indulgent welcome of many readers. And so I send them forth, with the earnest prayer that they may be blessed by God to the furtherance of the cause of truth and holiness.

FREDERIC W. FARRAR.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Nov.* 20, 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

THESE Sermons and Addresses of the Archdeacon of Westminster have the same qualities which have so long won for all that he has had to say an earnest and sympathetic hearing. They are the utterances of him whom we have known so well as the author of the *Life of Christ*, the advocate of Temperance, and the preacher of Eternal Hope. They will appeal to and inspire the same love of God and Truth and Man, the same thoughtful interest in the things of the Spirit to which his other books have spoken.

But this volume will also possess a value and significance peculiarly its own. It is made up for the most part of sermons preached by an Englishman to Americans; that fact cannot fail to be felt by those who read it. Something of the feeling which was in the preacher's soul, as he stood in our pulpits and looked our congregations in the face, must still linger in the words of the discourses, now that they are printed.

The sense of likeness with the sense of difference—the sense that, being Christian men of the same race, we are living by the same standards and seeking the same ends; and the sense that, under our different conditions, our methods of life and ways of thought must of necessity be different—it is the combination of these two which

makes the peculiar interest of England for the American visitor or of America for the visitor from England. If they were entirely alike or if they were totally different, the two countries could not be to one another what they are now.

And perhaps there is no kind of writing which more sensitively feels this double interest, of likeness and unlikeness, and more vividly displays it, than the sermon. The true sermon has always its general and special character harmoniously united. It is at once the most universal and the most personal of all forms of address. It must speak eternal truths—truths true for all men in all times—or it is too local and narrow. It must also speak directly to the men to whom it is addressed, or it becomes too vague.

Therefore, the utterances of a preacher who speaks out of an earnest, sympathetic heart to Christians of another nation which yet is of close kindred to his own, will always have a value distinct from that which belongs to all his other writings. Such a preacher has come to America this autumn, and this volume comprises the Sermons he has preached.

Dr. Farrar has been for years no stranger to Americans. But they who have long counted him their friend and teacher, and who have now enjoyed the privilege of looking in his face and listening to his voice, will treasure these words which he has spoken especially to them, and will keep them as a valued memorial of his most welcome visit.

P. B.

BOSTON, *November*, 1885.

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SERMON I.

DELIVERED AT THE CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC, SEPT. 14, 1885.

Christ's Lesson from the Lilies and the Sparrows.

“Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?”—MATT. vi. 25.

I HAVE chosen these words for my text, only because they form part of the Gospel for the day.

1. You all know, I trust, almost by heart, that lovely and rhythmic passage of the Sermon on the Mount. You are also doubtless aware that the words, “take no thought,” did not, when the Bible was translated, mean as they now mean—“be wholly indifferent to,” “never cast a thought upon”—but that they meant, as in our admirable Revised Version, “be not anxious,” “be not over-careful about.” To take no thought for the morrow would, in the present sense of the phrase, be at once impracticable and immoral; it would be as much against the precepts of the Old as of the New Testament; it would be contrary to the clear practice both of

our Lord and His Apostles. The passage in past ages was often abused into an excuse for worthless idleness, for slothful self-indulgence, for pernicious mendicancy. The perversion was inexcusable. No man has any right to live on the toil of his neighbors ; no man has a right to be a useless burden on others ; no man, unless he be utterly base, will sit down at the feast of life, and meanly rise up and go away, without paying the reckoning. I need hardly pause to correct this abuse. I trust that all of us, of every rank, of every age, have learnt the dignity of work, the innocence of work, the holiness of work, the happiness of work. I trust that the very poorest person here present has a healthy scorn for the unworthy indolence of the drunkard, the idler, and the tramp. I trust that the most ignorant has risen above the wilful error of those who choose to think that these words abrogated the primary law of Eden, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat ;" or nullified the richest promise of futurity, "Now that thy work is over, enter into thy rest." The idler and the sluggard have no right either to heaven or to earth.

2. But while we thus guard this passage from a wrong meaning, let us be very careful that we do not rob it of *all* meaning. There is perhaps no part of Scripture which we are more tempted to praise, while we scarcely even attempt to practise, than the Sermon on the Mount. It is so transcendent ; so ideally noble ; it is so unspeakably superior to the prudential egotisms of worldly wisdom. It comes to us so completely as a melody out of a better and purer world, that we are too apt to admire and to forget it ; to glorify it as a picture instead of using it as a chart. After dwelling on

its music and its poetry, we carefully proceed to explain it all away. "Take no thought," "Be not anxious:" strange exhortation! How many nominal Christians even pretend to follow it! Go forth into the roaring, surging streets of any of our great cities, and how many are there of these careworn myriads, except here and there some happy boy or girl, who are not full of a restless and devouring anxiety about the concerns of this life—of this brief day, which, in an hour or two, shall plunge into irrevocable night? They know that, at the best, they have but a few years to live, and those full of sorrow; yet they are madly absorbed in the desire to gain things which, even for this brief space, cannot satisfy. They are all madly absorbed in chasing bubbles, in weaving spiders' webs, hewing broken cisterns, giving their labors to the caterpillar—bewildered by the very intensity of their desire to win that which does not and cannot profit, even for the brief span and ever-deepening twilight of these our saddened days. Yes, and they will maintain it to you, that so it ought to be; that in this—to them—unintelligible world, they could not possibly get on without dubious dealing; that (as they phrase it) "business is business;" that the Sermon on the Mount is too romantic, too angelical, for the warehouse and the street; and that the heaven, which is so near to us, since we all may enter it, is impossibly far away, because so very few of us do. And thus the voice—the human voice—the still small voice of Jesus on the hill—becomes to us but like the half-remembered echo of music out of some heavenly dream. We visit the scenes of the Saviour's earthly life. We stand, as I have stood, on the very spot where the words were uttered.

4 *Christ's Lesson from Lilies and Sparrows.*

The fowls of the air still fly around us, as when He was there ; the roller-bird still flashes, like a living sapphire, through the flowering oleanders ; the kingfisher still keenly watches the water from the plumed reeds beside the stream ; the white wings of the pelicans still ripple the azure crystal of the lake ; the eagle still soars overhead in the transparent air ; and underfoot the flowers, still in their vernal bloom, surpass Solomon in all his glory ; the pastures are still brilliant with the golden amaryllis ; the scarlet anemones still glow like flame amid the springing corn ; the lilies still breathe forth their delicate incense ; the anthers of the crocus still bloom with vegetable gold. Ah, yes ! the fair world is unaltered ; the sky is there, the hill is there, the lake is there, the flowers are there, the birds are there, and Hermon still upheaves his shining shoulder into the blue air, and the farther snows of Lebanon are still crimson with the setting sun ;—but where is He ? To many of you, my brethren, if you will confess the truth, has not that awful, that gracious figure of the Son of man, seated upon the mountain slope, faded away into a sea of darkness ? Does not His voice sound to you like the dim-remembered story out of half-legendary days ?

3. Alas ! my friends, and why is this ? Why has Christ seemed to vanish so far away ? Why to so many is He a dead Christ, not a living Christ ? Is it not chiefly because the world is ever with us ? because it has got thoroughly into our hearts ? because “ getting and spending we lay waste our powers ? ” Are we not ever, and almost exclusively, thinking of this world ? are we not mastered by the scrambling selfishness, and eager greed of our mere animal and earthly instincts ? How many of us rise,

and how often even for a single day, out of the little shivering egotism of our personal opinions and personal desires? Whence has this blight of unreality fallen so densely over the fair fields of Gospel teaching? Is it not from the sensual elements of artificial life which have blackened the air of the heaven which we have suffered it to obliterate? And this is partly due to the fact that we are so dead to nature. For the voice of nature is none other than the voice of God. Our Lord Himself tried to teach us that God, of whom we speak as so far and so silent, is very near, and is speaking to us all day long. The word is very nigh thee—even in thy mouth and in thy heart. We think ourselves very pious, if, with narrow literalism and stupid superstition, we profess to worship the words of holy books written hundreds of years ago, as though they were the only voice in which God ever had spoken or could speak to us; and these books we too often use to show the sins and heresies of our neighbors; and all the while we lose the whole significance of our Saviour's lessons from that other book of God whose secret lies ever open to the eyes which will read it. The reason why we understand great parts of the Sermon on the Mount even worse than we understand most parts of Scripture, is because they are full of nature and natural images. Men of the world, men who are earthly and sensual, men of vulgar and corroded hearts, "men full of meat whom most God's heart abhors," smile, with dull superiority, at lessons drawn from such things as lilies and sparrows.

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."

6 *Christ's Lesson from Lilies and Sparrows.*

And thus they realize the truth of the apprehension that a land which practically becomes to men without birds and without flowers, becomes also a land without prayers, without angels, and without songs: a crowd of huge, material, godless cities; a dull, dead blank of business and of selfishness, of mammon and of lust.

4. And yet, in that very book which we profess to believe, and by which we profess to be exclusively guided, exactly in the two places where God is represented as speaking most immediately to man, He rebukes this stolid blindness and deafness to His message in nature. When, in the Book of Job, "God answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said," what spake He of? spake He about scholastic definitions of religious dogmas? or about the thousands of petty differences of opinion that sow the seeds of hatred and of disunion in Christian hearts? or about any one of the *isms* and shibboleths of self-righteous churches or struggling sects? Look for yourselves, and see whether He spake not of far other things. He pointed not only to lightning and the thunder; not only to the stars and sea; not only "to the arch of the day-spring and the fountains of the dawn;" not only even to behemoth trampling the forests, and leviathan tempesting the seas; but also to the goodly wings of the peacock, and to the eagle on her mountain-crag. And when, on the green hill by the lake, Jesus, the Son of God, the Word of God, God made manifest in the flesh, "opened his mouth and taught them, saying," what taught he them? Was it about theology? Was it about the petty verbal distinctions or paltry outward ceremonials which exacerbate the hearts and pander to

the conceit and cleave asunder the sects of quarrelling Christendom? or was it about the fowls of the air which neither sow nor reap, and the lilies which toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these? Turn to the Book of Job—turn to the Gospel of St. Matthew—those at any rate are facts which you can verify for yourselves; facts which we may try to get rid of if we may, but which we shall hardly venture to deny.

5. “Why take ye thought for raiment? consider the lilies.” Very beautiful, you say! A hermit might repeat those words, living on herbs, in the desert of the Thebais; but is it not (to express the real thought of many)—is it not mere “pious extravagance,” when addressed to us hungry men, who are not in Eden, but toiling with the sweat of our brow for our daily bread, struggling and pushing each other about in toilsome cities? No, my brethren, it is not pious extravagance, but, if you will take it rightly, it is sweet, homely, practical truth. We are not bidden (observe) to do nothing for ourselves; but we are bidden, while doing what lies in ourselves, to put our whole trust and confidence in God. We must till the earth, and sow, and reap, and toil; yet, but for God's gift, not one ear of corn would grow; and in giving us the corn, He would fain teach us, at the same time, that the living is more than life, and the body than raiment, and that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the mouth of God. God makes us directly dependent on His mighty power; but to show that His power is all love, He stamps the gift with his own divine seal—He countersigns it with His own immediate autograph—of Beauty. This mar-

8 *Christ's Lesson from Lilies and Sparrows.*

vellous coincidence of beauty and utility, so that "the ornament of nature is but another aspect of her work;" so that, by a divine pre-established harmony in our minds, the sun, which gives us light and heat, gives us also, in air and cloud, the glories of sapphire and amber, of rainbow and of flame; so that the flower which gives us fruit may give us also "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;" so that the water, which is the proper element to quench the thirst of man and beast, is always lovely, whether it glimmer in the dew-drop, or gleam in the rainbow, or hang in fleeces of fire and amethyst amid the evening clouds;—this identity, I say, of use and beauty, of ministry and glory, is, whether as a veil or as a revelation, the most striking sign of the immediate presence and infinite love of God. And this was the lesson—the love of God as shown in the loveliness of his work—which the Lord meant to emphasize when He pointed to the lilies of the field. In pointing to them once He points to them forever—to the poppy, robed in Solomonian purple, "livelier than Melibocan, or the grain of Sarra worn by kings, and heroes old in the times of truce;" to the spring hyacinths, sprinkled like dust of sapphires, in the woodland walks; to the daisy, dear type of humility, with its pure star of ruby and white and gold; to the pink and fragrant snow of the apple-blossom and the May; to the primroses, clustering in their green firmament, like galaxies of stars; to the stubborn thistles, bursting into voluptuous purple; to the moss with its lustrous jewelry; to the lichen with its many-colored stains; to the rose of Sharon; to the lily of the valley; to the soft green grass; to the rolling billows of golden corn. These, in their humbleness,

in their joyful serenity, in their unimaginable fantasies of balm and bloom, say silently to us, We, like all things else, are God's gift to you ; and we tell you, in multitudinous voices, that God is light ; that God is love ; that God is very good ; that He maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth His rain upon the just and upon the unjust.

And the only proper feeling as regards them, the only true way of realizing the gift and the lesson of the lilies of the field, is that which made the Swedish botanist, as he gazed on the gorse and heather in their intertissued glories of purple and gold, kneel down, then and there, on the green turf under the open day, and thank God in an ecstasy of tears and joy. And I do trust that this feeling is not in all hearts wholly dead. Something of this feeling it must have been, which, at a flower festival where the rich were heaping up their splendid fruits and costly exotics, made one little timid girl lay humbly on the altar-steps her poor sweet offering of a single daisy. It must have been something of this feeling which made a boy carry with him every morning a flower to his place of business, and lay it beside him on his desk, not telling even his own father that he did so because the flower helped to keep him from evil thoughts, and to remind him of the love of God. Nay, even in the most degraded, the feeling is not always wholly dead. Not long ago one of the most reckless women in Millbank penitentiary was found upon her knees sobbing, and clasping something to her breast, touched to the heart, as she had never been touched before, by some blossoms of the white flower which used to blossom under her windows, when the now deprived

and drunken woman had been a sweet and innocent child. To these, at least, the flowers had carried the lesson which they may have for us—"God is love;" and "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

6. And again, "Be not anxious for your life; what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink." "Behold the fowls of air, that they sow not, neither do they reap, and your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Might not this exquisite illustration have furnished its own antidote against misrepresentation? God feedeth them; but they do nothing for themselves? Why, the whole joy of the life of the birds of heaven is in its eager industry! When you see the swallow, reflecting the sea-blue light from its wings, do you think that its darting hither and thither is but a "flashing sport?" Have you ever watched the kestrel, now soaring high in air, now wheeling round and round in ever-narrowing circles, now facing the wind in quivering poise with its paired half-moon wings, then dashing with one swoop upon its prey? Have you not all sometimes heard the sea-gulls uttering their plaintive wail, as, with the slow waft of their white wings, they hover above the surge? Or the gannet, hurling itself down like a thunderbolt from its perpendicular height, to strike some fish which its keen eye sees glittering deep under the waves? Or, if you have not seen these fair creatures of God, you may at least learn of the pigeons, with the lustre as of amethyst embathed in emerald on their shining necks, as they seek the food which man's kindness gives them; or the numberless city sparrows, humblest and most despised of God's creatures, of which yet not one falleth to the ground without our Father's will? Did Jesus then point to the birds of

the air as though they set us an example of greedy dependence, or of lazy sloth? Nay, not so. That which He giveth them they gather; He openeth His hand, and they, unanxious about the morrow, guided by unreflecting instinct, toiling for what God gives, are filled with food.* The simplicity of a beautiful and trustful instinct looks not in vain to God. "That little fellow," said Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding on to his little twig, and leaving God to think for him." And thus, what Christ would tell us is that the flowers, by the divine hieroglyphics of their ephemeral beauty, teach us that God loves us; and the birds, by their divinely implanted instinct of strenuous trust, in every varying gleam upon their plumage, in every beat of their quivering wings, in every warbled melody of their natural joy, say to us, "Fear not; be not anxious; your Heavenly Father feedeth us; and are not ye of much more value than we are—of more value than many sparrows?"

Here, then, are the lessons of this passage; I don't know whether you would call them the Gospel or not, but Christ taught them, and He, I suppose, knew better than modern Pharisees. Do your work in quietness and confidence; do your duty without anxiety; and He who, even in the desert, spreads His table for the birds, and He who clothes the flowers in a vesture more gorgeous than the crimson robes of kings, will feed and clothe you. That trust which unconsciously

* See Martineau, *Hours of Thought*.

God's humbler creatures show, that do ye show reflectingly and consciously. Trust in God for these lower things, because there are higher things which he has given and will give to you. Do not degrade and drag down your life by the spirit of mean, selfish, grudging, untrustful accumulation. If you seek first the kingdom of God, all these other things shall be added unto you. There is nothing wrong in your trade, and your merchandise, and your daily work to earn your own living; so far from being a rival business to these, the seeking of the kingdom of heaven is a divine law, which should regulate, a divine temper which should pervade and transfigure them. Only for the sake of your own souls, for the sake of all that makes life life, for the sake alike of your temporal and eternal happiness, do not seek the dross of earth more, and love it better than the gold of heaven. Let conscience and faith enter into every necessary act of daily life. Learn to discriminate the transcendent. Learn to feel habitually that the life, the true life, the spiritual life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let justice, goodness, kindness, purity be our aim, not the selfish scramble of scheming competition, not the brutal appetencies of sensual desire. Do not let your daily necessities blunt the edge of your ideal aspirations. Do not sink into mere money-making machines. Man lives, indeed, by bread; but, oh! remember that he doth not live by bread alone. Two classes of interests daily appeal to us with intense persistence—the lower and the higher; the earthly and the divine; those of the animal and those of the spiritual nature. On the one side money, self-importance, power, comfort, pleasure, grasp

us with the attraction of their nearness, and of their coarse reality ; on the other hand, calling to us as with sweet, far voices from the invisible world, are grace, contentment, trust, duty, thankfulness for undeserved mercies, a desire to give rather than to receive, the holy readiness to spend and be spent for the good of others, not our own.

So shall we indeed have learned the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount, the lesson which—that we might learn it the better, that it might the more deeply be graved upon our memory, that it might the more constantly be brought to our recollection—the Lord of our souls wrote in plainest letters on the Book of the Universe, and attached to the commonest sights and sounds of our daily life. He wrote the strong, necessary, simple lesson, and he illuminated with letters of light and loveliness the missal in which it was written down. If we carry it with us, the very world we live on, the very ground we tread, the very air we breathe will be beautiful and vocal with heavenly messages, and

“ Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings
To the pure spirit, be a word of God.”

It will bid us thank God for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; it will bid us thank Him with yet more heartfelt gratitude for our redemption, for our immortality ; for Him who said, “ I am the bread of life ;” for Him who promised, “ He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.” And that message will fur-

ther say to us, "To God, who gives us all, shall we give nothing? To Him, the Lord of our life, shall we have nothing to offer when death comes but 'the dust of our mortal bodies and the shipwreck of immortal souls?'" Ah! let us strive more perfectly to learn this lesson, which Christ taught from the lilies and the sparrows, to those poor, suffering, hungry, thirsty multitudes, in His first great sermon—His Sermon on the Mount. So shall we rise above the fret and faithlessness of worldly anxieties, and the meanness of all those aims which are earthy, of earth alone. So shall we learn His sweet and consoling lesson: "Be not anxious about your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

SERMON II.

DELIVERED IN ST. GEORGE'S, MONTREAL, SEPT. 19, 1885.

Awakenment.

Wherefore he saith, "Awake thou that sleepest."—EPH. v. 14.

IN the great mediæval allegory, he who, having fallen away from innocence into sin, desires, with all his heart, to struggle back from sin to forgiveness, must climb up a steep hill to a narrow wicket-gate. That wicket-gate is approached by three steps:—a step of whitest marble, a step of dark and riven purple, a step of burning red. They are meant to shadow forth the step of sincerity, the step of contrition, and the step of love. Have any of us ever seriously tried to take our stand upon that lowest step—the step of perfect sincerity—the step so white that it mirrors the whole man?

No eye but a man's own can gaze, almost as with the eye of God, on the unveiled human heart. But when men's eyes are opened, and they have been brought to look fairly and fully on themselves; when they have entered that awful solitude in which the soul is alone with God; when they have been forced, or have brought

themselves, to connect their own personality with the shame and guilt of sin ; when the voluble spirit of excuse is at last dumb ;—what follows ?

I know no word which will describe the result of self-revelation so briefly as *Awakenment*.

The ordinary moral and spiritual condition of most men, in their common life, can only be pictured by the metaphor of sleep. There are many degrees and varieties of this spiritual sleep. There is a sleep of human feebleness, which is a venial, if not an inevitable imperfection, and of which our Lord said to those slumbering Apostles, “The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” Far deeper and worse is the sleep of those who, though they are not guilty of glaring and flagrant sin, are yet absorbed in the worldly life ; given up to dissipations and trivialities ; losing, for the sake of living, all that constitutes a true life. Deepest and deadliest of all—like the sleep of a man in a burning house—is the slumber of those who have sold themselves to do evil ; who work all uncleanness with greediness ; who have steeped themselves up to the lips in the grossness of sensualism ; who have given themselves over to a life of falsehood, or avarice, or drink, or crime. But so common is this sleep in one or other of its forms, that the Scripture is constantly striving to arouse men from its fatal torpor.

But, my brethren, the thought which I wish to leave with your consciences this morning is, that, whether we are waking or sleeping now, our sleep cannot and will not last forever. In vain you fold your hands—in vain you say a little more sleep, a little more slumber : you must be awakened. Either in this world or the

next must come the awakening which results from seeing ourselves as we are. It comes to those who, though they are often drowsy, are yet waiting for their Lord. It comes to those who are living the empty life of selfish worldliness; it comes, worst of all, to the hardened, reckless sinner, who in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, shall some day be forced to judge himself in the light of God, and to see his heart as it is in the view of heaven. Think of it;—to each one of us—either by our repentance, or with penal retribution—either in this world or in the world hereafter—awakening will come.

It comes in very different ways. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth. “There are those to whom it comes in storms and tempests; there are those whom it has summoned in hours of revelry and idle vanity; there are those who have heard its still small voice in scenes of leisure and placid contentment; there are others, again, to whom it has come during seasons of sorrow and affliction, and to whom tears have been the softening showers which caused the seed of heaven to spring up and take root in the human heart.”* But when it comes penally, and in the way of catastrophe, it is then an awful moment. It is as though we had long wandered in the wintry darkness, and suddenly a flash of lightning reveals to us that chasms yawn on every side of us; or the dim dawn comes, and as we look back, we see that for the long hours of darkness our footsteps have been along the very edge of an abyss.

My friends, it is only with a shudder that even the saint of God can look into the abysmal deeps of his own personality. When a man's eyes are opened he recognizes in his faithless and wilful heart a capacity for every form of crime. See how that awakening made even David cry with anguish: "Behold! I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;" and Job: "Though I wash me with snow-water, and make myself never so clean; yet thou shalt plunge me in the ditch, so that my own clothes shall abhor me;" and Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, oh Lord!" and St. Paul: "Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and St. Augustine: "Liberate me from a bad man—myself;" and St. Theresa: "Seeing my own soul in a vision, it looked to me as though it were covered with spots of leprosy; and Luther: "Oh my sins, my sins!" It was this that made the great and eloquent Chancellor of Paris, Jean Gerson, gather the little children round him and bid them pray: "Lord, have mercy on thy poor servant, Jean Gerson." It made Bunyan—until, as he says, "The number got beyond him"—envy even the lowest of God's creatures, because they had not done wrong. It was this which wrung from Cowper the cry:

"We perished each alone;
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he."

It was this which caused the holy martyr, Bradford, to exclaim, pointing to a criminal being led to execution, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford." It was this dictated the words of Ed. Irving: "When I

imagine my poor soul, possessed with the memory of its misdeeds, exposed to the scorching eye of my Maker, I shriek and shiver with mortal apprehension. And when I fancy the myriads of men, all standing there explored and known, I seem to hear their shiverings like the aspen leaves in the still evenings of autumn." Such are the confessions of the holiest, and so ignorant is the world of the depth of contrition with which the true soul is broken when it sees its own sinfulness, that it has utterly mistaken these confessions, and has chosen to interpret them as though they were the proof of vileness in comparison with other men, the shrinking and sensitive self-reproach of souls that desired only to be pure as He is pure who "chargeth even His angels with folly, and in whose sight the very heavens are not clean."

But oh! if awakenment have its awfulness even for those who know that their souls are reconciled—who feel that, whatever they may once have been, they are now washed, and cleansed, and justified, what must it be to the man, who, in spite of the self-revelation, still loves, still refuses to forsake his sins? It is a tremendous moment which first reveals to a man that he too is hitherto a lost soul. A swimmer has struck out far into the summer wave, and, seeking to swim back to shore, suddenly realizes that he is helpless in the grasp of the irresistible tide; boys have rowed their boat down the river, and suddenly the white breakers gleam round them, and they perceive that they are being swept over the harbor bar into the sea; the crew of a ship which is sailing through dense fogs, suddenly hear the sound of billows on an iron shore, and, in a moment's lifting of the mist, see rising before them a precipice of rock—

does not the blood of these curdle with fear, do not the hearts of these throb with horror at the sudden, awful peril? Hardly, I think, with such horror as when a man is first startled into the awakening recognition of his own moral catastrophe, and spiritual ruin; when, amid the bitter mocking of the fiends who have lured him to his destruction, he sees at last that the laws which he has been defying, act, as he has been always warned that they would act, with mechanical certainty and irretrievable precision; that he too is a wreck, a castaway, flung on the weltering waves of time, or stranded on the naked shore of eternity. What must be the feelings of a man who for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years has been outwardly honest and moral, but who, suddenly grasped by the accelerating impetus of sins secretly cherished, suddenly forced to own to the bond to which he has set his own seal, commits a crime, and is forced to sit down amid the ruins of his life? With what eye does he gaze on the conflagration of his hopes, which, as it reduces his future to a blackened ruin, flings a hideous glare of revelation upon his past? “In the remarks which you addressed to the Court,” said an English judge in passing the sentence of penal servitude on the young, able, popular member of Parliament who stood before him as a cheat and a forger in the felon’s dock, “you said that your whole life had been one serious and fatal mistake. I can easily believe it. The mistake”—(hear it, young men!)—“consisted in the absence of that perfect rectitude of intention, and of that well-regulated mind, which are the only safe guides in human life. The man who first deviates from rectitude, takes the first step toward a precipice, and he

soon finds that to stand still is impossible, that to retreat would be ruin, and that to advance is destruction."

Ah! my brethren, let no man say to himself superciliously in his Pharisaic heart, "What has all this to do with me? I am not an extortioner, unclean, an adulterer, as other men are, or even as these publicans." Ye who know yourselves, will know that, but for the grace of God, continually sought, none of us is safe at any time, none of us is safe from any thing. If, indeed, you be a child of God the golden chain which holds you is safe in His hand; but if your trust be merely in honor and worldly expediency, your passions are but bound with a chain of flowers which one tiger's leap may burst. The examples I have given apply at least to each one of you who is living a life of sin. If you be growing fond of any one besetting sin; if you are laying waste the inner sanctities of your moral nature; if you are only depending on "the unspiritual God circumstance;" if you are worshipping success or money, you may yet experience that he that doeth sin is the servant of sin, and that to become amenable to stern human laws may be a thing unspeakably less terrible than to be ground to powder by those divine laws, of which the human are but an imperfect expression. When nothing of the sin is left but the ruin it has wrought; when "the Furies begin to take their seat upon the midnight pillow;" when a man is forced to face the fact that he too belongs to the awful failures and tremendous examples which point to the world's experience; when he realizes that the life, the one, the beautiful life which God gave him—with its innocent childhood and golden youth, and priceless opportunities—has been lost and

wasted ; that he has been an utter and inexcusable fool ; that he has but added strength to the curse of evil in the world ; that it had been better for him, at this moment, if, with a millstone round his neck, he were lying in the depths of the sea ; yea, better for him if he had not been born ; then, in that moment, whether it be on the glaring stage of public detection, or in the secret sessions of the heart, the man must know what Christ meant by the outer darkness, by the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched.

And yet it is a most blessed thing for any man if that awakening—so he neglect it not—comes during life ; yea, even if it comes, as it comes sometimes, in the very hour of death. To trust, indeed, to this is to walk over a chasm on a razor's edge. A great writer of fiction, describing the death of a young nobleman who has been shot in a duel after a life of silly dissipation, describes the agonizing reflection which came too late, that he might have been dying happy with children's faces round his bed. The great poet, seeing in Purgatory the soul of Buoneconti, hears from him that, dying on the field of Campaldino, his last cry for mercy was heard, and as the Angel of God took him, the spirit of hell cried out, “ O, thou from heaven, why dost rob me ? Dost thou carry away the eternal share of him—*per una lagrimetta*—for one poor tear that delivers him from me ? ” And perhaps some of you may remember a scene in a great modern work of genius where the poor, fallen, deserted maiden dies in prison, and a deep voice of the evil spirit, as he stands beside her and hears the last fluttering breath, utters “ She is judged ! ”—*Ist gerichtet*—but even there, from the upper air, thrills

the cry as of an angel, *Ist gerettet!*—"She is saved!" "One," said the Rabbi, "wins eternal life after years of struggle; another obtains it in one hour." If it seems unjust to us that a soul should be saved as by one flash and spasm of repentance, our thought may only be due to our own gross envy and ignorance. It is otherwise to the larger eyes of Him to whom Time and Eternity are but one great "now"—to Him who, on the cross, turning upon the dying malefactor the kingly eyes, which were beginning already to be filmed by death, exclaimed, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Even in the hour of death, then, awakening may come, and come effectually. Only, my brethren, remember how much more often death ends—not in contrition, therefore not in repentance, but in dull torpor or hard defiance.

"Lord Cardinal, if thou thinkest on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope;—
He dies and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!"

But even when the conviction of guilt comes before the death-bed, if in some it produces penitence, there are others in whom it produces only wretchedness, and in others only an unfathomable despair.

Wretchedness, as of him who, in the blasphemy of unclean defiance, said, "Knowing that I am predestined to damnation, I will give diligence to make my election sure." Despair, as of him who shrieked, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood," and hearing the brutal taunt of his priestly abettors, "What is that to us? See thou to that!" departed and went away and hanged himself. The history of the Refor-

mation produced an awful example of such a man in Francis Spiera. Converted to Protestantism, but morally unchanged, he turned the grace of God into lasciviousness, and then, in fear of the Inquisition, recanted—first privately, then publicly—the Gospel truths which he had preached. But no sooner did he get home than he was seized with fearful torments of conscience. He seemed to hear a voice, which cried, “Wretch, thou hast denied me, depart from me!” No comfort could reach him; he ceased to believe in prayer; he died remorseful, yet hopeless. They who saw his end described it as *horrenda desperatio*, and one exclaimed, “If all the students of Padua do not forsake all their lectures to gaze on this tragedy, their sensibilities must be exceedingly obtuse.”

But some there are to whom, as to Dives, there seems to come in this life no awakenment. Shall we count them happy? Happy—how long? Happy—till when? You can appreciate the trembling rapture of the awakening in heaven;—that bursting glory, that infinite exultation, that triumph of peace indescribable! What must be that other awakening?—the awakening of those who, willingly to the end, have broken the law of God? “Oh God, they have deceived me, and this is Death!” said a bad English king, as he fell back and died. Ah yes, it is an awful moment when the gold must drop from the relaxing hand; when no jewelled star can hide the mean heart any longer; when pleasure, which has become as loathly as it is impossible, shrivels like a withered garland; when the gains of ambition look as mean as the rouge and tinsel of the stage under the dawn! Shall it not be as a luxurious

dream when a man waketh to gnawing hunger and scorching thirst? You have read of the young somnambulist of the French village, who, in her sleep, got out of her garret window upon the roof, and, in the sight of a silent and trembling crowd, walked up and down the giddy parapet, and dreaming of a coming festival—sometimes approaching the edge, sometimes leaving it, sometimes, while they held their breath for very horror, leaning down toward the street below—kept smiling and murmuring her gay songs. And they were powerless to help her. And, of a sudden, a little candle was lit in an opposite window; it flashed upon her eyes; she woke; she screamed; her awakening was a deadly fall. It had killed her. Alas! ye who are without faith and without God,—ye to whom at this moment the world is God,—what are ye but sleepers who, in your slumber, walk to the edge of an abyss, ye too, perhaps, singing and dreaming of festal days? For what else is it than a dream to take shadows for realities and realities for shadows? When one ray of light—one clear ray out of God's eternity—shall smite your dreaming eyes, do you not fear that start, that tottering over the edge, that death? Is not your godless life pregnant with suicide?

And oh, God, that awakening! Another, not I—another, one of the most eminent of religious teachers—shall describe what it may be—the terrible moment when the Judge speaks and consigns the soul to the jailers till the debt is paid. “Impossible! I, a lost soul? I, separated from hope and from peace forever? It is not I of whom the Judge so spoke! There is a mistake! Christ! Saviour! hold my hand one minute

to explain it: my name is Demar; I am but Demar, not Judas! What! I a lost soul? Impossible! it shall not be so! And the poor soul struggles and wrestles in the grasp of the mighty demon who has hold of it, and whose every touch is torment. Stop, horrible fiend! Give over; I am a man, and not such as thou! I am not food for thee, and sport for thee! I have been taught religion; I have had a cultivated mind; I am well versed in science and art; I am a philosopher, a poet, a hero; nay, I have received the grace of redemption; I have attended the sacraments for years—nothing, nothing which I have ever been, which I have ever seen, bears any resemblance to thee. I defy thee and abjure thee, enemy of man. Alas! poor soul! and while it thus fights with that destiny which it has brought upon itself, and those companions which it has chosen, the man's name perhaps is solemnly chanted forth on earth. Men appeal to his authority; quote his words; write his history. So comprehensive, so kind, so profound. Oh! vanity of vanities! what profiteth it? His soul is lost, oh, ye children of men!"

My brethren, remember, I do not endorse the whole of this passage as it stands on the pages of Cardinal Newman in terrible details which I have omitted. To me it seems mediæval rather than Scriptural; the "Tartarian drench" of a powerful imagination rather than anything which has been so revealed. But yet the dreadful imagery may serve to remind you of unspeakable realities;—of the shame of that awakenment when sinners call on the mountains to fall on them and the rocks to cover them. Souls, which should have entered into a world of light, clad in white robes,

bright, rejoicing, glorified, as with a drift of angels' wings—souls, for which all the golden trumpets should have sounded on the other side, find, as they go to their own place, that it is an outer darkness, into which they must shiver forth as souls lost, degraded, stained, ruined, the victims of the triumph of the powers of evil. At the very best, it is for the bad man a terrible thing “to die, and go we know not where.” To such a man,

“The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we dream of death.”

My brethren, I love not the messages of terror and of gloom. I have not, indeed, set the truths of life and death before you as though they were mere dance-music; a lullaby for baby spirits, a revelation among the myrtle-trees by night. Be men! Face these realities! You see what an awful thing life is for all who are alienated from God; think you that death is less awful? Think you that it is some extreme unction which will mechanically set you free? If in life we hear so often voices as of shipwreck on a shoreless ocean, what reason have we to believe that those voices may not catch a tone of yet more thrilling agony beyond the grave? But why need there be any such thought of terror for any one of us? Has not Christ died for us? Is not this the lesson of Christ's birth and death, that he lived and died to save us, and all mankind? He offers us peace here, and peace beyond the grave; and not to us only, but to all who believe in His name. All that we

have to do is to trust in Him ; to seek him now—now in the accepted time ; to love one another ; love His little ones ; to work for Him ; to obey His laws ; to spread His kingdom. If happily to us the awakenment from the dream of sin have come not in terror and as with the thunder-clap, but through still small voices, or gently as the falling dew, let us try that those voices be heard by others, and that their souls also be wet with that gracious dew. He came to save sinners ; He came therefore to save us ; and all whom He saves—all, all the innumerable multitude who, whether their awakenment came here, or in death, shall be gathered under the span of that rainbow round about the throne in light like unto an emerald ; all, all of these when they awake after His likeness shall be satisfied with it ! And so, my brethren, let us, while there is yet time, pray both prayers for ourselves : “ God, be merciful to me a sinner ; ” and, “ That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men, We beseech Thee to hear us good Lord.”

SERMON III.

PREACHED IN THE CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL, SUNDAY EVENING,
SEPTEMBER 21.

Not a Sectarian Christ.

“Is Christ divided?”—1 COR. i. 13.

AMONG many perils which seem to lower like dark clouds on the horizon, the one hope for our age and nation lies in a faithful allegiance to the living Christ. It was the lesson which He Himself inculcated again and again. He said that all His people must share in His divine life, as the branch lives by the sap of the vine, as the members of the body live by the beating of the heart.

1. The main lesson of the nineteen centuries of Christ's history teaches us that all which mankind has ever known of the best and greatest has been derived from Him. I see no dangers to Christianity, save such as arise from the errors and the ignobleness of professing Christians. I feel no misgivings as to the future of Christianity, if only Christ's sons abide in love, relying on His strength. Then the waves of the sea may rage

horribly, but they will only roar and strike and be shattered into mist upon the winds, into scum upon the shore. Then the heathen may rage, and the people imagine vain things, but *Christus regnat, Christus vincit, Christus imperat*; He sitteth above the water-floods, and He shall remain a king for ever.

2. But though Christianity can never be finally overthrown, it may be, as in other ages, temporarily rejected. It may suffer an eclipse, disastrous, not indeed to any who love the Lord in sincerity and truth, but to the nations of a perplexed and groaning world. Can one of your white river mists in any way affect the sun? It cannot affect the sun, but it may grievously trouble our vision. However dense the earthly fog, the sun is still shining there in its unapproachable splendor, though it may shed no warmth, no glory over a darkened land. Even so "God is always in the meridian," though the faithless eye sees Him no longer. All the atheism of all the world could not dethrone the Lord of Glory, or silence the thrill of one harpstring among the millions which warble their celestial music around the presence of His love; but atheism may hide God and His Christ from the hearts of men, and intercept the blessing of His grace. Even this it would, I am convinced, be powerless to do even for one brief and miserable day, except through our perversities or our faithlessness. Christianity can only be defeated by ourselves. It will never be condemned by the world, except because of our unworthiness, and of our shortcomings. It can only lose its influence if we substitute for Christ's teaching our own shibboleths. If we turn Christianity into a religion such as Judaism was in the

days of Christ—a religion of hatred, of suspicion, of feeble heresy-hunting, of party spirit, of false witness—depend upon it that the world will cease to care for it, will judge it, and will despise it by its fruits. And justly : for this spirit is not the spirit of religion, but the spirit of Pharisaism ; and you may read for yourselves, if you care to understand Christ at all, that He, who was so infinitely tender to the weeping harlot, to the repentant publican, to the returning prodigal, blighted the Pharisee “ with a flash of a terrible invective.”

3. And bear in mind that it is *quite possible* to mistake Christ, and to mistake Him grievously. Many Christians have mistaken His teaching in all ages, from the earliest even until now. Sincerity will not prevent this. Conviction will not prevent it. The Bible—especially the New Testament—shows us that a man may be utterly sincere, and overwhelmingly convinced, and yet be wholly in the wrong. Christ’s own apostles again and again misunderstood his words. He spoke to them in metaphor, as about leaven, and with strange obtuseness they took Him literally. He spoke to them literally, as about His cross and His resurrection, and with strange wilfulness they failed to accept His words at all. They were constantly calling forth His loving, sad rebuke. Now they tried to keep off the poor mothers who brought their babes for His blessing ; now they rebuked one who was working miracles in His name ; now they quarrelled about precedence and physical nearness to His presence ; now, in an Elijah spirit which is all too common, they passionately wanted to call down fire from heaven on those who received Him not ; now

they were selfishly dreaming of personal thrones and exclusive crowns. They faithfully record for us their own failures. As it is with us, so with them; Christ was too large, too divine, too loving, too universal, too eternal for men's selfish and finite souls.

4. But, my brethren, if even *they* misunderstood Him; they who loved Him so dearly; they who saw and heard, and their hands handled the word of life; they who listened to His sermons in the synagogues and wandered with Him in the cornfields of Galilee, and sailed with Him upon the crystal lake; they who had forsaken all and followed Him;—do you think that there is no danger lest we, Christians of routine and birth and tradition; Christians who too often suffer so little with Him, do so little for Him, listen so little in silence and solitude to His still small voice; we who are so full of self-inflation and jealousy and small motives—is there no danger that we should misunderstand Him still more utterly? Alas! yes, in many ways; and how dark and terrible have been the issues of those errors, let the blood-stained pages of Christian history declare. Of one such error I wish to speak this evening. If, “cling not to me”—the words which the risen Jesus addressed to the Magdalene—be a warning against the error of seeking a dead rather than a living Christ, a Christ after the flesh rather than a Christ in the spirit; so the indignant question, “Is Christ divided?” is the warning against the attempts of men—attempts against which St. Paul had to warn his converts again and again—to claim for themselves an exclusive, a sectarian, a party Christ. If the one be a warning against materializing superstition and morbid sentimentality, the other is a warning

against selfish individualism and religious faction. My object, brethren, is to turn your thoughts to the truth, glorious in itself, and never more essential than at this moment, that the Lord Christ is the universal Christ; the Christ, not of one party, but of all; not of one church, but of all; not of one race, but of all; not of one Christian, but of all. His propitiation was offered for all the sins of the whole world. He died to draw all men unto Him. It has been, and it is, a fatal temptation of Christians to try to monopolize Christ; to talk and to act as though Christ was divided; as though they alone could speak of Him with infallible knowledge, or worship him with acceptable service. It is a deadly error, the daughter of selfishness, the mother of bigotry and persecution, the source of continual weakness, the disintegration of Christianity into wrangling and squabbling sects. It springs from that stronghold of Satan, disguising himself as an angel of light, the eternal Pharisaism of the human heart. When these Corinthians—the most conceited and self-asserting of all Paul's converts—said, "I am of Christ," they meant to browbeat every other Christian with the taunt, "*You* are not of Christ." And, oh! how often do we hear Christians talk as though Christ was theirs, and no one else's; as though all except themselves were altogether wrong, and all wrong! Let me lay it down as clearly, let me drive it home as forcibly as I can through the gnarled obtuseness of these delusions, that no man, and no sect, and no church even, has a right thus to claim Christ, or His forgiveness, or the merits of His redeeming love, as their special and peculiar, still less as their exclusive, possession. "My Christ;"

“*our* Christ.” What ! has Christ then been parcelled into fragments ? Did Christ die for a pitiful few ? Was there in the cross no meaning except for a handful of the religionists who happen exactly to agree with you ? Your Christ ? the Christ of your sect or party ? Nay ! only yours as He is the Christ of all the world ; not yours in the least, or in any way, save as he is the universal brother in the great family of man ; not yours one whit more than He is, and for the very same reason that He is, the Christ of him whom (it may be) you regard as your deadliest enemy, as your bitterest opponent ; not your Christ one tittle more than He is the Christ of the man whom you most detest ; and not the Christ of your religious faction one iota more than He is the Christ of the party or the church which may be as near to Him, yea, even nearer to Him than you, though you can be eloquent on what you delight to call their soul-destroying errors. “Christ,” said St. Jerome, fifteen centuries ago, “is not so poor as to have a Church only in Sardinia.” Christ, we may say now, is not so poor as to have no followers except at Rome, or at Geneva, or at Oxford, or in Clapham ; not so poor is He, the Lord of the world ; not so narrow He, the lover of all mankind, as to have none to be faithful to Him except in the subdichotomies of some petty schism. You might as well try to make an inclosure in God’s free air, or claim an arrogant monopoly in God’s common heaven, as assert that Christ loves us one whit more for our special opinions, or is one whit nearer to us because of our special ceremonies, than He is to all who come to Him, to all who love Him in sincerity and truth. There are, and there always will be, many folds ; there never

has been, and there never will be, more than a single flock. When we brand this man as superstitious, and that man as latitudinarian; this man as a heretic, and that man as a formalist; they whom we thus anathematize with our petty bans are kneeling on their knees, it may be, day by day, and, with many a streaming tear, are asking of the Lord, who loves them very dearly, for grace and for guidance, and for the beatitudes of the meek in spirit and the pure in heart.

5. But, if disciples accepted the name of *Christians* though it was given them in scorn, why was St. Paul so indignant with those Corinthians who described themselves by saying, "I am of Christ?" Why does he think them sufficiently rebuked by the impassioned question, "Is Christ divided?" It was for this reason, that, with all the selfishness and bitter cold-heartedness of religious pride, they were trying to set up a *Christ party* among Christians. They were turning orthodoxy into that factiousness, which is the only meaning borne in the New Testament by the word "heresy." They were narrowing the divine universality of Christ, claiming to be His only faithful representatives, as though they were the oracles and orthodoxy would die with them, and as though the angels had never sung "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." My brethren, I am not preaching to extortioners, unjust, adulterers, but to Christians; and of what use is it if the churches where Christians assemble are the only places where, out of fear and faithlessness, the distinctive sins of Christians are not to be rebuked? Two men went into the Temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, the other a publican;—which did Christ rebuke?

“ Two went to pray—or, rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray;
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where the other dares not send his eye.
One nearer to the altar trod—
The other to the altar’s God.”

Whom did Christ warn most often, the religious classes—scribes and Pharisees; or the irreligious classes—publicans and sinners? Oh! when a Christian finds in his own heart this hateful spirit of exclusiveness; this defining of himself by negatives; this writing upon his broad phylacteries “I am holier than thou;” let him suspect his own Christianity. In true Christianity there is none of this bitter pettiness or ignorant provincialism. True Christianity is universal as our race, individual as ourselves. And he who lives and talks or writes as though it were other than this, whatever may be his pretensions, however loudly he may reiterate “Lord, Lord,” has neither learnt the most elementary of Christ’s lessons, which is Christian love; nor acquired the loveliest of the virtues which He inculcated, which is humility; nor stooped to pluck the sweetest of all the violets which grow only at the foot of His cross, which is the violet of meekness shedding its perfume in the childlike heart.

6. Therefore, my brethren, let our Christ not be a Christ claimed exclusively for our sect, or claimed selfishly for ourselves. Let Him indeed be the Lord, the Christ, the only Shepherd, the only Captain, the only Master to us individually. If He is this to us what will it matter what is said by contentious men? They say? what say they? Let them say! If Christ be He to

whom, through every varying hour of life's cloud or sunshine, our souls turn, as the sunflower to the sun; He who sways by ceaseless gravitation the centrifugal impulses of our wayward hearts; He at whose feet we fain would sit and listen, choosing the better part, amid the noises and jostling of the world; if He be our one friend when all are faithless; the one to forgive when all are resentful; the one to commend when all the world and all the church denounce—ah! happy are we beyond all earthly happiness, if thus individually He belong to us! But even then we only claim His love for ourselves because we claim it for all the world. As he taught us to say not “my Father” but “our Father,” so He would be to us not only “my Christ” but “*the* Christ.” If, when He says to us, “Lovest thou me?” we are able to answer with the remorseful Peter, “Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee;” the test which He will offer to us of the sincerity of our love will not be our creeds or our ceremonies, but “tend my little lambs” and “feed my sheep.” To an expanded egotism, to an inflated religiosity, to a party exclusiveness, he will say, “I never knew you.” The work of all such builders on the one foundation will assuredly be burnt, though the workman be, by God's mercy, saved. But to all who love God and love their neighbor, and strive in love only to do the things which He says—to them, whatever they have called themselves on earth—to them He will say, “I was sick and ye visited me, hungry and ye fed me, in prison and ye came to me. Ye have loved your brethren—not hated and slandered them. Come ye, blessed of my Father, enter into the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!”

7. And so, my brethren, as the plain, practical conclusion, I would say, while humbly, while on bended knees, while with contrite hearts and scarce-uplifted eyes, we may in our own solitude whisper, "I trust, I hope, that I am of Christ, if only He will pardon even the best of all I am;" let us beware of saying in the arrogant, exclusive sense, "I am of Christ, and you are not." Let us beware of that miserable spirit which dwarfs and degrades the grandeur of Christianity. Nay, but O man, who art thou that judgest another? We are not the only sound, or the only orthodox persons; all from whom we differ are neither so benighted in darkness nor so plunged in error as our conceit fancies. We cannot ruin Christianity more effectually than by stamping it with faction. We have no right to brand as heresy every point of difference in which our brother worships the God of his fathers. The deadliest of all heresies, the only heresy which goes to the verge of the unpardonable, is that petty sectarian bitterness in which Christians have so often, and so fatally suffered themselves to run riot. The revolting violences of the Donatist schism; the disgraceful turbulence of many church councils; the infamous cruelties of the Inquisition; the mutual burnings and cursings of Catholics and Protestants; the placing by Christians of other Christians out of the pale of salvation; the furious controversies of Calvinists and Arminians; the fierce struggles of Jansenists with Jesuits, of Puritans with Churchmen, of Churchmen with Methodists—all these disgraceful and melancholy crimes in the church's history have sprung from the attempts to divide Christ, to tear into fragments His seamless robe. And Christ is

the exclusive Christ of none of these, and yet the universal Christ of all who keep His commandments, who do what He says, who love Him and love all His children in sincerity and truth. He is the Christ of none of these collectively in their sectarianism and wrath ; of all of these individually in their sincerity and penitence.

It is not his sect or profession, not the S S on his collar or the crucifix pressed to his heart which makes a man in any way of Christ; it is not his crude dogma or his denunciative negation ; it is not his vain shibboleth or fantastic service; it is not his personal pride or corporate assumption ; it is not anything upon which he relies as separating him from others, in doctrine or in ritual, which makes any one of us a Christian. These things are but rubbish which shall shrivel into nothing, which shall slip into white ashes in the revealing and consuming flame; but the only thing which makes a man a Christian, the only thing which makes you or me a Christian, is that which we have, I trust, in common with those who hate us most, and whom we are most tempted to hate—namely, our common Christianity : the silent hour when we go sorrowing through the faultful past ; the sincere self-sacrifice ; the humble effort to attain the elementary Christian graces ; the forgiveness of injuries ; the love for others ; the tear of penitence ; the heart at leisure from itself. Christians of all sects, and of all parties, and of all churches—Romanist, Anglican, Baptist, Methodist, Independent, Ritualist, Evangelical, Broad Churchman, whatever you are, whatever you call yourself—you may go with Wesley in his dream to the gate of hell, to the realm of the dead, wherever it be, wherein

are all who are not yet admitted to the near presence of their God, and ask : “ Are there any Romanists, Anglicans, Baptists, Methodists, Ritualists, Evangelicals, Broad Churchmen here ? ” and the answer in each case shall come to you : “ Yes, a great many.” And then sadly you may go to the gate of Heaven and ask : “ Are there any Romanists, Anglicans, Dissenters, Ritualists, Evangelicals, Broad Churchmen here ? ” and the answer shall come to you in prompt music : “ None whatever.” And when you ask in surprise, “ Who then are there here ? ” the answer shall come to you : “ Is Christ divided ? We do not know any of your schisms and your factions and your subdichotomies here ; we know no name but that of Christians here.” Constantine told Aecsius to go and find a ladder and get to heaven by himself. But that is what no man ever yet has done. Not by any wretched ladder which he would fain charter for himself, or for his sect, has any soul ever yet got there ; but only by that ladder of which the rounds must be trod by us side by side with the supposed heretics whom (it may be) we most denounce, or the poor publicans whom we most despise ; and that ladder is the universal love of God in Christ. Upon the shining rungs of that ladder angels ever ascend and descend upon the Son of man. Have we not read how Christ selected as his model of love to our neighbor neither Priest nor Levite, but the hated and heretical Samaritan ? how he said of the Gentile soldier that he had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel ? how he never drew a severer picture of angry religionism than that of the elder brother of the prodigal, whose elder-brotherliness of spirit has reproduced itself from age to age to

dim the ardor of Christianity and cramp its efforts and quench its joy? Learn then His own lesson. He is not the Christ of the selfish worshipper. He is not the Christ of the railing party. He is not the Christ of the self-satisfied few. He is not the Christ of Papal Oratory; or City Tabernacle; or Ebenezer Chapel; or Revivalist Mission Hall; He is the Christ of none of these as such, of all of these, and of you and me also, as in our better moments we rise out of our own factions and separations and self-assertions, to breathe the large air, and gaze on the illuminating light of truth and humility, of purity and love.

Wouldst thou be a Christian? Then lay aside thy rags of self-satisfaction, thy badges of party, thy envy and bitterness and strife. Ceremonial observances are not religion; multiplied functions are not religion; long prayers are not religion; orthodoxy of creed is not religion. Parts of religion, elements of religion, aids to religious feeling to this or that man, they may be—religion they are not. But to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, that is religion; and righteousness and peace and joy in believing, that is religion; and to do the things which Christ says, that is religion; and all the charities which bind man to man, and which bless the family, the nation, and the world, these are religion; and this is religion, to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves; and this is religion, to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.

It was no latitudinarian, it was no rationalist, but it was a Romanist, a monk, a Dominican—it was the elo-

quent and holy Père Lacordaire—who said, “Where there is the love of God, there is Jesus Christ ; and where Jesus Christ is, there is the church with Him.” It was no saint, it was no schoolman, but it was the brave and honest martyred President of the United States, who said, “When a church inscribes on its portals the two great commandments of the Law and Gospel, and makes obedience to them its test of membership, to that church will I belong.” If you do not love your brother, however tremendous the truths which you utter with your lips, your Christianity is heathendom, and the kingdom of God is not within you. Read as much theology as you like between the lines of what Christ said to the young ruler, but if you are living in sin it will not avail you ; you will not have even begun to enter into life. A religion which divorces belief from morality—a religion which thinks to please God either by orthodox formulæ or ceremonial observances without charity—is no better than a blasphemy. The throne of Christ can only be set up in the heart of man, not in his actions ; in the life of man, not upon his lips.

SERMON IV.

PREACHED IN THE CATHEDRAL AT TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT.
22, 1885.

The Lion in the Heart.

“THOU shalt tread upon the lion and adder ; the young lion and dragon shalt thou trample under feet.”—Ps. xci. 13.

THERE are lions on the path of life which the slothful man will not encounter, but which the brave man fights, and in the long run slays. There are perils which come to us from the world, the flesh, and the devil, perils from the lions of outward and public wickedness, which we have to face in our lives as citizens and as men. In his struggle against the varied forms of sin and vice which are without and around him, the brave man may often be, or seem to be, defeated, though in such cases his very defeat carries in it the germs of future and of certain victory. When the good man seems to be conquered, the powers of evil have still to rue their short-lived triumph, and to say as Pyrrhus said when he defeated the Romans : “ Three such victories would utterly ruin me.” To-day, however, we have to speak of a different slaying of lions ; of a con-

test within us, not without us; of a contest in which, if we would not be lost, we *must*, God helping us, win the victory—the personal, the assured, if not in this life, the absolute and final victory. It is a subject, my friends, which we may make intensely practical; a subject which directly affects every one of us, whatever our age or our circumstances; for upon the issue of this contest the strength, and the majesty, and the blessedness of every other contest depends. Oh! may the Holy Spirit of God, who sendeth forth His seraphs with the live coal from his altar to touch the lips of whom He will, so help me to speak, so open your ears and touch your hearts, to hear, that by His grace every one of us may leave this church awakened, solemnized—more resolute, more hopeful, more determined to make his stand against the powers of evil, and to work out his own salvation, with fear indeed and trembling, yet with the indomitable energy and sternest concentration of every power of his will!

1. We learn from Scripture and from experience, that a picture, an allegory, especially if it be unhackneyed, may sometimes bring a great truth, or a pressing duty, home to the mind and conscience, when the mere unimaginative inculcation of it may fail to furrow the trodden ground of our familiarity. Such an allegory is involved in the words of my text, and in other passages of Scripture. The divine promise, “Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder,” refers not only to the reptiles and wild beasts of outward evil, but also to evils in which the deadliness of sin is concentrated against our individual hearts; the evil thoughts and deeds and words and habits which assault and hurt the soul. When the author

of the Epistle to the Hebrews says of the olden saints that they stopped the mouths of lions, he, too, doubtless means his words to be understood metaphorically as well as literally. So, too, does St. Paul, when he says he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus," and that God "delivered him out of the mouth of the lion." So, too, did St. Ignatius, when he says that on his way to martyrdom he was "fighting with wild beasts" all the way to Rome, and describes the Roman soldiers who conducted him as "ten leopards" with whom he had to struggle. So, too, when David prays to God, "Break the jawbones of the lions, O Lord!" he is not thinking of actual lions, but of human and of spiritual enemies. If therefore we again adopt the metaphor, we are no more guilty than these were of using language which is fantastic or sensational. And the naturalness of the metaphor is shown by the fact that we find it also in heathen mythology. Let us not follow the ignorant prejudice which would regard the religious thoughts of the heathen as though they were unworthy of our Christian notice. We have been learning more and more in these days that there was, thank God, an Ethnic as well as a Hebrew inspiration. The noble study of Comparative Religion, which is now opening our minds and widening the horizon of our thoughts, has revealed to us that God spoke in old times to the Greek and the Roman and the Persian and the Hindoo as well as to the Jew. All wisdom is not hid in Moses' Law. God had other sheep also, though they were not of Israel's fold. Now, in the higher and uncorrupted springs of Greek mythology we find the purest moral intuitions of that marvellously gifted race. If there was one virtue which they admired above all

others, it was the virtue of *Σωφροσύνη*, of sobermindedness, which is also earnestly impressed upon all, and especially upon young men, by St. Paul and St. Peter. Now, if St. Paul, even on the Scripture page, freely quotes Callimachus and Aratus and Epimenides, may not we refer also to pure lessons of Greek morality? And the Greek type of this noble virtue, their ideal picture of a life strong in its self-control, almost divine in its self-sacrifice—their type of a slayer of monsters and deliverer of the world—was the hero Hercules. Grossly as that ideal was stained and dwarfed by the polluted imagination of later poets, the hero stands in old mythology as the grand representative of toiling, suffering, persecuted, dauntless, victorious manhood; the embodied conception of a life raised to immortality by mighty toil for the good of others. And they saw, as we must see, that he who would indeed conquer evil in the world, must first conquer it in his own heart. To the Christian it must never be said as to the Pharisaic Jew: “Thou, therefore, that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost thou steal? Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Abhorrer of idols, dost thou rob temples?” This is the meaning of that fine apologue, the choice of Hercules—in which the young hero, just at the crisis of opening manhood—just as the bud of life is bursting into flower—just as the path of life is dividing into two, of which one leads to holiness, and the other to the abyss—makes his choice for self-denying virtue, not for unlawful pleasure. But the moral is yet more finely conveyed in that legend of his conquest of the Nemean lion, which they placed first of

his twelve great labors. You will observe that the Greek hero is always represented in his adolescence as mantled in the shaggy and invulnerable fell of this conquered wild beast. Look at any of the splendid Greek coins which represent him, and you will always find his head and back half-shrouded in that lion's skin. But you need not go far to see it. Among the allegorical figures sculptured on the monuments of the great Abbey of Westminster, from which I come, you may see, at least twice, the mighty figure of Hercules in his lion-robe.

Now, doubtless, to slay an actual lion is something. Scripture deems it worthy of record that lions were slain by the youthful David, and the youthful Samson ; but neither Samson nor David wore a lion's skin in memory of their prowess all the rest of their lives. No ! but the skin of the Nemean lion which the Greek hero slew had a special meaning. It was held to make him invulnerable, and well-nigh invincible, thereafter. Let me tell you the reason of this in the words of a great living writer. It was because this lion was "not merely a large specimen of *Felis Leo* ranging the fields of Nemea. This Nemean cub was one of a bad litter. Born of Typhon and Echidna, the whirlwind and the snake—Cerberus his brother, the Hydra of Lerna his sister—it must have been difficult to get his hide off him. He had to be fought in darkness, and dealt upon without weapons, by grip of the throat—arrows and club of no avail against him. What is the meaning of all that ? It means that the Nemean lion is the first great adversary of life, whatever that may be, to Hercules, or to any one of us, then or now—the first monster we

have to strangle or to be destroyed by, fighting in the dark, and with none to help us. Every man's Nemean lion lies in wait for him somewhere. It is the first ugly and strong enemy that rises against us, all future victory depending on victory over that. Kill it, and through all the rest of your life what was once dreadful is your armor, and you are clothed with that conquest from every other, and helmed with its crest of fortitude for evermore. Alas! we have most of us to walk bareheaded; but that is the meaning of the story, and surely it is worthy to be thought and to be taken to heart." The lion's skin then was meant only as an emblem of the lion-heart, proved and strengthened by the overthrow of its earliest temptations

2. Now note first, my friends, that this lion of the Greek allegory has to be fought in darkness, in the cavern, with no earthly weapons. It is not the stout club, it is not the keen arrows, which can slay it. You must block up the exit of the cave, you must step boldly into its entrance, you must plunge through its murky gloom, and there, by the sheer force of arm, by the resolute might of that will which God has given you, and which is strengthened for you by the spirit of Christ, you must fairly and pitilessly strangle this lion. The lion is that inward sin, that special impulse and temptation which has most power against you. It is the favorite vice against which you are weakest. Oh! my brethren, let none of us shirk the momentous question! Are you, or are you not, wrestling with—have you, or have you not conquered—the sin, whatever it may be, which doth most easily beset you? Remember that God will have

no reservations. Remember that His law is that you must keep all the commandments—not all but one. Oh, do not deceive yourself with the fancy that there is one sin which you may cherish for yourself—one law which may be violated with impunity. On the Tree of Death, as on the Tree of Life, there are twelve manner of fruits ; but God will not suffer you to pluck so much as one of them, because into each one of them is infused the utter deathfulness of all. There is not one of them all which is not an apple of Sodom ; not one which is not full of ashes and poison, of dust and bitterness. Millions of men would be saved, almost without an effort, but for one sin : the miser but for his gold ; the drunkard but for his drink ; the envious man but for his malice ; the unclean but for his guilty love or his desecrating vice. Herod hears John gladly ; does many things because of him ; but there is one thing he will not do : he will not give up Herodias. Judas is Christ's disciple ; he is one of the twelve ; but he cannot forego his thirty pieces of silver. Lorenzo de Medici listens earnestly on his deathbed to Savonarola, but there is one thing he will not do : he only turns away his face and remains silent when the Prior of San Marco bids him to set Florence free. The guilty adulterous king in the great tragedy can pray with passion, but because he vainly fancies that he may be pardoned and retain the offence ; even on his knees there is one thing which he feels he will not do—he will not give up “his crown, his own ambition, and his queen.” It is the state of mind so pathetically portrayed by our great living poet in his picture of Sir Lancelot, in his allegory of the Idyls of the King :

The Lion in the Heart.

My own name shames me, seeming a reproach.
 Alas ! for Arthur's greatest knight, a man
 Not after Arthur's heart ! I needs must break
 These bonds that so defame me :—not without
 She wills it : would I, if she willed it ? Nay,
 Who knows ? But, if I would not, then may God
 I pray Him send a sudden angel down,
 To seize me by the hair, and bear me far,
 And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,
 Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.'
 So prayed Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,
 Not knowing he would die a holy man."

And such a prayer is natural. When a man is sinning against light and knowledge, when he has wilfully given himself up, sold himself to do evil, when there is but one sin against which he cannot make up his mind honestly to struggle, he is but losing himself more and more hopelessly in a pathless morass ; he is sinking deeper and deeper into an unfathomable sea ; he is but entangling himself, in more and more hopeless bondage, with a heavier and ever heavier chain. Let a man but give himself over to a besetting or unrepented sin, and all else becomes in vain.

"Lord ! with what care hast thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason ; holy messengers ;
 Pulpits and Sundays ; sorrow dogging sin ;
 Afflictions sorted ; anguish of all sizes ;
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in !
 Bibles laid open ; millions of surprises ;
 Blessings beforehand ; ties of gratefulness ;
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears,

Without our shame, within our conscience,
Angels and grace ; eternal hopes and fears—
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away !”

Therefore, my brethren, as you love your lives, enter alone, and with awful resolution, the dark cavern of your own hearts ; face, once for all, the lion who lies lurking there ; lay aside utterly the fancy that he can remain there without destroying you ; give up the idle notion that you can fence yourself around against him, by reason, or philosophy, or prudential reserves, or vague procrastinations of the struggle. Nothing, nothing will save you but desperate wrestling with all the gathered forces of your life, intensified by grace and prayer. Oh, win that victory ; slay that lion ; give it but one fatal wound, and though its flaming eye may still glare, and its relaxing claw still have strength to rend you, each subsequent blow, each tightened grasp upon its throat, shall find it weaker, shall see you growing from strength to strength, until at last you shall fling out of its lair the huge carcass, and turn the cavern into a holy temple, and Christ shall enter there.

Christ shall enter there, for observe, my friends, the infinite superiority of blessing which Christ has granted to us in these last days. The Greeks had noble ideals, but their conduct, nationally alike and individually, fell far short of those ideals ; and even their ideals were, as in the conception of this their great demigod, soon and grievously corrupted. It was as if their moral teacher had meant to imply, by the legend of their hero, the lesson which the Old Testament teaches us by the examples of Samson, of David, and of Solomon, that

human strength is at the best but perfect weakness. But to us the mercy of God has given, in the life and example of our Lord Jesus Christ, an ideal not human but divine. In the most perfect conception of Christ presented to us by mediæval art, on the western front of the Cathedral of Amiens—the Beau Dieu d'Amiens, as it is affectionately called—He is represented between vines and lilies, emblems of beneficence and purity; and His feet rest upon the lion, which is the emblem of furious passions, and on the cockatrice, which, lying with one ear in the mud, and closing the other with its tail, is the fit symbol of that vicious dulness and venomous debasement over which every true man must gain an utter and final victory. But the conquest of Christ over all the elements of evil is a conquest in which we may share; and the divine strength wherewith He triumphed is a strength which He gives to them that seek it. In His strength, though by His grace alone, it is possible for every one of us to “tread upon the lion and the adder; and the young lion and dragon to trample under foot.”

3. But notice, my friends, that the more early this battle is undertaken, the more surely is it won. Hercules, in the legend, while yet an infant in the cradle, strangles the serpents sent to slay him. He who strangles serpents in his youth, will slay monsters in his manhood. He of whom the grace of God has taken early hold, and who has had early strength to conquer temptation, is not likely, later on, to lose his self-reverence and self-control. If in the flush of youth he has sat at the feet of law, he will be little likely to revolt afterwards. And these were the truths which the Greeks

succinctly expressed by representing their hero in the invulnerable skin of the lion he has slain. It is in youth, in early youth, that men can most effectually win their victory—while yet they are uncontaminated by a corrupt present, unhampered by an unfaithful past. The victory is won more easily at fifteen than at twenty; and more easily at twenty than at thirty; and ten thousand fold more easily at thirty than at sixty. Samson, while he is a youth, while he is a Nazarite, while yet the sunny locks of his obedience to the moral law lie waving upon his illustrious shoulders—in those pure days Samson can rend the young lion which roars against him as easily as if it were a kid:—ah! he could do so no longer after his locks were shorn; after his life was sullied; after he has lain in the harlot lap of Philistine Delilah. When his heart had been corrupted, his will effeminated, his habits depraved, you will see him rending lions no longer, but toiling as a drudge of his enemies—

“Eyeless, at Gaza, in the mill, with slaves.”

And David, while he is still a bright and ruddy shepherd lad, his heart white as the lilies which he twined round his harpstrings to protect them from the heat, and his thoughts pure as the dew upon their leaves;—David the young boy, uncontaminated by pride and the lust of cities, can fight for his lambs, and with unarmed hand smite both the lion and the bear. He could not have done it after that sin against Uriah, that sin with Bathsheba, had laid waste his heart. Then the flutter of a shaken leaf was enough to terrify him; then the crown fell from his head; then he became weak as water; then he fled before his own worthless son, bare-

footed, sobbing, cursed by his enemies, up the hill of Olivet ; then the dark spirits of lust and blood began to walk in his house, and in his heart. And alas ! which of us has not been in one way or other defeated ? Which of us can encounter that poison-breathing lion in the dark cavern of his heart, and strangle it fearlessly as once he might have done ? How grandly has Milton expressed this weakness of sin, when the mighty Fallen Spirit is rebuked by one of the humblest of heaven's angels—the young Ithuriel :

“ So spake the cherub ; and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible : abashed the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw and pined
 His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed
 His lustre visibly impaired.”

And again in the case of our first parents after their sin, when they rose—

“ As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds
 How darkened ; innocence, that as a veil
 Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone ;
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honor from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame.”

And how is that infinitely pathetic tragedy repeated day after day, age after age, in the brief life of man ! “ The first unequivocal act of wrong,” says an American writer, “ that has left its trace in my memory was this : refusing a small favor that was asked of me—nothing

more than telling what had happened at school one morning. No matter who asked it, but there were circumstances which saddened and awed me. I had no heart to speak. I faltered some miserable, perhaps petulant excuse, and stole away, and the first battle of my life was lost. What remorse followed I need not tell. Then and there, to the best of my knowledge, I first consciously took sin by the hand, and turned my back on duty. Time has led me to look on my offence more leniently. I do not believe it, or any other childish wrong, is infinite, as some have pretended, but infinitely finite. Yet oh ! if I had but won that battle !” Ah ! my brethren, you may be unable to recall the time you made as it were your first agreement with hell, your first covenant with death. The memory of your first transgression may be clouded over by the white mists of time ; but is there any one among you all who does not echo from his heart that sigh of vain regret, “ Oh ! if I had but won that battle !”

4. But, my brethren, lest such thoughts should tempt any of you to despair, let me add at once that it is never too late to fight, never impossible to slay that lion of evil within you, and to tread the young lion and the dragon under foot. If the grace of God shows exquisitely as a vernal rose in some soul, pure from its youth upward, growing like the Lord Jesus in wisdom and stature and favor with God and man, that grace shows yet more mightily in the case of those who, having fallen—having, as it were, lain prostrate in the bloody dust—having felt the fierce teeth and the merciless claws—spring up again, gather fresh strength, turn defeat into resistance, and resistance into victory.

Be not you like the unhappy persecuting bishop, who exclaimed upon his deathbed : “ I have sinned with Peter ; alas ! I have not repented with Peter ! ” Do not say : “ But my heart is so corrupt, it is so like a volcano of evil passions that it cannot be subdued ; ” God can clothe even the sides of the volcano with corn-field and vineyard, and fill its very crater with consecrated snow.

Who are the special trophies of the irresistible love of Christ, of the irresistible power of the Cross of Christ ? In whose case does He on his Cross make an open show of conquered principalities and powers ? Not in Enoch the immaculate ; not in Abraham the friend of God ; not in John the Nazarite ; not in John the Divine ; not in Stephen with his face like the face of an angel : nay, but in the son who was dead, and is alive again, who was lost and is found ; in the prodigal rescued from rags and the far land, and the husks and swine, into the pure, rejoicing home ; in the Magdalene, out of whom he cast seven devils ; in the harlot, who washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head ; in the publican, whom He transformed into an Apostle ; in the demoniac, seated at His feet clothed and in his right mind ; in the adulteress, who, as she sobbed on the Temple floor amid her tangled hair, heard those healing words, “ Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more ; ” in the leper cleansed ; in the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda ; in the cursing, swearing, denying Apostle, whose heart He broke with one tender look. These are the trophies of the Cross ; these are the lost, torn sheep over whom the Good Shepherd rejoices ; these the repentant sinners over whom the angels strike

their harps of gold. And, oh! will not you be one of these—the redeemed, the ransomed of the Lord, coming back from exile and from Babylon, coming back with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy upon your heads? You may be a weak, you may be a bad, you may be a corrupt, you may be a defeated man: all your life may have been wasted; you may have sunk deeply into evil habits and the mire of sin. Yet I would fain kindle your courage; fain first waken to a spark, then into a glow, then into clear and leaping flame, those dying embers which lie cold under the white ashes of your hopes. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Do not let the devil make you neglect those words as though to you they meant nothing. Nay! they are God's voice to you, Christ's message to you, the Spirit's appeal to you—even to you. Are you a drunkard? Have you sunk by imperceptible gradations through many years into that shameful vice?—there is not one drunkard here who may not die a temperate man. Are you dishonest? Have you for years been making profits by fraud and lies? You can this very day break your false balance, and melt your unjust weights. Is your heart burning with bad passions? Are you an adulterer, or a fornicator, or are you laying waste by any unlawful indulgence the inner sanctities of your being? Young men, there is not one of you—not even the guiltiest—who may not become strong and pure. Is some sin, unrevealed to man, known only to yourselves, smouldering like *Ætnean* lava, black by day, lurid by night, in the dark places of your agonized conscience? Well, now it is a part of you; but if you will

repent, if you will put away from you the unclean thing, if you will seek God on your knees, if even yet you will summon the shamed, routed, scattered, weakened forces of your being to the battle of God, He will so help you that, far as the East is from the West, so far will He put from you the sin which now burns your heart. My brethren, because Satan knows that despair is fatal, therefore he will try hard either to keep you indifferent, or to drive you to despair, to sullenness, to obstinacy, to defeat, and to self-abandonment. He will whisper to you, "You are too far gone. These hopes, these possibilities, these promises are for others, not for you." But oh, my brother, they are for you, if you will not put them from you. You, even you, weak and torn as you are, can still strangle that full-grown, that full-fed lion whose paw is on your heart. Was not King David a murderer, an adulterer, and yet God gave him back the clean heart and the free spirit? Was not King Manasseh an apostate, a worshipper of Moloch, and yet did he not learn to know that the Lord was God? Was not Saul of Tarsus a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious, and did he not become a very vessel of election? Was not Augustine a heretic in religion, a debauchee in life, yet did he not live to be a saint of God? Was not John Bunyan once a godless tinker, and did he not grow up to write the "Pilgrim's Progress?" If you have sinned with these, can you not with these repent? Yes, with these "thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." If the archangel be beautiful in all the grace and glory of youthful victory, who puts his foot on the conquered dragon, and has no speck of dust, no stain

of blood upon his gleaming, invulnerable panoply—more pathetically beautiful it may be, in the sight of God, is that angel who is victorious, though it have only been after agonies and energies, only with sobbing breath and hacked sword and battered shield and soiled glory and trailing wing;—and such is the angel of redeemed humanity. The best of us is scarcely saved.

Whom did Christ come to save? The good or the bad? The pure or the impure? “This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” To save sinners, and therefore to save you. To save the guilty, and therefore to save you. To save the bad, and therefore to save you. And if you will take it in no words but His very own, take it in these: “I am not sent,” He said, “but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” “I am not come,” he said, “to call the righteous, but sinners”—not the righteous, but sinners—“I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”

SERMON V.

PREACHED IN LONDON, ONTARIO, SEPT. 27, 1885.

The Retribution upon Selfish Societies.

“And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!—But now they are hid from thine eyes.”—LUKE xix. 41, 42.

THE epochs in the life of Jesus are full of divine instructiveness. He had lived thirty years in the quiet family, and humble labor of a despised provincial village. He had one year of bright Galilean welcome; one year of gathering and deepening antagonism; one year of flight for his life among the heathen; and perhaps half a year during which he was an excommunicated outcast with a price upon his head. Those closing scenes which take up almost a third of the gospel narrative, only occupied the few days from Palm Sunday to Good Friday. Our Lord had taken refuge from the rage of the spirituality in an obscure village named Ephraim; and it was not until, from its conical mount, He saw the throngs of Passover pilgrims streaming down the Jordan valley, that

it became possible for Him, under the protection of His Galilean followers, to venture Himself into the perilous vortex of the Jewish religious world. He had slept the Sabbath night at Bethany. On Palm Sunday morning the enthusiasm of His disciples made Him the centre of a rejoicing throng as He set out for the short distance to Jerusalem. Some of you may, like myself, have traversed that memorable ground. If so you will vividly remember the spot, upon the Mount of Olives, where paused those blessed feet

“ Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our salvation to the bitter cross.”

It is one of the few spots on which we can be absolutely certain that the feet of our blessed Lord have stood, for exactly at that spot the road sweeps round the shoulder of the hill, and the domes and minarets of Jerusalem burst suddenly upon the view. As we stand there we can realize the passion and the naturalness of the emotions which crowded the soul of the world's Redeemer. We can realize why, at that particular place, in spite of the joy of His followers and the glad throng which met Him from Jerusalem with hosannas and branches of waving palm, He stayed the course of His meek triumph to weep aloud over the city, which gleamed beneath him, unconscious of its doom. There, with its glorious sanctuary standing out against the blue sky like a mountain of snow and gold ; there, with its impregnable walls and marble palaces and imperial diadem of towers, the City of David flashed back the burning dawn,—and knew not the day of her visitation. And, as though in perpetual warning, on the other side of the hill on which He

stood, gloomed, far beneath Him, the sullen cobalt-colored stagnancy of the accursed Lake which had engulfed the guilty Cities of the Plain. Like that Dead Sea the city—the Holy, the Noble City, as it is still called—“reflected Heaven upon her surface, while she hid Gomorrah in her heart.” Scrupulously orthodox, religiously self-satisfied, never more outwardly observant of the utmost scrupulosities of legalism, slavishly exact in tithes of mint and anise and cumin, fasting twice in the week, rigidly adherent to every tradition of feast and new moon and solemn assembly, heaping her altars with thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil, crowded to overflowing at that very moment with multitudes of Easter worshippers,—but hollow at heart, greedy of gain, taking for holiness a lip-profession of orthodoxy and an outward slavery to ceremonial; idolatrous of a somnolent conventionality which cared for forms and fringes, and cared not for mercy, righteousness, and justice; self-deceived by the superficial gleam of her own hypocrisy, drop by drop, wholly unsuspecting of her peril, she was filling up to the brim the cup of her iniquities. Four days were to pass, and then those self-deceiving professors of religion, who had defiled the very springs of true religion with pride, insincerity, and hatred, were to commit the most awful of human crimes. Was it wonderful, if, in a voice broken by sobs, with a face which streamed with tears, Jesus gazed on the city and wept over it, and said: “If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace!—But now they are hid from thine eyes!”

In deadly peril unawares—that is the lesson of the

pathetic scene. It is a warning against the delusion of false types of godliness. No doubt if there had been any Levite, or hierarch, or Pharisee in that humble crowd of Galileans, they would have laughed Him to scorn. "What fanaticism! What exaggeration! What intemperate language! What want of respect for the religious authorities! What lack of theology and of good churchmanship! What foolish invective of the national progress! The times, on the contrary, were never better. Religion was never more respected. The Temple courts were never more thronged with worshippers. The Sabbaths are kept in a way which would have satisfied Shammai himself. All this denunciation of guilt, all this menace of doom, is due only to the fumes of a heated imagination." And much of what these Levites said would have been very plausible. They and the people whom they led were very sound as to the current shibboleths. "Lord, Lord," was being repeated at Jerusalem with endless iteration and solemn unction. At the Temple there were many services a day. The synagogues were well attended; the prayer-houses were always open. And yet—such was Christ's awful judgment—true religion was dead. The religiosity demurely enthroned in its place was but a lying spirit which mimicked its saintly gestures and holy words. That was what the Lord said, and that was what they contemptuously refused to believe.

And, indeed, the words of Jesus on the hill-side, that spring morning, seemed to make no sort of difference. The sunlight still poured its glowing splendor over courts of cedar and gates of gold. The palms unfolded their new green fronds. The lilies of the field

still embroidered the grass with blue and purple and scarlet. The gazelle still bounded on Judah's hills. The fig-trees still clothed themselves in the glossy leaves which dissembled their barrenness of fruit. And, as the spring passed on, the grapes began to purple and the plains to roll their billows of golden corn, and the fresh dates to be sprinkled with their rich, yellow dust. And religion, as the Jewish mind understood it, continued to flourish unimpaired for forty years. The altars smoked. The Pharisees put on their broad phylacteries. "The two kidneys and the fat" were burned with most solemn scrupulosity. The white-robed Levites sang their psalms on the Temple steps. Yes! but Christ had died on the accursed tree. Yes! but they had murdered the Lord of glory! And, unheard, the awful fiat had gone forth against the city, which, red with the blood of the Prophets, was too hypocritical even to realize its own hypocrisy—the awful fiat: "Never fruit grow upon thee more." Yes! and all the while the decree was being accomplished. Soon the lightnings began to flicker over the doomed nation as the Destroying Angels drew in the distance their swords of flame; and when the children who, on Palm Sunday, had shouted Hosanna, were still in the prime of manhood, Jerusalem and her orthodoxies, and her ceremonialism, and her religious cliques became a seething hell of every furious passion, and collapsed in three years of siege into a scene polluted and accursed—a heap of blood-stained ashes, an unrecognizable desolation, a terrible monument of the just judgment of God.

And so, once more, was enacted an old event—old, yet constantly renewed, in the story of humanity; and

there was one of those many rehearsals of the Day of Judgment and of the coming of the Lord which yet have failed hitherto to convince guilty nations that for avarice and idolatry, for malice and lust and fraud, for Belial and Mammon and Moloch, for unbelief and for hypocrisy, and for hatred of the truth there is but one destiny. Evil may be long-lived, but doomsday comes at last.

The comings of the Lord are ever thus—long in their apparent delay, overwhelming in their sudden accomplishment. Slowly the electric forces are gathered and stored in the stifling air; suddenly is it rent by the gleaming thunder-bolt! Man's judgment days are partial, hasty, unjust, mechanical. God's assize is silent. His retributions execute themselves. His thunder-bolts are slowly hammered by our own hands in the furnace of our iniquities, when at last they gleam with the white heat of Divine anger, and they rush down with unerring aim on the head of him who has been forging them. Meanwhile His handwritings are on every wall. And though men and churches and nations are blind to them, and go spinning round their circle of custom and compromise after the giddy flag of their popular falsehoods, they read at last by the unnatural glare of ruin that "God is the only final public opinion." Of all this our Lord had again and again warned the civil and religious authorities of His day—the Caiaphases and the Herods, the peering Levites, the cold-hearted Priests, the formalizing Pharisees, the heresy-hunting spies sent from Jerusalem, the unreal, careless, religion-professing people. He had warned them in vain. At first they only sneered; then they hated;

at last they slew Him. "And as were the days of Noah, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man. For as, in the days which were before the Flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the Ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all, so shall be the coming of the Son of Man." "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they ate, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but, in the day that Lot went out from Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed."

I ask, Have not these warnings of the Lord been repeated again and again, and all in vain, in the history of the nations? There was a profound intuition in the Greek legend of Cassandra and the Roman legend of the Sibyl: the Greek legend of the Prophetess to whose prophecies none listened, but which always came to pass; the Roman story of the aged Sibyl who burnt her Books of Fate if they were refused. The world of Noah was not the only world in which God has drowned crime, when least men dreamed of it, in floods of calamity; the city of Sodom was not the only city on which, hardly even in metaphor, God out of the clear sky has rained down fire from heaven. In olden days look at cruel, bloody, rapine-reeking, man-torturing Assyria, and read her doom in cities of which the very ruins have been calcined and ploughed into the dust. Look at arrogant, corrupt, luxurious Babylon, and in that mound of indistinguishable *débris* by the Euphrates, read the fulfilment of the "Mene, mene, tekel" which once glared before her king's eyes at the banquet of his

satraps. Look at Tyre, and see how God has spread the fisher's net over her stately palaces. Look at Pagan Rome, in the decline of her Empire, and in the lurid pictures of the Apocalypse, read the judgments of Heaven on her deep pollutions, and her wicked human gods. What ruined her? Why did Goth, and Hun, and Vandal thunder unresisted at her gates? Why did her glories sink into ruin, and her Cæsars perish one after another by murder or by suicide? Why did her population become year by year a viler and loathlier scum? I will tell you. It was because the hearts of her sons were stained through and through with the vilest passions. It was because her merchandise was not only in gold, and silver, and crimson, and thyme wood, but also in the bodies and souls of men. It was because her cities were cities like those which the sulphur choked, and the scorïæ buried, as though the very elements revolted against the flagrancy of their unblushing depravities. The fate of Rome was the fate of a people who, once frugal and temperate, had become æsthetically corrupt, luxuriously effeminate.

“Rome shall perish! write that word
On the blood that she hath spilt,
Perish, hated and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.”

Why did she perish? because of her too glaring contrasts between shivering pauperism and colossal wealth. Because she found no men strong enough to rule, and so flung the reins of government to the noisiest and the worst. If society will lay aside its gossip, and youth its follies to meditate upon the lessons of History they will

read there of the wealth, vice, and corruption which ended in barbarism—of

“Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables, or Atlantic stone ;
Their wines of Letia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they drank in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems.”

History is a great Book of God, and in it I read, “These are the things which bring nations to the grave, with their pomp, and the noise of their viols ; and it is because of these things that Hades from beneath is moved to meet them at their coming, and the dead nations cry to them, ‘Art thou also become weak as we ? Art thou become like unto us ? How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! How art thou cut down to the ground who didst weaken the nations !’”

But it was not only in the Old World that God visited the nations ; nor is Jerusalem the only city over which Christ has to weep for the coming doom of hypocritic churches and corrupt societies.

Look at Christian History.

i. At one time Byzantium reigned supreme. Why did she, to the lasting shame of Europe, fall into the hands of the Turks, who were to be for so many centuries a terror to her in their power, and a curse to her in their decay ? Because in the city of Constantine religion had long shrivelled into a gross formalism ; and craft, and corruption, and midnight murder, and incessant treachery had reduced her into weakness and shame.

ii. At another time Venice was supreme. Her doge was among the princeliest potentates of Christendom.

Her gonfalon represented the power of the sea. Her art was the pride and glory of Europe. Why did her glory fade, suddenly as a rainbow, from the wings of her Lion of St. Mark's? Those who have read her history with the closest and deepest attention have told us that the cause of her failure also was the collapse of faith in her children, followed also by collapse of morals, of all spiritual insight and of all nobleness of aim.

iii. Or look at Spain. Spain, like Jerusalem, was eminently orthodox, eminently Catholic, eminently religious. The king was called "the Catholic," and he, with the vilest of all the Popes, founded the Inquisition—that worst product of infernal ignorance animated by infernal zeal. And Spain sank, partly through her servile superstition and Moloch-worshipping intolerance, and partly through her insatiate thirst for gold.

iv. Or look once more at the mediæval Papacy. In the oft-repeated irony of heaven, she never seemed so rich or so terrible as when, in the year of Jubilee, the year 1300, her priests stood raking into her coffers the gold of the pilgrims, which was too plentiful to count. And yet a few years after, at Anagni, her Pope Boniface VIII.—a Pope who had gained his Papacy by senjory and maintained it by craft—received from the descendant of one whose ancestor a priestly tyranny had burnt to death, that blow upon the cheek which first disenchanting Europe, broke the sceptre of Romish usurpation. But perhaps you may fancy that God's judgments upon cities, and nations, and priestcrafts ended in the Middle Ages, and are an anachronism in modern times.

9. If you want yet nearer witnesses than these that

nations perish because they know not the day of their visitation, has the nineteenth century, in its self-complacent materialism, forgotten the fearful lesson of the eighteenth? Has the meaning of the French revolution of 1792 faded from our memories—that day of visitation,

‘ When all men stood aghast and pale,
As if to see the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond
The black and bare infinity ? ’

Have we forgotten how a people without heart and without hope, trampled into the dust by insolent oppression, living on grass and nettles, spoke at last in the lion-roar of Danton? How a crushed multitude sprang to its feet at last and smote the hoary head of inveterate abuse? How men danced the Carmagnole in the desecrated churches of a dead religion, and deluged the guillotine alike with innocent and with guilty blood? or has the year 1885 forgotten the political overthrow of 1868? or how—when in 1871 the military pride of France slipped into ashes like the body of some exhumed king—men read the demon passions of godless people by the light of Paris blazing with petroleum. Why did this happen? Her own sons, alike a Renan and a Dumas, each in his own style, gave the answer. It was because her young men were shamefully demoralized. It was because her public spirit was miserably dead. It was because her traders were lying and cheating to get gain in the very crisis of her agony. It was because there prevailed in France an atheism, at once blasphemous and feeble; a corruption at once naked and not ashamed.

10. And might not the voice of Jesus have cried through the centuries, Oh Nineveh, oh Sodom, oh Babylon, oh Tyre, oh Venice, oh Spain, oh Papal Rome, oh France, and yet again oh France—if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in thy day, the things that belong to peace—but now they are hid from thine eyes! And oh England, oh America, oh Canada,—knowest thou the day of thy visitation? Hast thou no fear of God's silent judgment days? Ah! if ye would be indeed safe and indeed prosperous with an abiding prosperity, take deeply to heart the lesson that "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and that "sin is the reproach of any people." See that the infidelity, which, in many regions, grows daily more avowed and more unblushing, cause no ravage in your folds. Beware lest trade and commerce should become corroded with dishonesty and adulteration. See that the holy day of rest and worship become not a day of idle pleasure. Be on thy guard against that hasting to be rich which shall not be innocent. Take heed that thy churches become not dead in formalism, and that thy religion shrivel not into a thing of parties, and opinions, and outward forms. See that thy sons and daughters be not absorbed in pleasure, or in worldliness, or in greed of gold. Then shalt thou be safe under the shadow of the Almighty, and His banner go before thee, and His glory be thy reward. But if thou heed not these lessons, then art thou not afraid? Is not thy religion a thing of parties, and opinions, and outward forms? Art thou not afraid lest God should say to thee as of old, by the voice of Amos, to so many nations, "for three transgressions, and for four I will not turn away the punishment

thereof ;” for the luxury which, with a coldness of heart icy as the pool of Cocythus, has “too many claims” to spare for the good of man and the glory of God more than the paltriest driblets from its superfluity ; for the drink, against which, in spite of the revolting misery and abysmal degradation which it causes, we fight in vain ; for the gossiping personality, which poisons the whole air with its ignoble pettiness ; for the love of money, which sticks to the fingers and degrades the soul ; for three transgressions and for four will God send upon sinful nations his sore punishments ; for the senseless betting and gambling which drives so many young men into vice and crime ; for the immorality which fills the streets of Christian cities with the living dead ; for the spirit of malice and hatred which forces its way into society, into senates, and into churches ; for the hollowness which praises God with the lips, while the heart is far from Him.

We are proud of our science. Will science save a people from demoralization ?

“If we trod the deeps of ocean, if we struck the stars in rising,
 If we wrapped the globe intently in one hot electric breath,
 ’Twere but power within our tether, no new spirit-power comprising,
 And in life we are not greater men, nor bolder men in death.”

We talk about our philanthropy. Will our philanthropy save us ? I take a different view of it. I look on the vaunted charities not as the sign of our munificence, but as the demonstration of our meanness. We boast of our civilization. I recall how often in history civilization has proved itself to be but a film of iridescence over the corruption of a stagnant pool.

And, sometimes, thinking over all these things, hearing no voice among the echoes, seeing no prophet amid the waste, hoping for little deliverance from politicians or from priests, it sometimes seems to me as if a shadow were falling over us as over Sicily falls the dark shadow of her volcano. Of this at any rate I feel very sure, that periods of long prosperity are full of danger, and that the attitude of moral watchfulness and the zeal of a noble discontent are better and safer than the vanity of self-congratulation, and the "ghastly smooth life, dead at heart," of a merely formal and merely nominal religion. "About the river of human life," it has been said, "there is a wintry wind and a heavenly sunshine. The rainbow colors its agitation, the frost fixes on its repose. In the perils of nations, in their infancy and in their afflictions, they have often higher hopes and nobler aspirations; but when their troubles have sunk to rest, there are evils which vex less but injure more, which suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it; and there is danger lest enervation succeed to energy, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and the foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loin and the burning lamp. Let us not dwell too much on the thought how religious, how orthodox, how progressive, how safe we are. Let us rather be very humble for our many sins and shortcomings. For if we be like Jerusalem, if we too fail to know the day of our visitation, if we succumb to avarice and immorality and unbelief, for us also a voice will cry at last to the stern angels of avenging Justice, "Go scatter the drunkards of our race, and those who tempt and

madden them ; go smite the selfish hearts which are content that there should be all around them a misery which they ignore, and burdens which they will not lift with one of their fingers ; go and break like a spider's web the hope of the hypocrite ; go scatter the ignoble, and the false, and those who sacrifice to their vilest passions the souls of the innocent and the wretched." And when such a cry is heard, "I saw," says one, "I saw a brand lifted in the sombre sky, which shone from east to west like lightning, and from the abodes of men there went up a cry, exceeding great and bitter, which thrilled up to the stars, and made them throb and tremble as in awe and fear. And then the earth was still."

And it is not yet too late. It is yet the day of our happy visitation. Even at the eleventh hour repentance for Jerusalem would have been possible. She might yet have hushed upon her lips the fatal cry, "We have no king but Cæsar." She might yet have paused before she preferred her Barabbas to her Christ. The barren tree might yet have blossomed into fruitage. The axe was at its backmost poise, but even yet, ere it swept whistling through the air, the watchers and the holy ones might have been bidden to stay the stroke. And our day has not yet come. It may yet be averted. England, Canada, America—the English-speaking race—are yet in the full flood of prosperity. We may yet have before us a future splendid and beneficent, rich in that righteousness which exalteth nations, because it is a blessing to all mankind. May God grant it ! And that He may grant it, may it please Him to inspire us betimes with the conviction that no nation can be great or happy unless it choose the Lord for its God, and

make its prime care to obey His eternal moral laws. And this is a lesson for each of us, as for us all. Nations only become great and happy when the love of God burns, like a pure flame upon an altar, in the hearts of their individual sons. Ah ! may the Lord Christ pour forth His spirit upon us more and more, and make us indeed worthy, or at least more worthy of the high name of Christians. May He make us feel the immense prerogative, and rise to the full height of the immense responsibility that we are called the sons of God.

SERMON VI.

PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, ONTARIO, SEPT. 27, 1885.

The Beatitude of Men's Reviling.

“Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.”—MATT. v. 11.

THIS is one of the Beatitudes—so startling in their divine originality—with which our Lord began His Sermon on the Mount. It is as though He had deliberately set Himself the task of reversing the world's judgments;—of declaring those blessed whom men cursed, and those enviable whom men pitied. The burden of the Beatitudes was—

“Glory to God from those whom men oppress,
Honor from God to those whom men despise.”

The world prides itself on its passion and its haughtiness;—Christ said, “Blessed are the poor in spirit.” The world brands as coward him who will not resent an insult;—Christ said, “Blessed are the meek.” The world uses the word “saint” as a sneer;—Christ said, “Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after right-

eousness." The world shouts down unpopular names; Christ said, "Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you," aye, and He might have added, the prophets who shall come after you, as long as time shall be.

1. There have been unceasing attempts to explain away these Beatitudes, to treat them as the language of exalted enthusiasm, to tame them out of their splendid passion, to rob them of all practical significance, to regard them only as paradoxes in the regions of the ideal. For instance, men would set in array against this Beatitude of malediction such remarks as, "If a man is ill-spoken of, he generally deserves to be ill-spoken of." "Where there is smoke there is at least some fire." "He must be more or less bad, or he would not be unpopular among all parties alike." Again they say, "It is nonsense to pretend indifference to the world's opinion. It only proves a man's self-conceit. Nay, more, it may come from the effrontery which dares to brazen out bad deeds." Again, they argue, "Has not the world mostly shown that its moral judgments are sound? Does it not execrate great crimes? Has it not shown admiration for unselfish heroism? What becomes, then, of the beatitude of revilement? Is there not a far truer and brighter beatitude in enjoying the praise of men?"

2. Now there is a certain amount of superficial truth in these observations. There are certain crimes which are dangerous to the world, and, except in the case of gorgeous criminals and successful villains, the world

does generally condemn such crimes. Again, the world is often right in its posthumous judgments,—because the dead do not stand in its way, awaken no envy, excite no jealousy, can stir up no personal enmities. The world's judgment of the dead is, therefore, disentangled from selfish interests. It can see things in their due perspective, and in the slow history of their ripening. And, once more, popularity is, to a very great extent, an accidental thing, and, if some are popular who fully deserve to be so, it is often not because of their real goodness, but because of qualities which they may share with very bad men. Nothing is more certain than that some of the most worthless men who have ever lived, by virtue of a pleasant manner, a gay indifference, an easy good-nature, if they occupy a high station, may excite, and even in our days have kindled, a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm among shouting multitudes ; and that, on the other hand, some of the very best and noblest of God's children who have ever lived may be, and, even in our own days, have been

“ The very butt of slander.”

In Roman history we have one Emperor, Nero, the first persecutor of Christianity, who stands on the topmost pinnacle of immortal infamy, and was yet so popular that, long after his death, his grave and his statues used to be adorned with flowers, and emperor after emperor who succeeded him strengthened himself by honoring his memory and imitating his vices ; and we have another Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, perhaps the saintliest character in all Pagan and in much of even Christian history, who was so conscious that by the people around

him he was not beloved, that, in the little golden pas-sional of his private diary, which breathes sadness in every line, he writes: "I am going away from a life in which even my associates, on behalf of whom I have striven, and cared, and prayed so much, themselves wish me to depart. . . . Why, then, should a man cling to a longer stay here?"

3. But you must not think that this Beatitude refers only to conspicuous men, or to times of persecution. Christ was speaking to the obscure and humble multi-tudes. In their measure, His words apply to every one of us. Be we great or small, every one of us has our little world, and in that we may have all manner of evil said against us: happy if this be "falsely;" happier still if it be "for Christ's sake." Our Lord said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." But we are all judging, and being judged, daily, and all day long. If we occupy a position which attracts the smallest notice, we shall find it surrounded in these days by an immense publicity, a base and empty babble of the thing which calls itself society. But besides this, the poorest old woman, the clerk in the office, the shopman behind the counter, even the school-boy among his school-fellows, as well as the great writer or the great statesman, may know what it is to suffer from "all words that may do hurt." Just as they may be popular because of their lowest qualities, so too they may be hated simply be-cause their standard and their language is more virtuous and more pure than that of their fellows. Hatred is the commonest tribute which Vice pays to Virtue. Even the Pagan statesman, when the mob applauded his speech, used to turn round and ask his friends,

“Have I said anything wrong, then?” And so common is this case that our Lord said, “Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you;” “Blessed are ye when men shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.” He said “Blessed.” He did not say “Happy.” The two things are very different, though the world does not see the distinction. A man can hardly be happy when those about him hate him, and are unjust to him; but he may be very blessed. Look at the martyrs. The martyrs shrank from suffering like other men, but such natural shrinking was incommensurable with apostasy. No intensity of torture had any means of affecting what was a mental conviction; and the sovereign thought in which they had lived was their adequate support and consolation in death. Yes, the martyrs were blessed, but hardly happy; and their blessedness—the heritage of these divine beatitudes, a thing higher and deeper and more eternal than happiness—is open to us also in the measure that we tread the hard path of the Cross of Christ.

4. If you feel any doubt on the subject, look at the life and the words of your Master, Christ. Did He not say to some who were not His disciples, “The world cannot hate you, because ye are not of the world, but Me it hateth?” Did He not say, “Ye shall be treated as the offscouring of all things for my name’s sake?” Is the world so changed—are all men now so Christ-like—that the very things which the world hated in Christ, it will love in Christians? Christ was not only good, but the very self of goodness; not only truthfulness, but truth. He went about doing good, and nothing but good, in perfect sinlessness. What came thereof? On

the shining Gabbatha, the rich mosaic on which stood the Procurator's gilded chair, stood two men. One is the scowling murderer, whose name was Jesus Barabbas, who had been imprisoned for sedition and for murder. The other was the sinless Son of God. He had been tortured by nine hours of trials, and derisions, and buffetings, and sleeplessness; the purple robe of His mockery hung heavily to the pavement, with blood from the awful scourging which He had borne; twisted round His brow was the wreath of agony, its leaves encrimsoned with the rending of its bitter thorns. They stood before the world—those two—the Murderer, and the Divine Man—before the world assembled in myriads, in the city which called itself the Holy City. There were Jews there, and Romans, and women and children, and chief priests. Both sexes; all ages; many nationalities; men of every class were represented there. The choice is given to them all: "Which will ye that I should deliver unto you?" Did not every hand point to the murderer? Did not every voice shout in applause the murderer's name? "What will ye then that I should do unto Jesus which is called Christ?" Then the air was rent with the yell of "Crucify! Crucify the Saviour; the Good Physician; the Good Shepherd; the Prince of Peace. Away, away with Him! Crucify! Crucify!" And they nailed Him to the cross; and even there the chief priests and the Jewish mob, and the Roman soldiers, and the crucified robbers, all joined in taunts of maledictions, and the stream which flowed before the slowly-glazing eyes of the Redeemer of the world was the muddy and the shallow stream of human ferocity and human hate.

5. Has it ever been otherwise? Christ said the disciple shall be as his master, and He bade all of us His disciples to take up our cross and follow Him. To follow Him is to live virtuous, and true, and fearless, and faithful lives. Have these lives—have, or have they not, inherited the beatitude of revilement? I will but take one or two instances. As those planets shine the brightest which are nearest to the sun, so no life, in all the annals of Christianity, is more splendidly luminous than that of St. Paul. Now, on the one hand, I know no life in all the world which was so heroic, so noble, so absolutely self-sacrificing as his; on the other, I know no life which was so bitterly hated, so remorselessly persecuted. It was not only the world which hated him, but, as has often been the case, the professedly religious, the nominal Church. The Jews again and again scourged him; hunted him from city to city; vowed his assassination; plotted against his life. The Gentiles scorned him, imprisoned him, beat him with rods; at last murdered him. Even the infant Church, for which he had poured out his life like water, in great measure hated him. In his hour of need, when he faced the lion, all they of Asia—they for whose sake he had braved cold, and heat, and hunger, and agony—all they of Asia forsook him. In his miserable cell, out of all that Roman Church, he had but a single friend. To this day we know not how or where he braved the martyr's death. As the world judges failure, no failure could have been so pitiable and so absolute as that of him who, of all men since Christ, has lived the most Christ-like life. Even two centuries after his martyrdom he was basely slandered, in writings avowedly

Christian, under the thin pseudonym of Simon Magus. Hatred, slander, abuse, perils of every kind, beatings, scourgings, cold, hunger, nakedness, murder, the long bitterness alike of contemporary and of posthumous calumny—this was the world's reward for the man who, next to his Lord, was the founder of Christianity. Think you that this high saint of God, in the long martyrdom of his life, was never comforted by Christ's beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for my sake?"

6. We have seen how religious Jerusalem and how Pagan Rome rewarded the saints of God. Let us leap over two centuries, and come to philosophic and Christian Alexandria. If you were to ask who was the most apostolic man since the Apostles? who was the most learned and most holy of all the Fathers? who, since St. John died, has rendered greater services than any man who has ever lived to the cause of Scriptural knowledge, any candid student of church history, if he knew anything of his subject, would answer, "That man was Origen." Now it is precisely this man—in spite of all his holiness, in spite of a life of martyrdom begun in early boyhood and continued till he succumbed to the effects of hideous torture in the Decian persecution—it is precisely this holy and most gifted saint of God who most of all men experienced Christ's beatitude of malediction. The Christians persecuted him even more shamefully and more bitterly than the heathen. The Pharisaic viper was scotched, not killed. Almost every saint of God who has dared to think for himself has heard its hiss. Origen, all his life long, was a victim of religious malice. Nor did this his martyrdom end with

his death. Though the best Fathers spoke of him with respectful gratitude, the cause of his enemies prevailed. In the writings of all the emptiest and pottiest repeaters of second-hand formulæ he is execrated as "the insane," "the impious," "the heretical" Origen. Well may even the secular historian say of him that, if in the midst of saints and angels, and in the hands of their Creator, such souls as his be conscious of what passes here, "they must smile at the idle fury of the theological insects who still crawl on the surface of the earth." It is only after the lapse of fifteen centuries that due justice is beginning to be done to that glorious name; but he, we are very sure, has long ago experienced in all its fulness the divine prediction: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake."

7. But perhaps the world and the Church grow kinder and more just as the Christian centuries roll on? Well, we will pass, at one beat of the wing, over some twelve Christian centuries, and come this time to Germany, and to one who died more than 450 years ago. In a rude wooden carriage, still preserved, a poor Bohemian preacher was brought, by the order of an infamous Pope, to the great Council of Constance. His name was John Huss. In spite of the pledged safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund, he was thrust into a miserable prison-cell, where you may still see the stone to which he was chained, and the hole through which food was passed to him. In vain, in the full council, before all the spiritual and temporal lords, he made the hot blush burn on the cheek of the Emperor Sigismund by reminding him of his violated word. A hundred

years afterwards that blush saved the life of Luther, for when Charles V. was urged to seize Luther in spite of his safe-conduct, he replied, "I do not want to blush like Sigismund." It saved Martin Luther a century afterwards, but it did not save John Huss then. Like Paul, in the misery of loneliness, tormented by cold and wet, he waited to be led from cruel prison to agonizing death. Princes, prelates, priests, visitors to the number of 100,000, had come to the council. From none of them did he receive pity. Charged with opinions which he had never maintained, his appeal, "How can I adjure what I never held?" was drowned in insolent clamor. When the sentence of death was read to him, he fell on his knees and prayed, "Lord Jesus, forgive my enemies, and their false accusations." How was that prayer received? Loud laughter rang from the assembled bishops, as that prayer went up for them to heaven! When he was degraded from the priesthood, a cap painted with devils was put on his head.

Within a railing lies a huge boulder, overgrown with ivy. On that stone, in his robe of infamy, with "Arch-heretic" written in large letters on his devil-painted cap, the martyr stood. Among those who crowded to witness his death, a wretched old woman, thinking that the act would secure her salvation, eagerly stooped down to lay another fagot on the pile. The martyr smiled at her ignorant ferocity and brutal religionism; but, "*O sancta simplicita,*" "Oh, holy simplicity,"—that was all he said. "Jesus, Son of the living God, have mercy on me," he cried, until the wind fanned the flames into his face and so stifled his voice. Now why did all the world combine to execrate him as a man,

and to burn him as a heretic? Partly because, being a better man than any in his age, he had denounced the wickedness and laxity alike of the clergy and the laity; partly because, when men were still sunk in ignorance and superstition, he held and maintained the very truths which we in our church believe to be the dearest and the best. And this incomparable martyr of the dawning Reformation—this man whose conscience was so delicately sensitive that the chief fault with which he had to reproach himself was that, before he became a priest, he used sometimes to get angry over the game of chess—this man who “dared to be

In the right with two or three;”

who “dared to choose

Hatred, slander, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the thing he needs must think”—

when put to death for this by bishops and princes, wrote from his prison, “in chains, on the vigil of St. John, who, because he rebuked wickedness, was beheaded in prison,” “Much consoles me that word of our Saviour, Blessed be ye when men shall hate you, and separate you from their company, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake.”

“When the wicked perish there is shouting,” says Solomon; aye, but very often the good, too, have been shouted out of the world. “I'll go curse,” exclaims the furious Duchess in one of our English tragedies; “I could curse the stars.” “Look you,” answers one who hears her, “the stars shine still.” Aye, the stars of God shine still, though the world curse and try to

quench them ; and the exhalations die away in mephitic gleam, though the world shout its admiration at their light !

8. I will take but one instance more. Again I pass over two centuries, and this time I will take an instance, not from the Church, but from the State. Not far from Westminster Abbey, 250 years ago, in poverty and loneliness, in blindness and persecution, lived one of the greatest poets, and one of the noblest men whom the world has ever seen—John Milton. All his life long he had combated for the truth and the liberty which he loved more than life itself. He had made his whole life a poem. By pureness and by knowledge he had striven to winnow his age from its gathered draff. Even in youth not religion only, but a certain delicate and fastidious nobleness had kept the crystal of his soul unflawed and unsullied by every sensual or ignoble vice. His years had been devoted, from his beautiful childhood upwards, to holy efforts and fruitful studies. All had seemed to fail. His friends had died in exile or in prison. He could not walk over Westminster Bridge without seeing on a pike the ghastly head of the great Lord Protector, whom he had loved and honored. And never man was so hated as he. You will remember how, in Sir Walter Scott's fine tale of "Woodstock," where Everett has quoted to the old knight the beautiful lines,

" Oh welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemished form of chastity"—

and Charles II. tells him that the lines which he has ad-

mired so much are by John Milton, the old cavalier bursts out into a torrent of imprecations, calling him the blasphemous and bloody-minded, a whitened sepulchre, the sophist Milton. The scene is most true to history. When on a statue of the now-forgotten poet, John Phillips, was carved the line that he was "nearly equal to Milton," it was obliterated by the order of the then Dean, Bishop Sprat, because he considered the name of Milton a pollution to the Abbey walls.

But blessed are ye when all men shall persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake. "Fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honor, how is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints." Where there is a great soul uttering new and needed truths, there for the most part is Calvary; and the progress of good and of good men in the world, has been from scaffold to scaffold and from stake to stake.

9. And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell of St. Chrysostom, orator, and patriarch, and saint, driven out of Constantinople to perish in cruel exile; of Columbus, dying in obscurity, his room hung with the chains in which he had been sent back from the New World which he had discovered; of Gregory the Great exclaiming, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile;" of Campanella, seven times cruelly tortured for the love of liberty, and tolerance, and truth; of the English martyrs who perished in the flames which Bonner and Mary lit; of Whitfield, who

"Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age;"

of Priestly, whom "full of years from his loved native land," statesmen bloodstained and priests idolatrous,

"With fierce lies maddening the blind multitude,
Drove with vain hate ;"

of the men of yesterday who have sunk into their graves weary, as Melancthon was, of "the rage of theologians," and of the strife of base tongues; of the men of to-day for whom life is burdened with "the oppression of a perpetual reviling." Strangers and pilgrims, the noblest of earth, have been, and they have trodden the path of their pilgrimage, like their Lord before them, with bare feet and bleeding brow. Darkness has often been around them with nothing but faith to brighten it. Destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy, they received not indeed on earth the promise, but they did experience the divine beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

10. Only let me point out, in one last word, that for this beatitude there are two conditions. The abuses, the reproach, the reviling must be false, not true; the suffering and persecution must be borne for Christ's sake, not for our own. And that implies that, from the world's judgment, we have two tribunals to appeal unto—ourselves, and God.

i. Ourselves. You are unpopular, you are not loved, you are ill-spoken of? Well, but does this sea of enmity without, meet the sea of guilt from your heart within? Does no awful inner voice confirm, as with

crash on crash of thunder, the angry verdict of the world? Can you go up into the tribunal of your own conscience, and setting yourself before yourself, say with David, "I have washed my hands in innocency, and so have I come to thine altar, oh Lord." Can you say with Moses, "I have not taken one ass from them, neither have I hurt one of them." Can you say with Samuel, "Behold, here I am : witness against me before the Lord, whom I have defrauded? whom have I oppressed?" Can you say with Job, "Thou knowest that I am not wicked. My foot hath kept thy steps." Can you say with Paul, "I know nothing against myself?" Ah! if you cannot—if, in your own secret heart, there are deeds for which to blush—if in your own heart there be not only the judge and jury, but also the prisoner at the bar, ever condemned; then that will indeed drag down your life. There is no consolation then against the deserved scorn of the world. But, if you can stand up and say, "I have injured none; I have slandered none; I have corrupted none; I have defrauded none; I have been honest in my dealings; I have been truthful in my words; I have had clean hands, and I have striven to have a pure heart, and I have cast no stumbling-block of my own guilty passion before any man, or woman, or child for whom Christ died;" if you can say, with a living writer, "I have been kind to many; I have wished to be kind to all; I have never willingly done the slightest wrong to any; I have loved much, and not unselfishly, and therefore the light of heaven is still bright for me on yonder hills;" if you can say this, then acquitted at the bar of conscience, be just and fear not; stand up, not only undaunted but

superior before any amount of misconception, or any multitude of lies.

“’Tis not the babbling of an idle world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurled,
That can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul ;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam
If all, alas ! if all were well at home !”

ii. And can you appeal fearlessly to the Judgment of God? Can you say with David, “God, thou knowest my sinfulness, and my thoughts are not hid from thee?” When Savonarola was unfrocked before the yelling mobs of Florence, the bishop said, “I degrade you from the Church.” “From the Church militant you may,” said the great preacher, “from the Church triumphant you cannot: it is not yours to do.” When Huss had the cap painted with demons placed upon his head by the heads of the bishops of his day, they said, “We devote your soul to the infernal devils.” “And I,” replied the martyr, “I commend my redeemed soul to Thee, oh Lord, my Christ.” When Pascal was fiercely condemned by the Jesuits for heresy, he wrote: “If what I have here written be condemned at Rome, what I there condemn is condemned in heaven. *Ad tuum Dominie Jesu, tribunal appello.* Among the Marian martyrs was one poor boy named William Brown. He was burnt at Brentwood. “Pray for me,” he said to the bystanders. “I will pray no more for thee,” one of them replied, “than I will pray for a dog.” “Then,” said William, “Son of God shine thou upon me!” and lo! at once, on a dark and cloudy day, the sunshine burst forth full upon him, and kindled a

glory upon his youthful face, "whereat the people mused because it was so dark a little time before." Happy they on whom the Son of God shall thus smile, not only in a flood of earthly sunshine amid the clouds and storms of persecution, but as in that city which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to lighten it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof! Earthly friends may fail; wealth may fail; health may fail; kindness may fail; fame may vanish away; failure may attend our efforts; all men may hate, and revile, and persecute us; there may be none so poor to do us reverence. The world may give to a saint the poison-cup when he has earned the crown—but no good man needs the pity, but rather the envy of the world whose sins he rebukes and thwarts.

"Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures, life, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

SERMON VII.

PREACHED IN ST. PAUL'S, BALTIMORE, MD., OCT. 3, 1885.

The Lost Sheep.

“Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.”
—LUKE XV. 6.

I WISH this morning to speak to you a few simple words on the lesson of the day. It imperatively claims our attention because it reveals with the most absolute and incisive plainness the love of God—the love of God in Christ—for lost and wandering souls.

1. In fulfilment of His high mission, which was to the lost sheep of the House of Israel—to the sick, who needed, and knew that they needed, a Physician—Jesus had “received sinners and eaten with them.” It was His special characteristic to love those whom none had loved, and to love them as none had ever loved before. Those whom the Priests wholly failed to reach by their officialism, He reached; those whom Scribes failed to move by their learning, or Pharisees by their orthodoxy, He moved to the depths of their sad and guilty souls. The chill wind may play about the Alpine heights, but it only congeals them into a deadlier and

more frozen whiteness; but when they thrill to the touch of the sunbeam and the breathing of the Western wind, the snow is melted and loosed, till from the burdened bosom of the mountain it slips away in avalanche, and where yesterday the slopes were blank and perilous, to-day there is green grass and purple flower. So is it with the human heart. Coldness and fierceness will not touch it; it will be only hardened by contempt and anathema; it may be broken, not swayed, by authority and domination; but there never yet was human heart so hard as not to be thrilled and melted by sympathy and love.

2. That was Christ's way; and the religious world of Palestine did not understand it. They broke into loud murmurs of disapprobation as they saw crowd after crowd of publicans and sinners drawing near unto Him to hear Him. They were jealously indignant that these disreputable persons from whom they could gain no hearing thronged to one whom they called "the Son of the carpenter," who had not been to their schools, who did not respect their traditions, who saw through their conventionality, "who knew no letters," they said, "having never learned." When they met these people in the streets they drew in their ample robes lest, in passing, they should touch them; they spoke of them with angry hatred as "this multitude which knoweth not the law, and are accursed." They could understand John the Baptist's way with them; they could not understand the secret of Jesus. To withdraw into the desert—to shake off from saintly feet the dust of common life—to say, "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou"—the ascetic, the theological, the exclusive

way of regarding sinners—that they could approve ; and if John had not hurled his apocalyptic denunciations at them even more loudly than at the people, they would have welcomed him with open arms as a prophet and a saint. If they said that “ he had a devil,” it was only because—being too great and too true not to despise the religious popularity which he might have gained by floating down the stream of the prevalent opinions—he exposed their externalism and opinion-worship with unsparing vehemence. But they could not understand Christ’s way at all. For they were the religious world—there could be no doubt about that—and yet Christ looked coldly on them ! They tithed even their mint, anise, and cumin, and He did not praise them ; they used all the proper ablutions ; they wore all the bluest fringes and the broadest phylacteries, and Christ thought nothing of them ! As touching the righteousness which is by the law, they were blameless, and lo ! He had no single word of commendation for their scrupulosities ! Nay, after experiencing for a time their treacherous friendship and subterranean hostilities, turning His back upon them altogether, striving no longer to remove their prejudices or to conciliate their malice, the Saviour had gathered round Him the outcast and the reprobate—the wretched women, the sinners, and the masses at whom they spat and sneered. “ How mischievous,” they said, “ is this despiser of orthodoxy, this religious leveller and innovator ! ” His ways were not their ways ; nor His thoughts their thoughts ; nor His righteousness their righteousness. Their religion was a religion of party, of opinion, of observances, of hatred ; His religion was love.

3. Now it was to make quite clear to these murmuring Scribes and Pharisees something of His desires and of His method, that the Lord Jesus spake to them the three parables which give to this chapter so inestimably a preciousness—the parables of the Lost Sheep, of the Lost Coin, of the Lost Son. They are rich with many meanings, which, like the colors of the rainbow, melt into each other. We could not pretend in many sermons to exhaust or fathom their divine depth. There must be much uncertainty about many of their details; but one truth is common to all three of them, and in speaking of it we go straight to the heart of their central significance;—and that is the infinite yearning of redemptive love.

4. To illustrate this, Christ chooses three different images to represent three different kinds of sinners :

i. The sheep wanders from its flock and from its fold; it is lost in the pathless wilderness; it is endangered by wild beasts; it is torn by briars; it is hungry and thirsty. But alas! the way is lost. No help is near. There is no one to lead it back again. It has chosen the delusions of the mirage for the green pastures and still waters, and they have but lured it, farther and farther, over the sun-enerimsoned sands. The lost sheep is the bewildered sinner—the soul which, in ignorance and indifference, has wandered from its Shepherd's care.

ii. Then there is the lost coin. It is of silver; it bears the image of a king; but it lies defaced, duntrodden, in the dust, in some dark lurking-place to which it has rolled; useless, dishonored—but, like a dead thing, unheeding of its loss. The lost coin is the

ignorant, the unconscious, the neglected sinner, who must be diligently searched for, or he can never be reclaimed.

iii. Then there is the lost son ; the dear, dear son, who has wilfully left his father's home ; who has known what love is, and despised its solicitude ; he who, to indulge in his spurious liberty, has cared nothing for his mother's bitter tears, or his father's breaking heart ; he who has followed into the bad far country the phantoms of false pleasure and corrupt desires, there to waste his substance in riotous living. The prodigal son is the voluntary sinner ; the worst sinner of all ; the sinner against light and knowledge ; the sinner against home and love. Here, then, are three different specimens of lost souls. And yet—so Jesus taught—not one of these is beyond the love of God.

5. Doubtless among the poor groups who kept thronging to Jesus were specimens of each class—men and women, perplexed and wandering, or unconscious in their misery, or wilful in their degradation. And that was why when He saw them He had compassion on them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd. Scattered in the wilderness and on the barren hills, in the cloudy and dark day, there were none to search for them. In all that accurate orthodox Church—in that squabbling, self-absorbed, religious world—there were none really or wisely to pity them. Alas ! were they not like the swarming masses in many of our great towns ? Was it only in Palestine that there were souls of men and women wandering in evil paths, lost in their degradation, self-exiled from God and home ? And to all three classes, as the Lord wished

them to know, and would also have the Pharisees know, His one rule was the rule of love. He would bring back the lost sheep from the wilderness. He would find the lost coin. To the returning prodigal He would open wide the arms of His mercy. He would teach all self-righteous partisans that it is not the will of our Father in Heaven that one of His little ones should perish, but that all should come to repentance. He was the kind owner of the flock who would find the wandering sheep. He was the careful searcher who would look for the lost coin. He was the loving Father who, forgiving the lost, wilful youth, so miserable, so disenchanted, so ragged, so hungry, and so changed, would welcome him back with the fatted calf to the dear home he had despised.

6. Let the first of these parables suffice to illustrate to-day the one central idea of the three. It is a beautiful sight to see the shepherd in Palestine sitting amid his flock, or walking with his staff, while in long line his sheep follow him. He loves his sheep, and lives with them. He shares with them the burning of the sun by day and the smiting of the moon by night. He calls them by their names. He does not flee when he seeth the wolf coming. David, when he was but a ruddy shepherd lad, faces and slays, for the sake of his few poor sheep in the wilderness, both the lion and the bear. To leave the rest of the flock with others, while he goes himself to seek but one that has gone astray, is the first instinct of the true shepherd. You have heard the story of Garibaldi, the simple hero of Italy, in his island home ; how he went with his shepherds to seek a lost lamb in Caprera, but not finding it, dismissed them at

nightfall. But he himself ceased not to search, and through the lone, dreary night he searched on until he had rescued it, and in the morning was found sleeping for weariness with the lost lamb sleeping by his side. How has the witchery of music added for us a fresh charm to the tender words of prophecy, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young!" And how lovely is Christ's image here! He leaves the ninety and nine for the perishing one. Ah, how will the mother's heart understand that love! Her other boys are safe and happy in the fold, but if she have one prodigal, wherever he is her heart is there. The Good Shepherd's heart aches to think of the wretchedness and peril of his lost sheep:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay

In the shelter of the fold;

But one was on the hills away,

Far off from the gates of gold—

Away on the mountain, wild and bare,

Far off from the tender shepherd's care!

* * * *

But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed,

Nor how dark was the night the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost!"

Yet however long the search, however weary the way, He will not slumber nor sleep until He find it; and when He hath found it, He layeth it on His own shoulders rejoicing, and carries it home, and bids His friends rejoice with Him, because He has found the sheep that was

lost ! And Christ's own words are the best comment on His own parable—"I am the Good Shepherd, and I know my sheep, and am known of mine ; and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have which are not of this fold ; them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and they shall become one flock, one shepherd." The early Christians, who were happier and more loving than we, chose this image as their symbol of their Lord. It was their instinct to dwell not so much on His Death as on His Victory ; not so much on the brief anguish as on the triumphant love. They carved Christ upon their gems, they painted Him in their catacombs, they gave Him the central place in the glittering mosaics of their basilicas—as the Good Shepherd with the rescued sheep upon his shoulders. Their one thought was, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me in the green pastures and beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

7. Let us never forget that the whole drama of Redemption—the Incarnation, the Ministry, the Cross, the Resurrection, the Ascension—what was it all but one long search for the lost sheep and carrying it home rejoicing ? The whole race of man was the lost sheep until Christ found it. All we like sheep have gone astray. We had gone out of the way, we had altogether become abominable, and the Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Yea,

"All the souls that are were forfeit once,
And He who might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy."

Other sheep were His—millions of spiritual creatures thronging the Heaven of Heavens—Cherubim and Seraphim—the lucent spirits of knowledge and the burning spirits of love, and an innumerable company of Angels in all their

“Solemn choirs and sweet societies,
Which sing, and singing in their glory move.”

But here was this atom-world floating on the infinite bosom of the bright and boundless air, “a speck in the faultless glory, a discord in the unimaginal music, a flutter in the eternal calm.” Yea! among all these stars upon stars innumerable, was this atom-world, the ruined habitation of a fallen race. And therefore to this poor ruined atom-world He came down all those steps of the infinite descent. Why? because God is Love. And so the Father sent His Son into the world, that all who believe in Him should not perish, but have eternal life: and the Son emptied Himself of His Glory, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and as the Father created, and the Son redeemed us, so the Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmities and maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. Ah, let none of us deceive ourselves that we are so good, so correct, so righteous, that we do not need the Saviour. We all need Him, from the least to the greatest, the religious no less than the irreligious, the Pharisee no less than the Publican. We all need Him, and He loves us all. Of the many paltry heresies which have attempted to crush the Gospel under a proud and self-satisfied theology, the poorest is that which pretended that Christ died only for the elect.

He died for all—for all were dead. He gave Himself a ransom for all; for all had been taken captive. God delivered Him up for us all, because we all had sinned and come short of the glory of God. He died not for the elect only, but for sinners. I have not come to call the righteous only, but sinners to repentance. This is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Herein is manifested the love of God towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly.

8. Such then is, as I said, the one central lesson of all the three parables of this chapter—the Infinite yearning of Redemptive Love. Let us from this brief and simple survey learn, among others, three brief and simple lessons.

1. The first is, Let us all be pitiful. How utterly un-Christlike a spirit does it show, nay, how deadly a sin is it, to be harsh, severe, unforgiving to sinners; to despise and hate, instead of pitying and helping them! Christ's spirit of love is utterly alien from this pitiless abhorrence for the sinful and the fallen. As for sin, indeed, we cannot hate it too much; it is the adder which is ever stinging our race to death, and we ought, every one of us, to do all we can to crush its head. But for the sinner—the poor bitten, poisoned victim, if we be like Christ we shall feel nothing but compassion. A poet has written a legend of the Lost Pleiad, and it is this: The Pleiades—so he sings—were seven sisters, and it was a part of their sweet influence to listen for all the cries, and watch for all the tears of God's earthly children, and lift them to heaven. And one night among the myriad cries there came one which had been wrung from

the heart of a stained, sinful woman, "from lips that night's nepenthe could not calm." It was a long wail for mercy, as, meditating suicide, she knelt, with the child of shame, by the rim of a black river, surging out from a great city's glare into the gloom. And Merope, the brightest of the Pleiades, knowing the woman's sin and shame, cried, "The prayer shall not rise to God; the woman's punishment is just;" and she struck the prayer down to earth again. Then, instantly, the voice of God rolled living thunder among the Planets, and bade Merope descend from her star to earth—punished and shamed because she had heard unmoved God's lowest ask His love. And living on earth, as an Indian maiden, she too sinned as that woman had sinned whose prayer she had struck down; and as she too knelt meditating suicide, by the rim of a black river, surging out from a great city's glare into the gloom, she too cried aloud to God, and her prayer was struck back to her as she had spurned the prayer of the sinful woman; and when the waves had washed out her foul earthly life, she sat thenceforth dark on a darkling star, because she had stood between God's lowest and His love.—Ah, let us be pitiful! "Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ hath forgiven you."

2. And the second lesson is, Let none despair. There are two kinds of despair. The one is insolent and defiant, a very deadly sin against the Holy Ghost. It is related of the fierce and unhappy Henry II. that, hurling his impotent curse at God because he had lost the town of Le Mans, he exclaimed: "Since Thou hast taken from me the town that I loved best I will have

my revenge on Thee, too. I will rob thee of that thing. Thou lovest most in me—my soul.” Let us trust that such a sin against the Holy Ghost as this was but a rare frenzy; but not rare is the dull misery which assumes that it can have no hope, that it has sinned too deeply to be forgiven. None have sinned too deeply to be forgiven. It is want of faith thus to set limits to the efficacy of Christ’s redemption. Often, indeed, it is too late to avert the earthly consequences of misdoing. They may last, on and on, through many a bitter year. The boy’s idleness shall be the man’s poverty and shame. The youth’s vice shall be the man’s agony of body and stain of soul. On earth the sins of men and women do find them out. It is too late when sin has been committed to avert its penal consequences. When we have indulged ourselves in any wilful sin we may have done with it, but it has by no means done with us. But it is never too late to repent, never too late to heal sin’s moral ravage, and renew its spiritual loss. On earth there may be no remission of punishment, but, thank God, the Son of Man hath power, even on earth, to forgive sins.

“Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?”

So asks the murderer in the great tragedy; and again—

“Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.”

But whatever sin you have committed—however deep, however dark, however damning, though there be no physic for your misery, no oceans to wash out your stain, if you will but repent of it, if you will but come to Christ with the burden of it, all weary and heavy-laden as you are, there is heavenly medicine, there is lustral water at the wicket-gate. Yes! believe it! There is a balm in Gilead which can heal your sick conscience, and a good Physician there. On this side the grave there may be for you no fields of amaranth or asphodel, but there are beyond the grave, and through them rolls a river of sweet forgetfulness, one drop of which can soothe the haunted memory. There is—oh, there is—a Pool of Siloam where you can receive your sight; a Bethesda-wave for the impotent; waters of Jordan wherein you can wash and be clean.

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.”

You err if you think we can only go to Christ when we are good and pure. Nay, we may go to Him guilty and helpless, and He will purify and heal. Peace, peace to him that is afar off, as well as to him that is near. Even over the waters of the deluge that drowns our souls flies the dove, and lo! in her mouth an olive leaf plucked off. It is Christ’s office to save, and ours to look to Him for help. “If evil tempers arise,” said the ex-

cellent Berridge, "I go to Him as some demoniac. If deadness creeps upon me, I go as a paralytic. If darkness clouds my face, I go as a Bartimæus. And when I pray I always go as a leper, crying, as Isaiah did, 'Unclean, unclean!'"

3. And the third lesson, which we may surely learn, is to think noble thoughts of God—even the thoughts which again, and again, and again He has taught us respecting Himself. Of what happens beyond the grave we know but little. We know only that while any man continues in sin unrepented of he cannot see God; we know only that whatever else hell may be it is, beyond all doubt, a temper and a condition, and that where sin is, there is and must be hell. We know only that until sin be forsaken, so long it must and will bring its own curse and punishment, being itself its own vilest curse and its own most terrific punishment. The bad man, so long as it is his choice to remain a bad man, must say with Milton's Satan :

"What matter where, if I be still the same."

But when men draw the abhorrent pictures, which they often have drawn, of the torments of the lost, I think of the legend of the martyr Carpus—how, passing to glory on the fiery chariot of his martyrdom, he looked down and saw the tormented souls of the heathen and cruel persecutors, and raised his hand to curse them, when a voice, sweet and terrible, thrilled through his soul the question: "Carpus, dost thou curse these? I died to save them." Read these parables in the light of the relentless Pharisaism which, supporting its own ruthlessness by scraps of texts and shreds of metaphor, used

to call itself orthodox theology, until men were almost tempted to exclaim with the American poet that “a natural man is better than an unnatural theologian.” Have you read the poet’s vision ?

“ There came a soul to the gate of Heaven,
 Gliding slow ;
A soul that was ransomed and forgiven,
 And white as snow—
And the angels all were silent.

“ ‘ Now open the gate and let her in,
 And fling it wide,
For she hath been cleansed from stain of sin,’
 St. Peter cried—
And the angels all were silent.

“ ‘ I come,’ she said, ‘ to the pearly door
 To see the throne,
Where sits the Lamb on the sapphire floor,
 With God alone.
I come to hear the new song they sing
 To Him that died,
And note where the healing waters spring,
 From His piercèd side.

“ ‘ But I may not enter there,’ she said,
 ‘ For I must go
Across the gulf where the guilty dead
 Lie in their woe’—
And the angels all were silent.

“ ‘ I come where there is no night,’ she said,
 ‘ To go away,
And help, if I yet may help, the dead
 That have no day’—
And the angels all were silent.

The Lost Sheep.

“ St. Peter, he turned the keys about,
 And answered grim :
 ‘ Can you love the Lord and abide without,
 Afar from from Him ? ’
 And the angels all were silent.

“ ‘ Should I be nearer Christ,’ she said,
 ‘ By pitying less
 The sinful living and woful dead
 In their helplessness ?
 Should I be liker Christ, were I
 To love no more
 The loved, who in their anguish lie
 Outside the door ? ’
 And the angels all were silent.

“ The Lord himself stood by the gate
 And heard her speak
 Those tender words compassionate,
 Gentle and meek :—
 Now pity is the touch of God
 In human hearts ;
 And from that way He ever trod
 He ne’er departs—
 And the angels all were silent.

“² And He said, ‘ Now will I go with you,
 Dear child of Love,
 And I will leave this glory, too,
 In Heaven above.’

“ And He said, ‘ We will seek and save the lost,
 If they will hear—
 They who are worst, but need me most,
 And all are dear ’—
 And the angels all were silent.”

The angels all were silent ! Nay, I think the poet is wrong there ! When there shall be no more sorrow

and no more sighing ; when God shall have wiped all tears from off all faces, in the restitution of all things ; when God shall be all in all ; when the lost sheep is brought home, the lost coin found, the lost son welcomed repentant to his Father's home ; when the whole meal is leavened ; when the Son of Man, having been lifted up, has drawn all men unto Him ; when He has destroyed the works of the devil ; when He has had mercy upon all ; when He has become Lord of the dead and of the living ; when He hath gathered together into one all things in Christ ; when He has reconciled all men to Himself—and remember that every one of these sentences (whatever else there may be in Scripture which looks the other way) is a Scripture text and a Scripture promise—then, if there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance, what shall there be over myriads and the multitude which no man can number ? What shall there be—if such a day ever come—in the day of the universal redemption of mankind ?

“ And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
‘ Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !’
And the angels echoed around the throne :
‘ Rejoice ! for the Lord brings back His own.’ ”

The angels all stood silent ? Nay, the poet is wrong there ! but rather, when the Good Shepherd calls heaven and earth together to witness His final and eternal triumph, such a tumult of acclaim shall ring through heaven, such a seven-fold chorus of harping symphonies,

The Lost Sheep.

“ While all the roundes and arches blue
Resound and echo Hallelu—”

Such a whirlwind of multitudinous joy shall sweep the perfect diapason of those innumerable harps,

“ With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud, uplifted, angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic Host in thousand choirs
Sound their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly ”—

Yea! There shall be such a song like the sound of thunder, and the voice of many waters, that the universe of God shall never have heard such floods of unimaginable music—no! not when herald angels sang the birth of the Saviour; no not when at creation's dawn! the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

SERMON VIII.

PREACHED IN ST. PETER'S, BALTIMORE, ON SUNDAY EVENING,
OCT. 3, 1885.

The Lost Coin.

“EITHER what woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?”—LUKE XV. 8.

I CHOOSE this subject, my friends, because it is suggested by the second lesson of this morning's service, and because it enables me to continue the line of thought on which I dwelt this morning in another church. Doubtless a passing curiosity to hear a stranger from your kin beyond the sea has brought many of you here to-night. My friends, you will hear no oratory; nothing to please or tickle the itching ear; nothing unusual to startle you. You will hear, I trust, a simple statement of some truths which are not without their own momentous import to your souls; but whether those truths bear any fruit, or are carried away by idle remarks which, like birds of the air, remain in flocks at every church door, that depends on you—on your own seriousness and nobleness of spirit—on your own meek

heart and due reverence for the eternal realities, and on Him to whom we pray for aid, and who can send forth His spirit, even as the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whither it goeth.

1. The word for the "piece of silver" in the original is *drachma*; in Wyclif's version it is rendered *bezant*; in Tyndale's, *groat*. It merely represents the current Greek silver coin of the day; and therefore, to many, the position of the parable, between that of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Son, seems something of an anti-climax. The lost sheep is a living thing, and might be regarded with affection; the lost son is unspeakably dear to the father's heart; but it might seem that the lost coin, being at the best but a dead thing, is less interesting and less estimable. Now, my friends, whenever there seems to us to be a defect of this kind in the order of the Lord's teaching, we may be sure beforehand that the defect is either in the narrator, or more probably in our apprehension; and I think that if we look a little closer at this short, intervening parable, we shall see that it contains some original, independent, and deeply instructive truths.

2. The progress in the three parables has sometimes been supposed to lie in the fact that the lost coin is one of only ten, and the lost son is one of only two, whereas the lost sheep is one of a hundred, and therefore less valuable or less likely to be painfully missed. The true explanation, I think, is different. It lies partly in new conceptions about the state of sin and new conceptions about the love of God; and if we can make these quite clear, we may henceforth read the parable of the Lost

Coin with no less interest than the other two by which it is accompanied.

3. Why is the woman in the parable so exceedingly anxious to recover her lost coin? Why is she so rejoiced at finding it that, in a manner which surprises us, she thinks it a fit occasion to call together her friends and neighbors that they may share her joy?

I think for this reason, which is not present to our minds, but would be so at once to Christ's hearers: Women in the East do not often carry money about with them, and even if they did, there might seem to be something unworthy in such demonstrative gladness over a found piece of money. But, on the other hand, the commonest and most cherished ornament of women of all classes is a fringe of gold or silver coins worn on the summit of the forehead, and very frequently ten in number. All travellers in the East, and especially at Nazareth, notice the frequency of this ornament, which is called the *semedi*, and which, like all the other articles of dress and ornament in the changeless East, is probably of extreme antiquity. Our Lord had doubtless seen it—perhaps on the forehead of the Virgin of Nazareth, perhaps on the forehead of the bride of Cana, or the sisters of Bethany. It is often the most valuable and the most beautiful of all the young bride's jewels; and it is additionally precious because, like the silver ornaments of the Swiss maidens, it is frequently an heirloom, handed down for generations from mother to daughter. Now, imagine that some young bride, rejoicing in the jewel with which on special occasions she adorns herself for her husband, had, through carelessness or negligence, suffered one of the coins to drop from

the circlet. Can we not see that the beauty and symmetry of the whole ornament would be spoilt? The other nine coins would lose their chief value; and there would be such dissightliness in the gap where the lost coin had been, that the *semedi* could be worn no longer until the coin is found, and the neglect repaired.

Now, when we bear this in mind, does not the little parable show us a new advance in the thought, a new flash of insight into the will of God? The motive of the Good Shepherd in searching for the lost sheep is love and pity. He is a type of God's divine compassion for human misery and sin. The woman's solicitude for the lost silverling presents us with an entirely new image. The coin is indeed a dead thing. It needs no pity. Being inanimate it can feel no loss. It does not represent the sinner in his aspect of suffering, for it is unconscious, but the sinner in his aspect of degradation which he cannot himself realize; the sinner in his dull indifference and deathful stupidity. The parable turns us more entirely to the care of God, who loves lost souls not only for their sakes—since small indeed is their intrinsic worth—but for His own. And here at once is a marvellous lesson. Sometimes, when we read in history of a black character, a stubborn character—childish, animal, counterfeit, scurrilous; sometimes, when we see in daily life the pettiness and frivolity of some souls; the sluggishness, the vanity, the malignity, the selfishness of others; sometimes, when it is borne in upon us that we men are indeed a little breed, that most of us, even if not wholly bad, are yet desperately imperfect, we are tempted, or half tempted, by our pride and faithlessness, to think how small a loss it would be

if another and final deluge of fire consumed forever “these feeble vassals of lust and anger and wine—these little hearts who know not how to forgive.” You see some blighted wretch, a curse to himself, a curse to his family, a curse to the parish in which he lives, a curse to the nation whose name he disgraces, degraded from what was once a man into sometimes a beast, and sometimes a fiend :—and in our least Christlike moments we might be tempted to say, unpityingly, It would be small loss to the universe of God if such men or such women—or what once were men and women—were simply to cease to be ; to forfeit forever, at death, the life which they have so unspeakably degraded. We see a child going astray, and speaking lies almost from his cradle ; we see an indolent, selfish youth, content to be dependent on the toil of others not his own, sitting down, a useless and unwelcome guest, at the feast of life, and never meaning to do his appointed task ; you see savage races, unspeakably vicious and hopelessly squalid ; you read the vain and vile literature of masses of men—in the upper classes so empty and godless, in the lower classes so violent and obscene ; you watch the aims of persons who pass for respectable, their pushing selfishness, their reckless greed, their paltry hopes and mean desires ; and again, in our least faithful and hopeful moments, we are half tempted to doubt whether the indignity of death is not a sufficient ending for those who have nothing to offer to the God who made them except dust and ashes and moral degradation. Well, now we may see the reason for the detail which might otherwise have seemed surprising—the fact that the lost coin is intrinsically of such small value ; a coin

not of gold, but of silver ; only a drachma, a shilling. Why should the woman or any one else much care, if it lay forever in some vile corner in the dust and darkness ? Ah ! but God does not think so ! His desire is that nothing

“ Should walk with aimless feet ;
That not one life should be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish in the void,
When He has made the pile complete.”

The value of the lost coin is not its intrinsic value ; not even the poor value of which it is itself unconscious ; but the value which it has in His eyes who moulded it of metal inherently precious, and stamped it bright from the mint of eternity. All but worthless in itself, it yet once formed part of a beloved and precious ornament ; it yet bears the image and superscription of a king. Its value is simply infinite, for it is the value which God sets upon it. The lost coin of this wretched and paltry race of man—ah ! call it not wretched and paltry, even when it lies useless and darkling in the mire, for it belongs to God ; and if no one else cares for it, God cares. The lost coin of the soul of the drunkard, and the gambler, and the unclean, to man’s eye so deplorable or so contemptible, it is right precious in the sight of Him, our Father, without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground. The lost coin—it may be of your soul or mine—how little man pities it ! How little man cares for it ! Ah ! but God—the great God Himself in His Son Jesus Christ, is searching diligently until he finds it ! What is it that keeps so many souls fast bound in misery and iron ? Is

it not on the one hand the utter loss of self-respect, on the other hand the stupefaction of despair? Oh! miserable and perishing sinner! Oh! slave of vice! Oh! dead to shame! Oh!—lowest of all—lost woman, doomed to know

“ Nights of pollution, days of blasphemy,
Who, in loathed orgies with lewd wassailers,
Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart ”—

if God still cares for you, will you care nothing for yourself? If in yourself you despair, is it nothing that God has not abandoned, will not abandon, His hope for you? even for you? even for you?

3. In truth there lies in this parable, and in the revelation it contains of God's care for man, the sole aspect of human life which can support and inspire the sinking soul; the sinking souls, whether of the lost and fallen themselves, or of those who, saved themselves, yet share for the souls of their brethren the yearning compassion of Christ their Lord. Recall the occasion of these three parables. It was the murmuring of the Pharisees, because Christ had received sinners and eaten with them. See what a lesson is here taught to the indifference alike of the world, which despises the wretched, and of those religionists who, without a shudder, regard them as little better than fuel for the everlasting flame. The world! what does the world in general care for the outcasts? It chatters its gossip, and squanders its money on itself, or hoards it for itself, and sips its wine, and makes its fortune, and would not let its little finger ache for the present misery, much less for the eternal

ruin of such as these. The cynic shrugs his shoulders, and says: "How can I help it?" and asks: "Am I my brother's keeper?" The selfish man takes refuge in his individual comforts, and ignores everything else. The faint-hearted say it is quite useless to struggle against all this vice and suffering. The sluggishly pitiful sentimentalize about it in their delicious solitude. The unbeliever flings away the whole subject with a curse. He says, with a poet of yesterday, half ironical, half despairing, full of haughty and fastidious contempt:

"In dirt and sin ye all were born,
 In sin and dirt ye all were bred;
 Wallow until your lives be through,
 Satan's godchildren take your due!
 The devil whom your fathers served
 Will bate no tittle of his wage;
 Deformed, enfeebled, and unnerved,
 Ye totter to your early age.

"Around your life a wall is built,
 In pain and toil ye plod apart;
 The livery of your soul is guilt,
 And grief the girdle of your heart;
 For he who held you at the first
 Has cursed you, and ye shall be curst."

And then he adds: "Since you will take nothing better than we offer you, take the money, which is the only thing you ask, and the only thing we can give.

"Take it; disperse the rich man's store;
 Take it, and satisfy your need;
 Then misbeget some millions more
 For our posterity to feed.
 We cannot measure worlds by rule,
 Nor put a continent to school."

Such is the despairing ban which this poet hurls upon the wretched and the sinful ; such the cold sponge of vinegar which he pushes on a hyssop-stalk to their parched lips ; such the charity with which he tosses to them his scornful alms. How utterly alien it is from the mind of Christ ! Yet hardly so alien, I think, as that callous theology which, hugging its own plank of supposed safety amid the weltering of the fiery deluge, looks with perfect equanimity on the ruin of a world, so its own selfish heaven is secure ; and which has sometimes told us, with all the imperiousness of orthodox authority, that the anguish of the lost will be a blissful spectacle for the increased delectation of the elected few. Such is the sympathy of man, religious and irreligious, for his fellow-man !

Thank God, God is not like men ; and had it not been for that immeasurable love which even sin could not change into abhorrence, there would long ago have been no hope, and we could only have trusted that this life of rebellion and misery would be enough, and man become—the sooner the better—a dim tradition lingering amid the inhabitants of some happier universe which yet may be.

4. I say that nothing save Christ's revelation of God's love for wretched human souls can save us from despair. For when we remember that men *have* bodies and *are* spirits, how awful to a child of God does the aspect of the world appear in its wreck and ruin of human souls ! The Greek poet describes a ravenous lion, leaping upon a flock of defenceless sheep, and bathing his bloody jaws in rivers of massacre. Alas ! how long ago has there leapt upon the flock of God a roaring lion, seeking

whom he may devour! And what herds of raging wolves leap in upon his track! the passions in their fury—ambition, avarice, lust—how do these rend the helpless flock! And how do bad men themselves—bad men, who are man's worst enemies—do abundantly the devil's work! And as there is hope to us when we think that the Good Shepherd will yet deliver His flock, is there no terror to those who help to rend it? The young man thinks nothing of it, it may be, when with brutal, unmanly selfishness, tempting the weak to their destruction, he sacrifices, or helps to sacrifice, for his own vilest impulse, a soul which but for his execrable baseness might have been innocent and fair. But does he think that God does not see, that the Almighty does not regard it? Ah! God has his eye on that torn sheep, on that lost lamb. Men live upon, make their fortunes by, the ruin, the temptation, and debasement of the helpless; do they ever think that what is flowing into their coffers is not gold, but a rill from the crimson ooze of that infernal river which is formed of tears and blood? Ah! but God sees it, and things are what they are, in spite of all sophisms; aye, and their consequences will be what they will be in spite of all excuse. Man looks on, callous, apathetic, indifferent to the loss of souls. And the worst men ruthlessly and indifferently destroy the souls of their brother-men, and leave their own souls contentedly lying in the mire of this world's sin and shame. But the only ray of comfort, whether in the present or in the future, lies in the thought that God cares. The coin lies there—lost, unconscious, a dead thing, always of little value, and now entirely useless, in the dust. Aye, but God still values it! If He sees its present deteri-

oration, He knows also its original brilliancy, and its future preciousness when it shall be found once more.

5. So far then we have seen that the value of every soul, the value even of lost souls, lies in the fact which we should never have known, have never dared to surmise if the Son of God had not revealed it to us, that they are right dear in the sight of God. And the parable shows us further that they are dear not only for their own sakes, to the God who made and the Saviour who redeemed, and the Holy Spirit who intercedes for them, but dear also because they form part of that great universe of God, which now groaneth and travaileth in pain, but which waits for the adoption, that is, the redemption of the body. Just as the dropped coin ruins the symmetry and spoils the beauty of the bride's ornament, so the lost souls mar the divine perfection of God's ornament, of that Kosmos which means both ornament and universe. It is with God's love as with ours. We condole with the father whose unworthy son is bringing his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and we point him to his other sons, who are living pure and upright and honorable lives. But ah no ! it avails not ; and he will only turn aside to hide the noble tears which he sheds for his lost boy. The sons and daughters grow up around their mother, and you think that she is content and happy, and that she has long forgotten that little grave in the churchyard, where the grass is green over the child she lost in other years. Yes, so it seems to the world's indifferent eyes ; but watch her in her solitude, when, on her knees, before her God, she sheds passionate tears over the little curl of flaxen hair which she

cut from the white forehead of the sweet dead face. It is not so easy even for true human love to fill up its aching void ; and the Lord teaches us here that it is still more impossible for the love divine, which excels all love. There are ninety sheep and nine in the safe fold ; there are nine coins unlost ; one son is working steadily at home—ah ! but the one lost sheep, the one lost coin, the one poor prodigal in the far land still troubles the great heart of God ! Without it His flock is incomplete ; His jewel is ruined ; His home is desolate. So Christ teaches us. And does it not cause us to recall the song of your poet :

“ Thou lovest all ! Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee.

“ All souls are Thine ; the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

“ Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt, and shame, and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

“ Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and goal,
In Thy long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to joy the cry of a lost soul ? ”

6. I think that these aspects of the truth deserve our deepest contemplation. But Christ's parables are inexhaustible in richness, and I must glance for a moment at still other lessons. The woman who, having lost the coin, lights the candle and sweeps the house, and looks diligently till she finds it—who is she ? She is perhaps meant for the Church of God. The Sheep

wanders out of the fold ; the Son goes into a far country ; but the Coin is lost in the house itself. All that the woman can do is to repair, to her utmost, the consequences of her own neglect. It requires effort and trouble ; the furniture must be moved ; the candle must be held, high and low, in every corner ; the dust must fly about : but unless she neglect her duty altogether she must go on searching diligently till she find the coin. If she leaves it lying neglected till the tarnish spoils it, and the dirt settles thickly over it, she has ruined her loveliest adornment, and the unlost coins which form it become useless too. Oh, what a lesson for the Church of God ! There in England, what are whole masses of our godless population, high and low—the drunkard, the atheist, the gambler, the criminal, the liar, the debauchee—what are they but the lost coin of our church ? The Church of England lost them chiefly amid the strifes, and the formalism, and the sloth of the 17th and 18th centuries, and she scoffed and stormed at John Wesley and George Whitefield when they went to search for her lost coins. Happy for her if now her tardy efforts be not too late altogether, and if her candle be not quenched and removed out of its place. May not the church in America take warning from her history ? Let her take warning. Let her beware lest she “mistake instrumentals for fundamentals ;” lest she forget how few and broad and deep are the great essential truths of Christianity ; lest she fall into the sins of partisanship and intolerance ; lest she be ever tempted to teach for doctrines the commandments of men. And when I say the Church, I mean the whole Church. I mean the laity not only as much as the clergy, but more

than the clergy, seeing that the laity no less than the clergy are the Church of God. They are or ought to be a royal priesthood of God, and therefore are even more the Church of God than the clergy, seeing that they are the more in number. Lay not to your souls the flattering unction that warnings addressed to the Church affect only the clergy. Make not for any neglect or supineness of yours that miserable excuse. Depend upon it, and let me say it with the solemn emphasis of certain prophecy—depend upon it, the masses of our nation will sooner or later be lost to the church of their fathers, the practical heathendom of our cities will not be evangelized, the Augean stables of our streets will not be cleansed, the curse of drink will not be mitigated, the plague of impurity will not be stayed, the great social reforms which are so infinitely necessary will never be achieved, the national dishonor of vice and pauperism and greed and uncleanness will never be wiped away, until every Christian feels his own individual duty; till every good man is so anxious to do his utmost that he fears the battle will fail where he is not. Let not one among you all be content unless his conscience tells him that—apart from his mere selfish domesticity, and apart from his mere professional duties—he is trying to do something, he *is* doing something, by pen, by voice, by personal effort, by the gift of his money, by the exertion of his energy, by the self-sacrifice of something at least of his own comfort and leisure, to search for, to recover, to brighten, to restore to its due place in the ruined symmetry, the lost coin—that coin which is the amalgam of every lost, of every neglected soul—in the bridal ornament of the Church of God.

7. But, ah! the work which the Church—the whole Church, clergy and laity alike, all Christian men—must do in the world, must be done also by each one of us in our own lives. May not that lost coin be the lost eternal jewel of our own soul? It is a frightful thing to think that men may even gain the whole world and yet lose their own souls!—that they may hoard and squander, and earn, and possess, and love tens of thousands of wretched gold and silver coins, which they can only use for a few miserable years, and fling away, and leave lying in the mire, the only one which they can really possess, and which will be as they make it for ever and for evermore. And oh! when a man has flung away this eternal part of himself—when he has become a disensouled body—a hunger, a thirst, a fever, an appetite—a funnel for drink, not a human being—an incarnate lust, not a Christian man—what search, what toil, what anxiety, yea, what anguish of struggle should he undergo? how should he relight the candle of his conscience? how should he search the darkest corners of the house of his life until, by the aid of the Holy Spirit of God, he find it! For, if that be finally lost, all is lost. But remember that in this life, at any rate, it cannot finally be lost. While there is life, even in the most desperate cases, there is hope. Some of you may remember the dreadful conception of the mediæval poet, that when a man has proceeded, step by step, through a nameless multitude of little sins to the one great, awful, final, irrevocable act of sin which is the practical outcome and epitome of all his life, from that moment he is dead—alive no longer. One of yourselves, even a poet of your own, writes:

“ So fallen! So lost! The light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!
All else is gone! From those great eyes
The light is fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!”

But the mediæval poet goes farther, and says, that the moment when in some frightful crime the man has brought his life of vice and sin to its natural consummation, from that moment his soul is plunged downward into the abyss, and his body, animated not by his soul, but by a demon, is but the phantasm and automaton of a living man; so that there are men and women whom we meet who are dead, while they live; and heaven and hell are here and now; and some of us are here and now in heaven; and some are here and now in hell. And though, even in this, there is a grim and awful truth, though, even in this place and at this moment, an invisible demon in the form of some overmastering sin may be seated at your ear, moulding your very thoughts—may have clutched you by the hair, claiming you as his very own—yet the blessed practical truth remains, that, while you live, repentance is possible; while you live you may yet recover the lost coin of your eternal peace, of your eternal self. Oh! let each one of us light the candle of conscience, illuminate the darkest and most hidden corners of our being, expel the demon from the desecrated temple of our life, sweep diligently the dusty and unclean house of our soul, and never cease the quest till we can once more claim the lost coin of our very selves as our own possession; as our own possession, to

give back to God ; as our own possession, no longer to squander ruinously in the devil's service ; as our own possession, far better worth than to lie dishonored and useless in the dust ; as our own possession, to rebrighten the original lustre ; as our own possession, to make clear once more the regal image ; as our own possession, but far more as His who made us and to whom we belong ; dear to Him, because, if but one soul of His be lost, His church has lost the beauty of her bridal ornament, and the powers of evil have flawed and marred the glory of His celestial work. All souls are His. He has mercy upon all, for He can do all things, and is long-suffering that men should repent ; and He abhors nothing that He has made or He would not have made it. " But thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls." " And they shall be mine, said the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels ; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

SERMON IX.

PREACHED AT HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 11, 1885.

Things which cannot be Shaken.

“And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.”—HEB. xii. 27.

IN this remarkable verse the writer goes to the heart of the philosophy of religion and of history. He declares that through the ages runs one ever-increasing purpose, and that this purpose is the will of God. He tells us that, not by accident or by destiny, but by Heaven's own Providence,

“The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

1. It is said that when the King of Prussia visited the playing-fields of our Eton College, he said, “Blessed is the land in which the old is ever mingled with the new, and the new ever mingled with the old.” Yes! and I add, Blessed is the Church also which, like the scribe whom Christ blessed—instructed in the Kingdom of

Heaven—brings out of its treasures things new and old.

2. To cling to the old when the new demands our attention and our allegiance, has been a constant error and indolence of mankind. They look back to the east when the west is calling them. The noontide is approaching, and they linger amid the shadows of the dawn. So it was with the Jews in the days of Paul and Apollos. Christ had come, and they could not get beyond Moses. The Gospel taught them the spirit of Christ, and they preferred the fires of Elijah. The Gospel offered them freedom, and they hugged yet closer the yoke of bondage. Apostles were preaching, and they preferred Leviticus to St. Paul and St. John. They were still trusting in the blood of bulls and goats, though Christ had died. Now, of this we may be always sure. An unprogressive church is a dying church; a retrogressive church is a dead church. Were I asked what constitutes an extreme peril to any religious community, I should answer, “stagnating opinions rotting in a dead theology;” the mere human formulæ of one age mechanically reproduced and mechanically repeated in ages which have outlived their significance; the torpor of careless assurance; the slumber of unreasoning acquiescence; the ghastly smooth life dead at heart of a self-satisfied religionism; the “dropping buckets into empty wells, and growing old in drawing nothing out.” God himself, as this text declares, is ever leading us onward, upward, forward. “The living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday.” Therefore, in every true and living church there must be freedom and there must be progress. Freedom and progress are the law of

true life. When the great tide of truth is ever advancing, even children are not so foolish as to linger among the dank seaweeds upon the oozy shore.

3. Apollos—if he was the author of this Epistle to the Hebrews—tells us that there are systems, doctrines, institutions, organizations, which God continually shakes to the ground in the earthquakes of history. He does so because they have had their day, and done their work; because they have become obstructive and obsolete; because men are beginning to make them into idols and fetishes; because men thrust them between their souls and Him; because they put their trust in them and not in Him; because they are instrumentals not fundamentals, means not ends. These things are but shadows, and men take them for the substance. These things are quivering, unreal, evanescent as the reflection of the bulrush upon the shimmering wave; but there are other things which are unshakable and eternal as are the cedars of Libanus, yea, as the very crags on which they stand. In eras of change, such as this is, such as the Reformation was, men need to be reminded that there are some foundations which stand sure, having on them the double seal of God;—“the Lord knoweth them that are His,” and “let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.” Those are foundations which no earthquake can make to tremble, much less rock to the ground. Such was the case in the days of Christ, and of the great apostle St. Paul. The Jews thought that their temple, and their sacrifices, and their ritual, and their priesthood, and their Pentateuch-legislation were perfect, eternal, and divine. Christ taught them that they were imperfect and transitory, and vanishing away.

That was why they crucified Him. The cross was the reward of Pharisaism to the Son of God. And as it was with the Master so shall it be with the servants. Wherever any great human soul utters new truth there is once more the shadow of Calvary. But God not only gives, but gives back; and what He gives back is better than what was taken away. The earthquake can rock no sure foundation. It is upon one or two of those sure foundations that I propose, briefly, to speak to you to-day.

4. In times like these, one often meets persons—generally young men and young women—who, mistaking their ignorance for knowledge, and their cleverness for genius, are fond of telling others, and half persuading themselves, that they have lost all faith in everything. Clergymen in England not unfrequently receive letters or calls from such persons, who, having very little to do, come to them as though this eczema of disbelief were some deep-seated malady, or as though others could heal it, while they themselves have not even tried to heal it by the appointed means which God has put in their own power. Now, when doubt is sincere and agonizing, as it sometimes is, it is our duty to sympathize with it. We would spare no pains, no self-denial, if we could in any way help those who are suffering from it. But a good deal of *this* kind of scepticism is not genuine; it springs from vanity and idleness; from the lack of serious aims and serious occupations. It is the spurious offspring of struggling self-conceit and self-disgust. And when this is the case it is not worth wasting argument upon. It needs a moral, not an intellectual cure, and it would be altogether beneath contempt, if, out of this mere Sadduceeism of lath and plaster, the devil did not

sometimes construct the prison-house of human souls. Happily, life in most cases cures this superficial disease. Life sooner or later tries the nerves of these intellectual young people. Life knocks the nonsense out of them. Like the creature in the poem, they will philosophize at ease till the thunder sends them terrified to the footstool of His mercy, whom they have thought it a proof of fine intellect to deny. It is said of one of the Cato Street conspirators that he talked flippant atheism in a loud and arrogant voice so long as visitors were present, but the moment they were gone, the poor wretch flung himself on his knees in an agony of prayer.

5. When, however, disbelief is not the mere efflorescence of idle wantonness, but is real and terrible, I think that the very first advice which we must give to those who desire to recover a lost faith is that they should most earnestly consider whether there be not, in their own hearts and their own lives, some irresistible obstacle and impediment to the growth of faith. The ice must be melted before the stream can flow, and while "the air burns froze," the waters will be fixed and motionless. The experience of the world has grasped this truth. "The light of heaven," says the Chinese proverb, "cannot shine into an inverted bowl." "The Rusty Shield," says the fable, "prayed to the Sun, and said, 'Shine thou on me;' and the Sun answered it, 'First see that thou thyself art polished from thy rust.'" My friends, a mind that is not candid, a soul that is given up to sin, cannot fail to sink into a real, if not into an avowed infidelity. There is too often a secret disbelief of unspiritual middle life, caused by worldliness and forgetfulness of God. It is the

demon that walketh in the noonday. The story is told—whether with truth or not, I cannot say—that in the eighteenth century, when atheism was almost universally professed in polished and fashionable circles, a body of men who *wished* to be infidels—wished to give themselves up to the unbridled indulgence of their passions—confessed that they could not get rid of the scruples of the religion which they had disavowed, or of the stings of that conscience which testified to Him whose minister it was. And there were some who whispered to them the devil’s counsel: “Go to the communion, and take the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, with the deliberate intention of going straight from it to the commission of a deadly sin, and then you will find that your scruples have vanished.” They did so, and the foretold result occurred. Their conscience troubled them no more—for a time; they had seared it, as with a hot iron; they had, as it were, stabbed it to the heft; they had strangled it with deadly insult, and for a time it did not stir. They had deliberately quenched within them the influence of the spirit of God. How could the issue be doubtful? When Antiochus Epiphanes wished to desecrate the Temple of Jerusalem, the very first thing he did was to remove from its shrine the golden candlestick. It is even so with the soul. Quench the Light of God within it; plunge it in that darkness which is indispensable to deeds of evil; and soon no star of faith, however small, will gleam upon its dolorous midnight. Let it then be understood that all advice, that all argument, must necessarily be thrown away upon that disbelief which, whether it be silent or demonstrative, needs a moral,

not an intellectual cure. To such a soul there is no message, but that which spoke to Nicodemus : " Except a man be born again of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And that which He spoke to the young ruler : " If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments."

6. When, however, there is not this fatal moral obstacle—when the soul, though it grope in darkness, still desires the light—when it has by no means uttered the fatal choice, " Evil be thou my good," is there nothing that we can then say to it? Yes, we can say this: " Begin with what you do know ; with what you do believe ; build yourself upon that ; be true, be utterly true to that." People sometimes worry themselves because they cannot believe this or that, when this or that has in reality nothing to do with religion ; ought never to have been regarded as any essential part of it ; has never been insisted on by the Universal Church, or required of any man as necessary to salvation. You have doubts, it may be, about this or that form of church organization ; about this or that theory of the sacraments ; about this or that anathema of the dominant popular opinion which may chance to arrogate to itself the exclusive claim to be orthodox ; about many human dogmas which have been taught as infallible gospel truth by this or that sect, and this or that party ; about views of God which seem to you more suitable to views of Moloch, and which, though utterly foundationless, yet are taught with authority ; about doctrines of the future life which go far beyond the warrant of revelation. Or, again, you feel uncertainties about parts of the Old Testament ; about Balaam's ass, or the sun

standing still, or a dead man being raised to life by touching Elisha's bones, or that Eden was an actual garden, with an actual serpent in it; or a thousand other things. Very well: study these questions humbly, reverently, impartially; get the best account you can of them; but if nothing satisfies you, why I say to you, as brave old Martin Luther said, then let them go. "We cannot," he said, "prevent the birds of the air from flying about our heads; but no man need suffer them to build their nests in his beard." These questions have to do with criticism, with archæology, with definitions of authenticity and inspiration and Semitic metaphor, and many other complex matters. To hold any particular view about them will not make you, by the millionth part of a scruple, a worse or a better man. They have, therefore, nothing to do with religion. They are not "generally necessary to salvation." There is not one word about them in the Apostles' Creed. There is not one word about them in the Nicene Creed. There is not one word about them even in the much later and much less authoritative Athanasian Creed. There is not one word about them in the Thirty-nine Articles. And, what is immensely more important, there is not one word about them in the teaching of Christ. At the bar of Judgment you will not be cross-examined about any such questions, but the questions which will be put to you are infinitely more searching and more significant. They will be, Have you been pure or impure, holy or unholy? Have you kept your body in temperance, soberness, and chastity? Have you been inflexibly honest, or had some conventional, professional standard only of what is honest? Have you told the truth, or delighted

in lies? Have your words been sweet and gentle, or has the poison of asps been under your lips? Have you loved God with all your heart? Have you loved your neighbor as yourself? Did your life leave the moral standard of the world a little better, or a little worse? These—these—these things, and not abstract opinions, or theories about which parties hate each other, and revile each other, and intrigue against each other—*these* are the things which affect salvation. The only real question of religion for you is, Am I sincere? Do I love the truth? Do I love the light? Am I striving ever more and more to live in the spirit of the beatitudes? Am I doing justly and loving mercy, and walking humbly with my God? Are not these questions searching enough for you—terrible enough? Can you answer them? If you can, happy are you! If you cannot, the other questions are for you but as dust in the balance. Turn from the non-essential things which can be shaken, or which for you *have* been shaken, to the things which cannot be shaken, and which remain. Spiritually, as well as intellectually and morally, turn from the shadow and face the sun.

7. Begin, above all, with God. You believe in God—you believe that He is; and, believing that He is, I hope that you go at least as far as the demons, who, as St. James tells us, not only believe but tremble. I say that you believe in a God; for apart from self-deception and braggadocio, I do not believe that there is one person in a million who does not. But if you meet such a person—and just as there is no accounting for the abnormal depravity of some men's iniquity, so there is no accounting for the astonishing aberrations of some men's

intellects—if you do meet with an atheist, do not let him entangle you in mere side-issues of Old Testament criticism, which he will try to do. Never defend in the name of religion anything which, in your conscience, you feel to be indefensible except by casuistry and artificial hypotheses. God is a God of burning truth. Can we, dare we, lie for Him? or go before Him with a lie in our right hand? As to many points which infidel lecturers attack in the Bible we must learn the wise maxim of the Rabbis: “Learn to say, ‘I do not know.’” But leaving all secondary, unessential, and uncertain questions, ask how—if he does not believe in a God—the infidel can solve these seven unanswerable questions, the force of which you will see in proportion to your knowledge of the laws of science, and with which science itself has inexorably confronted him.

First. Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create its dead self?

Second. What is the origin of motion? Can a dead thing move its dead self? Launch but one tiny planet upon its orbit, nay, set one water-drop a-rolling, or let there be a flutter no greater than the quivering of a gnat’s wing in the eternal calm, and you may account if you will for all the rest. But who gave the first impulse to moveless inertia? Whence came the first force?

Third. Where did life come from? Did life in dead matter create itself? Given the first spark of life which tingled in the brute mass, and you may account for everything; but whence, save from the finger-tip of Omnipotence, thrilled that creative flash of divine vitality? Was the first bacillus or the first bacteria omnipotent enough to create itself?

Fourth. Whence came the exquisite order and design in nature? Will you ask us to believe that this infinitude of exquisite adaptations sprang from a congeries of accidents, or a concourse of fortuitous atoms? If any one were to tell us that nobody had ever made types, and that no one called Dante or Shakespeare or Milton ever existed, but that millions of printed letters accidentally assumed their peculiar shapes and fortuitously shook themselves together into the Divine Comedy of Dante, the Plays of Shakespeare, and the Poems of Milton, you would think that the man had utterly lost his reason. Yet he would be less of a madman than he who tells us that the feathers on the gorgeous wing of the butterfly, and the iridescence on the dove's neck, and the crystalline humor and nervous retina of the human eye, and the delicately pencilled flowers, and the leaves of illimitable forests, and the sands, and seas, and the exquisite rosy shells upon the shore, and the lamellar crystals of the snow, and the heavens, and the stars also—danced into accidental symmetry, and from a mass of conflicting atoms evolved alike their own dread magnificence, and the sense of sublimity which they derive from the souls of mortal men.

Fifth. Whence came consciousness? Can blind chance think? Can dead matter evolve a sense of its own existence, and frame objects to an end?

Sixth. Who gave you free-will? Dead particles of matter acting under the impulse of chance, which is blind, and deaf, and dumb—brute forces which are strong as fate, inexorable as tyranny, merciless as death—could hardly have given themselves the power to thwart and control themselves, as we do. We *have*

bodies, but we *are* spirits. In other words, we have in us something infinitely superior to matter, *i. e.*, spirit; and spirit is and can be nothing but the breath of a God and a pure effluence from the Spirit of the Almighty. Even the heathen poet could say: "There is a God within us."

"Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo."

Seventh. Whence came Conscience? Did dead matter educe the divine sense of right and wrong? Did a concourse of atoms create that primeval vicegerent of God, "a prophet in its inspiration, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its sanctions and anathemas?"—he then who says that there is no God does not solve even the most elementary difficulty of the human mind, while he creates difficulties a million times more numerous, and a million times more insoluble. He talks simply stupendous nonsense and abysmal folly. If there be one truth which more than another has come home with immense conviction to the conscience of mankind, it is the truth that there is a God. The faith of mankind rests on facts of every description, and drawn from every quarter. From the inward, men have passed to the outward; from the outward to the divine; and alike the choir of heaven and the furniture of earth, alike the universe of stars and the world of life which peoples with miracles a single water-drop, echo from without the monitions breathed by the Spirit of God from within us, that this God is our God, and shall be our guide unto death. This is forever one of the things which cannot be shaken and which remain.

These proofs, then, are a linked chain of certainty:

“ Lasting links
 From highest heaven let down.
 The flowers still faithful to their stem,
 Their fellowship renew ;
 The stems are faithful to the root,
 That worketh out of view ;
 And to the rock the root adheres
 In every fibre true ;
 Close clings to earth the living rock,
 Tho’ threatening still to fall ;
 The earth is constant to her sphere,
 And God upholds them all !”

I. Now to one who grasps what the word God means, and believes that there is a God, what a tremendous belief it is ! How does it contain the very quintessence of all religion, and with what certainty does it lead to further truths of immeasurable grandeur, truths which cannot be shaken and remain !

For with the belief in a God thus arrived at, follows at once the belief in the divine Providence—that He made us ; that He is our Father ; that we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand. And with this consciousness of our relation to God, Conscience of necessity awakens. The visible things of God reveal the invisible. When Daniel Webster was asked what thought overwhelmed him with the deepest sense of sublimity, he instantly gave the answer : “ The thought of my immediate accountability to God.” And that is Duty. It is “ the voice of God in the soul of man.” The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord, and it is a light which lighteth every man that is born into the world. And by the light of this spirit we recognize at once the law of duty. Grandeur than the starry heavens

above becomes the moral law within. We bow before its eternal majesty. Uplifting in our souls the naked rule, "I ought," it at once commands our reverence, if not always or at once our obedience, and before its awful mandate the passions are dumb, however secretly they may rebel. But when we fully accept that law of duty as the law of our lives; when on reason we build resolve; when we have learnt, in the strength of the spirit which Christ has poured forth in our hearts, to exclaim, "I ought," "I can," "I will,"—then life is redeemed from its insignificance and its triviality, and becomes a solemn and sacred thing.

II. God and Duty, then, are not these immense foundations on which to build the superstructure of religion and the happiness of holy and obedient lives. But, once more, to him who builds on these foundations there comes, and surely must come, the third, which cannot be shaken and must remain in the simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospel of God is the necessary correlative of the sin of man. God, who created a frail race, would not be God if He had left to their fate a fallen race. For centuries He spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets. In these last days, in this final dispensation, He has spoken to us by His Son. To the Gentiles He left not Himself without witness, giving them rain from^h heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness, until their own poets recognized that we are also His offspring. To the chosen people He gave the Ten Words of His law, and sent them prophet after prophet, rising up early and sending them. It was all in vain. Gentile and Jew alike rebelled. The Gentiles plunged

themselves into the deadly fascinations of sensual wickedness; they corrupted themselves, like brute beasts which have no understanding, in things which they naturally knew, and perished in their own corruption. The Jews preferred spurious forms of religion; they broke God's law, despised His judgments, slew His prophets. Adam sinned and was expelled from Paradise; Cain fell and was driven forth a murderer, with a brand upon his brow. The whole world went astray, and had barely been baptized in the lustral waters of the flood when Noah fell into drunkenness, and his sons apostatized into the rebellious insolence of their attempted Babels. The chosen race was called in Abraham, it went astray in Jacob, in Esau, in the Patriarchs, and it was plunged into the burning fiery furnace of Egyptian bondage. Then out of Egypt God called His Son. He redeemed His people from bondage, led them through the wilderness, taught His ways unto Moses, His works unto the children of Israel. The long training of the people failed; another ruin, another exile was necessary. But meanwhile there has been born in their hearts the sure and certain hope of a Divine Deliverer of mankind, and at last, in the fulness of the times, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, and, with them, to save mankind. The belief in Christ is but a necessary corollary of the belief in God, and the belief in Christ is the belief not only in a Father who created, and in a Son who redeemed, but also in the Spirit who sanctifieth us. It is a belief not only in Jehovah Nissi "the Lord our banner," and Jehovah Jireh "the Lord will provide," and Jehovah Shammah "the

Lord is there," but also in Jehovah Tsidkenu "the Lord our righteousness." It is a belief in Immanuel, God with us; it is a belief in Pentecost and God within us. The belief in the primal miracles of creation—the creation of matter, of life, of free-will—makes it easy, makes it necessary to accept the supreme miracle of the Incarnation and Resurrection of the Son of God.

"Yes! one unquestioned truth we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above.
No crackling pile, no curious creed
Can burn or blot it—God is Love!"

And as in the belief in God and the realization of the moral law we have the essence of the Old Covenant, so too in the belief in Christ—the Incarnation of Christ, the character of Christ, the example of Christ, the Cross of Christ, the Resurrection of Christ, the gift of the Holy Spirit of Christ—we have the very essence of the New Covenant. This, involving, as it does, the love of God with all the heart, and the love of our neighbor as ourselves, is indeed the law and the prophets. Do not, I entreat you, confuse the truth of Christianity with masses of disputed questions, or stake the existence of Christianity on the commandments and traditions of men, which this or that party, or this or that theologian may insist on as essential, whether they belong to the Church of Rome or to the Church of England, or to all the opinion-worship of a hundred petty schisms. Do not confuse Christianity with the party theories or party dogmas which the current arrogance or the current ignorance of such and such schools or such and such preachers may choose to identify with the perverted name

of orthodoxy. Christianity does not in the smallest degree depend on this or that particular view about dogmas, or mysteries, or church organization, or sacramental efficacy. Christianity is not what Augustine taught, or Anselm taught, or Thomas Aquinas, or Bishop Pearson, or Wesley—it is what Christ taught. The heart of Christianity is Christ; the life of Christianity is Christ. The Christian is a Christ-man. It has not pleased God to give us the way of salvation either in dialectics or in details. The Gospel is a very different thing from systems of theology, whether they were written by Peter Lombard or Jonathan Edwards. Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you love Christ? Do you keep the commandments of Christ? Do you love your brother as yourself for Christ's sake, and because for him, as for you, Christ died? And, loving Christ, do you keep His commandments? Are you pure in heart? Are you kind and loving to all? Do you hate and abhor all lies, whether they be society lies or religious lies? If so, you are a Christian, and, as far as your salvation is concerned, it matters less than nothing what are the special intellectual or traditional views on which you may happen to pride yourselves. In heaven there are neither Catholics, nor Anglicans, nor Dissenters, nor party men of any kind, whether High, Low, or Broad; there are only saints, *i. e.*, holy men—only saints and forgiven sinners. The only distinction there recognized is neither the *Damnamus* of Augsburg nor the *Anathema* of Trent, but this only: Is he a true Christian man? The meek, the just, the devout, the pious, the loving, the holy—whatever priests or false prophets may teach—are all of one religion. Priests may burn, and

churches may excommunicate them, but in heaven they shall all meet and recognize each other, when their special masks and liveries are stripped away. So taught William Penn, so taught the founder of this, your City of Brotherly Love, the city which he founded as a holy experiment, which it would rest with you to ruin or to fulfil.

Time does not at all permit me to work out any of these thoughts, but take, I beseech you, the central thought: Clear the ruins, build on foundations. Some things, in age after age, have been and they will be shaken. God has said, "Yet once more I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and all nations;" but there are some things real, solid, eternal, which cannot be shaken, and which for ever and ever will remain.

"I have seen
A pine in Italy, that cast its shadow
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine,
The cataract shook the shadow."

Shadows of theory, shadows of opinion, shadows of tradition, shadows of hierarchy and party may be shaken. Christ remains.

If we are Christians, if we are sincere and good men, there is nothing that can terrify us. There be many which say, "Who will show us any good?" Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. We believe in the Father who created, in the Son who redeemed, in the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth us! That faith is sufficient, is more than sufficient whereby to live, wherein to die. In that belief, dear brethren,

"Arise and bless Him ere your worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait His word of Peace."

SERMON X.

PREACHED AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, OCT. 18, 1885.

“Keep the Commandments.”

“But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.”—
MATT. xix. 17.

THERE is something inexpressibly touching in the simple, natural, deep-reaching narrative of the young ruler who came to Christ with hurried eagerness—running, kneeling, prostrating himself, because he knew that Jesus was about to depart from Galilee, and panting forth his passionate question, “Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?” Would to God that many of us who are here present had but so much of the young ruler’s spirit as would lead us to desire with him to know how we may inherit eternal life! Of all this multitude, how many have come here with that one intense and pure desire?

What shall I do to inherit eternal life? Surely it is a tremendous question! No human language can formulate any question of more momentous import. And perhaps some perplexed and weary soul among you thinks, “What would I not give, if but for one

hour—yea, but for a few moments only, I could see Jesus ; could hurry up to Him as that youth did ; could fling myself on my knees, yea, on my face, before Him ; could cling to the hem of His garment, and detain His steps ; could cry, Lord, Lord, I am sinful ; I am tired of myself, tired of the world ; tired of its shams and of its injustice ; tired of its bread which is not bread ; tired of its cisterns—broken cisterns, which will hold no water for my thirst ; tired of the regret, the struggle, the failing ; tired of the years which the locust hath eaten ; oh, my Lord, this life is not life, it is death ; what must I do, oh ! what must I do to inherit eternal life ?” We have had so many years to live ; is there any one of us all who would not give up, say, half of his remaining time on earth, if only, escaping from the fret, the vulgarity, the littleness of life, he might have one hour—one half-hour, with his Lord ?

So we say. My friends, is it true ? Do we long for it ? do we yearn for it so much ? Do you say, Oh, that I could pour forth my burdened heart in tears upon His feet ! oh, that I could but see Him ! oh, that I knew where I might find Him ! oh, that I could give Him something to show my love ! Ah, but if we long for it, we may have it—here, now. Would you weep at His feet ? You may weep like John upon His breast. Do you long to give Him something ? You may give Him, if you like, everything that He cares for. Do you want to ask of Him the question of questions ? Come with the eager, rich, young ruler now ; you shall ask it of Him for yourselves ; yes, and you shall hear His answer. But, when you have heard it, will you accept it ? Will you obey it ? If it be an answer accord-

ing to your idols, I know you will ; but how if it be against all your idols ? Idols are things which people worship. They are often very ugly fetiches. Churches have plenty of them as well as individuals. When Christ answers churches and men according to their idols—nay, He never does that ; but when they have succeeded in making His sayings express *their* meanings and so turned the words of life into idol-oracles, then slothful churches and self-deceiving men are full of delight. But how if Christ’s answer bid you cast your particular idol—your favorite sin, first of all, your treasured pride, your besetting temptation—and then also your pet delusions ; your favorite falsehoods ; your “ views ; ” your “ school of thought ”—all your fringes and phylacteries ; your idols, the thin, fleeting, shadowy delusions of your heart—how if Christ’s answer bid you fling these to the moles and to the bats ? Will you do it then, or, as was the case with the young ruler, will your countenance fall, and for all your longing to go to Christ, will you turn away from Him, very sorrowful, because, in these your numerous idols of sin, or of opinion, or of self-righteousness, you fancy that you have great possessions ? Great possessions ? nay, these are but tinsel and dross, and fairy gold which turns to leaves ; but Christ’s answer will enable you to win that life in Him, that eternal life which is more golden than any gold of which you dream.

Well, at any rate come to Christ, and hear His answer.

“ What good thing must I do that I may inherit eternal life ? ” Very likely the question involved a mass of confusions. The young man thought, perhaps, that heaven was to be won by external observances, and quanti-

tative merit. He did not understand that we must enter into heaven by *being*, not by *doing*. He held perhaps the vulgar notion that eternal only means “endless,” so that eternity becomes the infinitude of time instead of its antithesis. He very likely did not know that every holy soul has entered already into eternal life; that, to all who are in Christ, it is now as the invisible bright air they breathe. He certainly did not realize that “This is life eternal: to know Thee, the only God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” But yet, because the question was sincere and noble, and did not spring from Pharisaism—the one thing which Christ the Lord hated most—but from the divine dissatisfaction of a struggling soul, which God alone can fill, Christ answered it. It is a question which no man shall ask with all his heart without being led, sooner or later, to understand the answer.

“Why dost thou ask Me about the good?” That seems to have been our Lord’s answer: not “Why askest thou *Me?*” as it is often read—for whom else should the young man ask?—but “why dost thou ask Me *about the good?*” Has God left you in any doubt as to what is good? Have you in your hearts no voice of conscience? Has duty never uplifted within you that naked law of right, so imperial in its majesty, so eternal in its origin, which you know that you ought to follow even to death? If not, and if Experience has had no lessons for you, and History no teaching, was there no Sinai? Do not the Cherubim of your temple veil with their golden wings the tablets—alas! the shattered tablets—of your moral law? And there Jesus might have stopped. But being unlike us, being infinitely patient with man’s irritating

spiritual stupidity, not loving, as we do, to be cautious and reticent, and “to steer through the channel of no meaning between the Scylla and Charybdis of yes and no,” He added: “But, if thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.”

Well, my friends, you have come to Christ; you have asked Him the momentous question, about which you expressed yourself so passionately in earnest; and there, with perfect explicitness, transparent, unambiguous, from Christ’s own lips, you have Christ’s own answer: “But, if thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.”

The commandments! The young ruler, not being as familiar as we are with the accumulated cobwebs of two thousand years, which churches, and sects, and theorists, and system-mongers, have spun over well-nigh every simple word of Christ; the young ruler, whose natural instincts were not crushed under hundreds of ponderous folios of human doctrines and commandments of men, which, with inconceivable arrogance and a bitterness which has become universally proverbial, would fain palm themselves off as infallible theology—the young ruler, hearing the answer from the lips of Jesus, in all its bare, naked, unqualified, unmistakable simplicity, was quite frankly amazed. He was like the child Charoba in the poem, who having been talked to about the majestic glory of the sea, and being led to the shore, innocently exclaims: “Is that the mighty ocean? Is that all?” “Keep the commandments!” Is that all that Jesus has to tell him? Surely there must be some mistake? It did not need a prophet to tell us that. This youth had gone to Christ seeking for some great thing to do, or

secret thing to know. The great Teacher could not surely mean anything so commonplace, so elementary, so extremely ordinary, as those old Ten Words which he had learned to lisp, ever so many years ago, when he was a little child at his mother's knee ?

Yes, but Christ did mean this, and made His meaning still more unmistakable : “But, if thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.” He saith unto Him, “Which ?” Jesus saith unto him, “Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not covet ;” and that all-embracing, universally-violated Eleventh Commandment, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” He does not even remind him of the first table, but only of these most elementary of all laws—laws which we might write on the palms of our hands, and which, in spite of all our high-flown theology, we all daily violate—the law of kindness ; the law of purity ; the law of honesty ; the law of truth ; the law of contentment ; the law of love.

Well, if that was really all that Christ had to say to him, the young ruler did not care to conceal his disappointment. And he said unto Him, “All these have I kept from my youth.” Had he indeed ? Poor young Pharisee ! But after all he was probably better by far than most of us. At least he had *tried* to keep these commandments, as he understood them, in the letter ; at least he thought that he had done so. He was not a vulgar profligate ; he was not a disbelieving Epicurean ; he was not a sham religionist ; he was not a conventional worldling ; he had not solved the easy and fashionable problem of facing both ways ; the white embers of a life of compromise

had not settled thick upon his soul. And therefore, Jesus, as He looked on him, loved him ; and loving him, He made the youth's conscience luminous by flashing into it one supreme and simple test of sincerity. Poor youth, dear youth, the simple commandments of God are not enough for thee ; thou aimest at something more high and heroical in religion than this age affecteth. “But”—and may we not imagine the tender, loving human smile with which Jesus said it?—the sad, pitying smile of an irony that taught but did not wound—“But one thing thou lackest. Go, and sell all thou hast, and give to the poor ; and come, follow me.” When the young man heard that, he became gloomy ; and he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. He got what he had asked for, but he did not want it. It troubled his conscience, it did not sway his will. With slow, reluctant steps, and bent head, he went away. He went away, and the eye of the stern Poet followed him as one who had made “the great refusal,” and saw him among the myriads hateful alike to God and to His enemies ; who, being neither one thing nor the other, are whirled round and round the outer edge of the abyss, following the sooty flag of Acheron. But not so ! I will not believe, with Dante, that Christ did not save the youth whom, looking on, He loved. He went away, we may be sure, to learn, in his sorrowing and humbled heart, that he had *not* kept the commandments ; that he had never even understood the commandments in their essential spirit ; that he was very far from perfect ; that he lacked not one thing, but very many things ; that never having truly loved his brother whom he had seen, he had not in the least learnt to love, with all his heart

and all his strength, the God whom he had not seen. He went away, we trust and believe, to learn all this, and to enter at last into the joy of his Lord.

Now I have no time to consider this morning the ultimate test which Jesus gave to the young ruler who wanted, like the rest of us, to serve two masters—God and Mammon. If that were my subject, I might show how many have taken it quite literally in all ages, and, so taking it, have received, not the hundred but the thousand-fold reward, and have been infinitely blessed. The Apostles accepted that test, and St. Antony and St. Benedict, and the greatest saints of God—Christ's glorious paupers—and they have shown a sovereign command over self, a supreme indifference to fame, a supreme contempt for money, a supreme contempt for death. Who cares—I mean, what does mankind care—for average Epicureans like most of us? Who cares for the chattering, and slanderers, and mammon-worshippers, and self-indulgent Sadducees, of whom the world is full? Who cares for the gilded youth, and commonplace ecclesiastics, and self-seeking statesmen, and the whole army of facing-both-ways, and churchmen with every vice of worldlings, and worldlings with the thin veneer of religion? Ah! but when a man is a man, the whole world knows how to recognize him; and when a modern man, be he the humblest of laymen, escapes the vulgar average of conventional compromise and becomes a saint, the whole hierarchy may be proud to stand bareheaded in his presence. But do not be afraid. Neither to you nor to myself am I going to offer Christ's test to-day. We may spare ourselves this morning the task of explaining away, at which we are all

such adepts. Christ did not begin with the injunction, “Go, sell all that thou hast.” He began very much lower; He said, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” Let us learn to flutter as sparrows before it is worth considering whether we ought also to soar as eagles. Let us cease to be very guilty before we can be righteous. Let us be righteous before we can attain to the greatness of good men. Let us be but ordinarily good men before we ask Christ for His counsels of perfection, or attempt to attain to the stature of His saints. Christ knew this well. We come to Him—those of us who are sincere in this church this morning, if any one of you is sincere—and say, “Saviour, whom I love, whom at least I desire to love, tell me, oh tell me, what must I do to inherit eternal life?” And so long as we are all standing ankle-deep, knee-deep, chin-deep in the world’s mire, would it be of any use for Him to point to some shining cloud in the deep blue, and to say, “You must stand there?” Ah, no! He says to you, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” Until you have learnt to plant firm feet on the green lower slopes, how can you breathe the difficult and eager air, or stand in the glory of the sunrise, on the splendor of the snowy heights?

Let me pause again, one moment, to ask each one of you why you are here this morning. Have some of you come out of curiosity, in order that afterwards you may laugh your laugh, and say your little say? Have some of you only come that light remarks, clever jests, frivolous criticisms, may instantly devour any chance good seed which might otherwise have conceivably germinated in some spot where the beaten road of your heart

is trodden least hard? Ah, my friends, if so, you will hear nothing from me to gratify the itching ear; nothing but the plainest truths of God in the simplest language of men. The foolishness of preaching? Ah, yes! but may there not be a yet more conspicuous, a yet more consummate foolishness of hearing—the hearing of the cynic, the hearing of the Pharisee, the hearing of the partisan? How you hear matters nothing to the preacher. To him—to every preacher who would be true to his office, to every preacher who would

“Preach as one who ne’er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men,”

the praise or the censure of congregations and of newspapers have long become of no more value than dust in the midnight. But how ye hear matters much to you. Take heed how ye hear! Have any of you, by any chance, come with the rare endowment of a humble heart, the heart as of a weaned child, desiring only to get some good for your lives? Ah, then, if you have learned the truth, that—be you “churchman” or “theologian,” or man of intellect, or man of the world, or whatever you be—you can only enter into the kingdom of heaven as a little child, then alone can this sermon, or any other, do you any good.

And I say that to most of you, at present, to all perhaps, but one or two here, Christ says, not, “Sell all that thou hast,” but He says only, “If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.” You cannot keep them perfectly. When you have done your little best to keep them, that alone will not save you. You will never be able to put your trust in anything that you do.

Eternal life is neither “isolated truth nor orphaned deed,” but it is “to know God;” and you cannot ever know God but by repentance and by faith; nor can any other angels but those two lead you to Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent. Nevertheless, if you have one touch of repentance—if you have one gleam of faith—both will make you see that “to keep the commandments” is to put your foot on the lowest round of that golden stair which leads to God. “If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.” My friends, have you begun with that? Have you begun to begin with that? “Sell all that thou hast?” No, not yet! To you who are still young—if you be true to yourselves, if you escape the corruption which is in the world through lust, if you shake off the quotidian ague of its conventionality and the creeping paralysis of its unbelief—to you even that message may yet peal forth in thunder louder than of Sinai; and gladly welcoming it with pride, not seeking to minimize and evacuate it of its meaning—gladly you will spring to the front to obey it. Some day. Perhaps very soon. But not yet. What then? Give a tenth, a twentieth, an hundredth part of your possessions? Not yet—but first, “Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts.” “Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before Mine eyes.” Do you think that it is of any use to call yourself a Christian, and not to be a Christian? to say, “I go, sir,” and not to go? Do you think that at the solemn bar of judgment you will be examined about your “party,” or your “opinion?” Do you think that your Father in heaven cares anything whatever about

your moral and religious speculations ; your pet shibboleth ; or your favorite form of ritual ; or your particular theory about the sacrament ? Do you think that if you are base and unclean, and false and envious, and saturated with unfair prejudices—do you think it will help you one iota to say, “ Lord, Lord ? ” If you do, oh, tell me not that you believe in Christ. For what Christ said was, “ If ye love me, keep my commandments.” “ If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments.” “ Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say ? ” “ He that heareth my words and doeth them not, is like a man that built his house upon the sands.” Perhaps you call this justification by works. To whom then do you apply your party watchword ? For I have been quoting only the words of Christ ; I have only to do with what Christ taught. And what Christ taught was what Moses taught, “ And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of Thee but to walk in His ways ? ” and what Samuel taught, “ Behold obedience is better than sacrifice ; ” and what David taught, “ Keep innocency, and do the thing that is right ; for that shall bring a man peace at the last ; ” and what Hosea taught, “ I will have mercy, and not sacrifice ; ” and what Jeremiah taught, “ I spake not unto your fathers concerning burnt-offerings, but this I commanded them, Obey my voice ; ” and what Amos taught, “ I hate, I despise your feast days, but let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream ; ” and what Isaiah taught, “ Bring no more oblations, cease to do evil, learn to do well ; ” and what John the Baptist taught, “ Bring forth fruits meet for repentance ; ” and what Micah taught, “ He

hath shown thee, oh man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ;” and what John the Evangelist taught, “ Blessed are all they that do His commandments ;” and what James, the Lord’s brother, taught, “ Be ye doers of the word and not hearers, only deceiving your own selves.” What others have taught I know not, nor greatly care ; but what God’s prophets have taught, and what He taught of whom all the prophets witness, that I know. One good deed, one holy deed, one noble, generous, self-denying, loving deed, if ever you can prove yourself capable of it, will be enough to clear your minds from the cobwebs and delusions of an accumulated self-deceit. For of all the sixty-six books of the Bible which you search because ye think that in them ye have eternal life, while you will not come unto Christ that ye may have life, there is not one which tells you that either your opinions or your outward observances will save you ; but they all say, as your Lord said, *this*, “ Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them, for this is the Law and the Prophets ;” and *this*, “ But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.”

Ah, my friends, it is faith alone which can save us ; faith alone in God, in Christ, in the Holy Spirit, by which we can be enabled to do those things which are good. But we may talk of our faith till the world’s end, and, if our faith do not mean obedience, we talk delusion. There is no way of entering on the path of salvation but one, and that is by forsaking sin. Christ did not die that we should continue to be drunkards, or cheats, or liars, or unclean ; or, which is just as bad, slanderers, and de-

frauders, and mammon-worshippers, and Pharisees. Ah, no! He died that we might become His children. And all good men are His children. All good men, I say, are His children. Take the Roman Catholic with his seven sacraments, the Quaker with his no sacraments at all, the Anglican with his episcopacy, and the Baptist with his elders, the Low Churchman with his distinctive formulæ, and the High Churchman with his Real Presence—if they do God’s will, He Himself has promised that they shall know of the doctrine, know of it enough for the saving of their souls. Are they sincere and holy men? Well, then, I say in Christ’s name, who forgives the feeble ignorances of our opinions about which we all differ, but who shed His blood to save our human souls, in His name I say that, “Not every one who saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven,” but he—whether or not he follow after us—he who doeth the will of my Father in heaven.

If thou wouldst enter into life, keep the commandments. The heresy of all heresies of which churches have been guilty has been the exaltation of religious opinions and religious practices into higher prominence than moral purity. But beliefs unexceptionally orthodox are compatible with the life of devils, who believe and tremble; and rituals consummately precise may be performed by priests who

“Have turned atheists, as did Eli’s sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God.”

Ah, if any of you value yourselves for your opinions and your ceremonies, cease to trust in that Pharisaism, and try, rather, to keep the commandments. Did you

ever hear the keen mediæval story how once a great preacher was expected at a monastic church, but a stranger came in his place and preached a most eloquent sermon about all sorts of theological dogmas, and while all the rest listened and loudly applauded, the pure eye of one holy brother saw that the preacher was no other than the Lord of Hell, the *Frater Diabolus*; and when with horror he challenged him for his infamous audacity, the Spirit of Evil said to him, "Why are you so angry? I have in nowise injured my own cause. What I have said will make no one of them the better, rather the worse. It has pleased their orthodox intellects. It has not touched their sinful hearts. Ask yourselves honestly," said Satan, "whether I have ever deceived any one of you? You have deceived yourselves. I do not deceive. I tempt."

And to keep the commandments, what is it but to resist temptation, to cut off the right hand, to pluck out the right eye, to cast away the besetting sin? If you would so much as enter into life, test yourself by what you have now heard. There can be no mistake about it. A child might understand it. Have you an enemy? Then this very day seek him out, shake hands with him; forgive him. Have you wronged another by word or by deed? Undo the wrong, repair the wrong, beg his pardon, make him the fullest, the amplest retribution. Are you a slanderer, delighting in lies? a critic revelling in malice and in misrepresentation? Hush your vain words; be ashamed of your miserable personalities; learn how much nobler a thing it is to be true and loving; fling your wretched pen into the fire and grasp the fact that you would be a far worthier, a far less pernicious member of society, if

you were to earn your bread in preference by breaking stones upon the roadside. Are you in debt? Vow to rid yourself of that dishonesty now and forever, if necessary by living even on bread and water. Are you idle? Go home and determine that you will waste no more this acceptable time of golden opportunities. Are you a swearer? Determine on your knees to-night that you will break off that coarse and pre-eminently senseless habit. Are you a better and a gambler? Go home and tear up your cards and your betting-book, and abandon that brainless and degrading excitement. Are you a drunkard or getting fond of drink, and so being dragged, perhaps even unsuspected by yourself, over the edge of the abyss by that devil's hand of flame? Then do right and shame the devil. Give up the drink. Are you living two lives? Do not rest this night until you have learned to know something about your real self. Are you impure in thought, word, or deed,

“plucking the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent shane,
To set a blister there?”

Ah! cleanse the temple-walls of your souls from that polluted imagery, and come with that leprosy of evil to Him, whose answer to the leper's cry, “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst cleanse,” came like an echo, “I will! Be clean!” Or are you none of these things, but only an elder brother of the Prodigal, jealous and narrow-hearted—only a Pharisee, wise in your conceit, slandering and sneering at all who disagree with you, trusting in yourself that you are righteous, and despising others? Ah, if you are, it may be that the very publicans and

harlots are nearer heaven than you ; and you must yet be taught to know that without love, and without humility, ye shall not see the Kingdom of Heaven. Oh, hide not your disbelief, and hide not any evil way in the garb of idle form and sanctified phraseology, nor think that by calling yourself by this and that religious name you can be His disciple. Ah ! have you ever abandoned one base thought, one bad habit, one unfair practice, one unkind word, one unjust gain, because Christ bade you ? Have you ever uttered one brave remonstrance for Christ’s sake ? Have you ever done one single courageous thing in His battles ? Have you ever given so much as one cup of cold water to one of His little ones ? Have you ever spoken one kind word of encouragement to one of His weary children for His sake and in His name ? If not, do so now. Christ wants you not in church only, not on Sundays only, but always and altogether ; in your shop, in your office, in your drawing-rooms, on the week days, in the streets, in your chambers—alike when you are mingling with the mighty multitude, and in that secret and awful solitude of your individual being in which your souls are alone with God. He wants you, and if you seek Him, you must accept His words. You must go up before the tribunal of your own consciences, and set yourselves before yourselves. Try your own selves :—for in truth every man

“ Ever bears about

A silent court of justice in himself,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned,
And that drags down his life.”

You must begin sometime ; you must begin with something. “ A good habit can only be built up ; but an evil habit must be blown up ;” and to do you that service, what moral dynamite can be too strong ? So only can you ever enter into life. Begin now ; begin here ; begin this very hour ; make your vow this very moment, in this very church. So begin to enter into life. “ For by this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep His commandments.” “ And His commandments are not grievous.” “ But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.”

SERMON XI.

PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, OCT. 25, 1885.

Idols.

“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”—1 JOHN v. 21.

WITH these terse and memorable words of warning, St. John ends his first Epistle. You will feel, I think, at once the solemnity of their emphasis. But they acquire a still deeper interest, and a still more intense significance if St. John's first Epistle be, as it probably was, the latest book of the New Testament; if in these words we hear the very last accents of revelation which issued from the lips of any one of those who had known the Lord, and whose brows had been mitred with Pentecostal flame. St. John was the last survivor of the Apostles. Ought not the last words of an Apostle, of the Apostle whom Jesus loved, to be listened to with an eagerness deep as that with which we listen to the last articulate messages spoken by the dying lips of those whom we revere?

St. John calls his converts little children, not only as a term of affectionate appeal, natural to an inspired teacher who could look upon them from the snowy

summits of ninety years, but also because he wished ever to remind them of that great family of God in which we all are children; and of that Heavenly Father, the sense of whose loving fatherhood should ever be the strongest preservative from temptations to idolatry. And St. John says: "My little children, guard yourselves from idols," because nothing but their own watchful faith and love could keep them from that tendency to idolatry to which they were prone, from those temptations to idolatry by which they were on every side beset.

The whole history of the Jews, of which the Bible is the record, is one long warning and protest against idolatry. Abraham became the father of the faithful because he obeyed the call of God to abandon the idols which his fathers had worshipped beyond the Euphrates. Jacob made his family bury under the Terebinth of Shechem their Syrian amulets and Syrian gods. But Israel was constantly starting aside into idolatry like a broken bow. Even in the wilderness they took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of their god, Remphan, idols which they had made to worship. Even under the burning crags of Sinai, "they made a calf in Horeb, and worshipped the graven image;" and for centuries afterwards the apostate kings of northern Israel doubled that sin in Dan and Bethel.

The seven servitudes of the Book of Judges were the appropriate retribution for seven apostasies. From Solomon to Manasseh, king after king, even of Judah, forsook the Lord Jehovah. Then came the crushing blow of the Exile, the utter ruin of every hope of domination or of independence. The agony of being thus

torn from their temple, and their home, and the land they loved, cured them forever of material idolatry; but alas! they fell headlong into another and subtler idolatry—the idolatry of forms and ceremonies—the idolatry of the dead letter of their law. Pharisaism was only a new idolatry, and it was, in some respects, more dangerous than the old. It was more dangerous, because more self-satisfied, more hopelessly impenitent; more dangerous because, being idolatry, it passed itself off as the perfection of faithful worship. Hence it plunged them into a yet deadlier iniquity. Baal worshippers had murdered the Prophets; Pharisees crucified the Lord of Life.

All Scripture rings with denunciations against idolatry. Its histories are chiefly designed to show the judgments which idolatry evoked. Its poetry and its prophesy pursue idolatry with a burning storm of irony and indignation. Why do we continue, weekly and yearly, these strong denunciations, if they have no longer any meaning for us?

My friends, one-half, at least, of the Bible would have only retained an historic interest if idolatry were an extinct temptation. It is not so. There is an open and a secret idolatry. There is an objective and a subjective idolatry, which still are full of peril. Satan is not likely to have abandoned, without a struggle, his master-weapon of a thousand years.

Let us, then, glance at three forms of idolatry, against which we must ever be on our guard.

First, there is the worship of other gods, of false gods, the worship of Moloch, and Baalim, and Ashtaroth; gods of gold and jewels, gods of lust and blood, into

which the Jews were seduced by the fascination of those

“Gay religions, full of pomp and gold,”

which flourished among their heathen neighbors. This is a violation of the first commandment.

Secondly, there is the worship of the true God under false and idolatrous symbols. Those who danced round the golden calf in the wilderness, or went astray after Gideon's gorgeous ephod, or bowed the knee in the royal chapel at Bethel, did not regard themselves as idolaters. They were only setting up a visible symbol of God's unseen presence. Too gross for a pure spiritual worship, they would yet have said, as image worshippers have in all ages pleaded on their own behalf, this calf is no “gilded beast ;” we do not worship it ; it is not a mere “calf that eateth hay ;” it is a cherubic emblem, like those woven on the curtains of the Temple on Sion, or those which stretch their wings over the mercy seat. And yet calf-worship was idolatry. It was a violation of the second commandment.

The third form of idolatry was the worship of the true God under the guise of false notions, false conditions. The Priests and Pharisees imagined God could be adequately worshipped by accuracy in shibboleths and scrupulosity in observances ; that what He cared for was sacrifice, not mercy ; fasting, not charity ; orthodoxy, not incense ; instrumentals, not fundamentals ; bowing the head like a bulrush, burning in the most approved method the two kidneys with the fat, not being meek and merciful and just. This, too, was a violation of the second commandment ; for if the first says, thou shalt worship the true God exclusively, the second, as

Christ explains it, says thou shalt worship the true God spiritually. "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

But perhaps, my brethren, you are asking already, How does all this concern us? We are not idolaters. We have not the smallest temptation to idolatry. Are we to hear nothing but pulpit conventionalities, lessons which have no bearing on real life, warnings which are purely obsolete? Ah, my brethren, do not be afraid. I shall touch your consciences near enough before I have done. The temptation to idolatry is no mere archaism. It is a very subtle thing. It lies at the root of all temptations; and men are often most in danger when they least suspect it. "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man," said the Jews to Jesus, at the very time when they were showing themselves to be least of all Abraham's true seed, and when they were in bondage of many kinds. "Are we blind also?" asked the Pharisees of Christ, in astonished incredulity, holding themselves to be the very hierophants of all orthodoxy, the very *illuminati* of consummate theology. "Ye say, 'we see,'" answered Jesus; "therefore your sin remaineth." I do not think that so large a part of Scripture would be taken up with warnings against idolatry, if idolatry were an exploded peril. May it not be that some of us are idolaters and know it not?

Take, for instance, the first and grossest form of idolatry, the worship of other gods. You will say, "We have never worshipped other gods; we have barely so much as seen other gods, except it were as idols in a museum." Yes, but whence came, what was the source

of the strange temptation of the Israelites to break their first commandment? What could possibly induce them to turn from

“Jehovah, thundering out of Zion, throned
Between the Cherubim,”

to worship the lopped tree-trunk which represented the nature-goddess Asherah ; or the sea monster, upward man and downward fish, who was called Dagon ; or a hideous brazen image, with arms sloping down toward a cistern of fire, which the Ammonites called Milcom, “my King?” My brethren, the history of the human heart in all ages shows that the force of the temptation is not so very inconceivable. The Jews were tempted to worship these idols, because they saw in the lives of the nations around them that emancipation from shame, from conscience, from restraint, from the stern and awful laws of morality, for which all bad men sigh. They longed for that slavery of sin which would be freedom from righteousness. These idols were the deification of man’s worst impulses ; they were the patrons of his basest desires ; they consecrated, under the sanction of religion, his deadliest passions. It was not the revolting image of Moloch which allured them, but it was the spirit of hatred ; the fierce delight of the natural wild beast which lurks in the human heart. Moloch was but the projection into the outward of ghastly fears born of man’s own guilt ; the consequent impulse to look on God as a wrathful, avenging Being, only to be propitiated by human agony and human blood ; and as One whom (so whispered to them a terrified selfishness) it was better to propitiate by passing one’s children through

the fire, than oneself to suffer from His rage. Again, it was not any image of Mammon which allured them to worship that abject spirit. It was the love of money, which is a root of all evil ;—it was covetousness, which is idolatry. And why should they worship the degraded Baal-Peor? Why but because he was degraded? Why but because of “those wanton rites which cost them woe?” Why but because, under his loathly patronage, they might, like natural brute beasts made to be taken and destroyed, corrupt themselves in those things which they naturally knew. And as for Belial, they did not even profess to raise him images. He was only a subjective idol. Milton, when, in the magnificent first book of his *Paradise Lost*, he describes their deities, says :

“Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, nor one more gross to love
 Vice for itself ; to him no temple stood,
 No altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he
 In temples and at altars, where the priest
 Turns Atheist, as did Eli’s sons, and fills
 With lust and violence the house of God ?
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
 And injury and outrage ; and when night
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
 Of Belial flown with insolence and wine.”

Ah ! my brethren, have we no need, in these days, not only for the gentle appeal, “Little children,” but for some voice like the woe of the Apocalypse which would thunder to us, “Keep yourselves from idols?” Do none of you worship Moloch, or Mammon, or Baal-

Peor? Have none of you in your hearts a secret niche for Belial? When your heart is absorbed in a passion of envy, hatred, and rage; when you desire, and are determined, if you can, to wound by false words, by bitter attacks, by open or secret injuries; when you display "the eternal spirit of the populace" by giving yourself up to a passion of reckless depreciation of social, political, or religious opponents; when you invoke the very name of God, that you may emphasize the curses against your enemies, is God the God of your worship? Of your lips, yes! of your life, no! What are you, then, whatever you may call yourself, what are you but a worshipper of Moloch?

And when you talk of nothing, think of nothing, scheme after nothing, care for nothing, I had almost said pray for nothing but "money," "money," "money," all day long; hasting to be rich, and so not being innocent; ready, if not downright to forge or to steal in order to get it, yet ready to adulterate goods, to scamp work, to have false balances and unjust weights, to defraud others of their rights and claims, to put your whole trading, or commerce, or profession on a footing which, perhaps conventionally honest, yet goes to the very verge of dishonesty; toiling for money, valuing it first among earthly goods, looking up to those who have won it as though they were little gods; hoarding it, dwelling on it, measuring the sole success of life by it, marrying your sons and your daughters with main reference to it—is God the God of your worship? Of your lips, yes; of your life, no. What are you, then, but an idolater—a worshipper of Mammon?

And if you are a drunkard or impure; if the current

of your life is absorbed and swayed by unholy impulses ; if you have flung the reins upon the neck of your evil passions ; if your thoughts are incessantly going astray after base desires ; if as in the throb and counter-throb of the beating heart, the corrupted soul is ever sending its fever beats of diseased imagination to the polluted body, and the polluted body returning the languid currents of its self-indulgence to the corrupted soul ; if you are living in constant and unresisted violation of God's laws of temperance, soberness, and chastity ; if the Temple of your mortal body be full of such chambers as Ezekiel saw,

“ When, by the vision led
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah—”

chambers in which wicked thoughts are ever bending before the walls which glow with unhallowed imagery—again is God the God of your worship ? Of your lips, yes ; of your life, no ! What are you then but an idolater ? In what respect are you, then, less guilty than Zimri, the Prince of Simeon who worshipped Baal-Peor ?

Not an idolater ? alas ! my brethren, every one of us is an idolater who has not God in all his thoughts, and who has cast away the laws of God from the governance of his life. I know not that it is a much worse idolatry to deny God altogether, and openly to deify the brute impulses of our lower nature, than it is in words to confess God, yet not to do, not to intend to do, never seriously to try to do what he commands, or to abandon what He forbids. If those two sons in the parable were

ours, I know not whether the smooth hypocrite, who, bidden to go work in the vineyard, said, "I go, sir," but went not, would not awaken in us an even deeper indignation than the insolent rebel who said, "I will not." Atheism? ah! there are two kinds of atheism. There is the defiant, speculative atheism which thinks, or thinks that it thinks, there is no God,—I do not deny that is a perilous and shameful aberration. I am quite sure that it brings every nation which falls into it to infamy and ruin; but it is usually limited to very few among mankind, and even in them the profession of it is apt to break down at critical moments. The simple question of Napoleon, when, on the deck of the frigate which was carrying him to Egypt, the French men of science were talking atheism under the starry sky, and he rose and pointing to that sky which hung over them with its myriad stars, said, "It is all very well, gentlemen, but who made all those?"—that question will, I say, be alone sufficient to convince men of the truth of the first verse of Scripture: "In the beginning God made the heaven and the earth." But practical atheism; that atheism which, confessing God on the lips, denies Him in the life; that atheism which, professing to care much for the doctrines of Christianity, cares nothing for its precepts; the regular utterance of "Lord, Lord," by men who live in dishonesty, adultery, drunkenness, revellings, and all sorts of abominable idolatries, or what is as bad, in the secret intrigues of selfishness, in the quotidian ague of frivolity, in the seething hubbub of slanderous worldliness, in the "ghastly smooth life dead at heart" of religious insincerity—how many are the atheists, then! And if the love of pleasure, and the love

of money, and the love of the world be idolatry, alas ! how few of us have truly kept even that first commandment, “Thou shalt have none other God but Me !”

And the reason why we have so imperfectly kept the first commandment may be because neither have we obeyed the spirit of the second. There are far other idols besides those openly erected by the world, the flesh, and the devil. The first meaning of the word idols—*εἰδωλα*—is false, shadowy, fleeting images ; subjective phantoms ; unreal notions and conceptions of the mind ; wilful illusions ; cherished fallacies. It is the sense in which the word is used by our great English philosopher, Lord Bacon. He speaks of idols of the tribe, false notions which seem inherent in the nature of man, which, like an unequal mirror, mingling its own nature with that of the light, distorts and refracts it. There are other idols of the cave. Every man has in his heart some secret cavern in which an idol lurks, reared there by his temperament or his training, and fed with the incense of his passions, so that a man, not seeking God in His word or works, but only in the microcosm of his own heart, thinks of God not as He is, but as He chooses to imagine Him to be. And there are idols of the market-place, false conceptions of God which spring from men’s intercourse with one another, and from the fatal force of words. And there are idols of the school, false notions which come from the spirit of sect, and system, and party, and formal theology. We do not make to ourselves graven images of God, like the calves of Dan and Bethel, but do none of us break the second commandment even more fatally by making to ourselves these idols—false notions of God—which

we accept in place of the true God? My brethren, it is a grave and solemn question. It was false notions of God of which St. John was mainly thinking in this epistle. Have we no need of his warning—which was addressed to Christians, remember, not to heathens—“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”

It was said, not long ago, by a great orator in the House of Commons, that the working classes care as little for the doctrines of Christianity as the upper classes care for its precepts. If that charge be true (and none, I imagine, will deny that there are some grounds on which it may be substantiated), may it not be that the God of the worldling is an idol, a false image, a totally wrong conception of the Living God? Of the thousands of men of the world, of the hundreds of gilded youths, of all those in this great city whose God is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things, not one in a hundred but would be shocked if charged with not believing in God. But might not some stern prophet use to him that tremendous sarcasm of the Apostle James: “Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well. The devils also believe—and more, more than thou dost—they believe and tremble.” Dost thou believe that God is righteous, that He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity? that He visiteth iniquity, transgression, and sin? Dost thou believe that the moral law which thou art violating deliberately every day is God’s law; and that thy sin will find thee out; and that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished? Thousands either do not believe this, or live as if they did not. Their lives give the lie to their lips. And

what can God say to them but this: "Why dost thou preach my laws, and takest my covenant in thy mouth; whereas thou hatest to be reformed, and hast cast my words behind thee? When thou sawest a thief thou consentedst unto him, and hast been partaker with the adulterers. Thou hast let thy mouth speak wickedness, and with thy tongue thou hast set forth deceit. These things hast thou done, and I held my peace, and thou thoughtest wickedly that I was even such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set before thee the things that thou hast done." My brethren, all history, all biography, all the voices of the conscience of mankind bear witness that the God who is the idol of the worldling's fancy, the God who is not righteous, the God who does not punish sin, is not God. The bad man knows not God. He alone who strives to do His will can know His doctrine. To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God.

And if you do not worship this public idol of the market-place, have you no personal idol of the cave? You fully admit, you definitely believe, that in general God punishes sin; that He does not clear the guilty in their guilt; that He did give the moral law; but, turning God into your private idol, do not some of you imagine that nevertheless you will get off? that there is something special in your case? that God will make an exception for you? that your temptations have been so strong, your chances so small, your passions so irresistible, your circumstances altogether so peculiar, that somehow you may sin, aye, and continue in sin, aye, and live in sin, aye, and die in sin, and yet

somehow escape the consequences of sin? If so, my brethren, that is not God whom you are worshipping. It is an idol of the cavern. God is a God of laws, not of exceptions. God is a God of justice, not of favoritism. Whatever charge of folly may justly attach to the saying, "There is no God," that folly is prouder, deeper, and less pardonable which says God will deal differently with me than with others. Because you are you, because you fancy that your temptations have been exceptional, which is not true; because you think that your passions have been strong, which means only that your reason has been weak; because you think you have so many virtues, and amiable qualities; because you love and value yourself and your sins so much that you think that God must look partially upon them too—shall God, because of this self-love, because of these filthy rags of your own righteousness, break, in your case, and yours alone, the adamant rivet that links punishment to unrepented crime? So might your idol of the cavern do; so will not God!

And yet, my brethren, if we fling to the moles and bats, these idols of the market-place and of the cavern, let not our God, "our Father in Heaven," "the God, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands," let Him not become to us, as he has become to many—as He has become to the Pharisees of this as of all ages—a mere idol of the school. "God is a spirit; not confined to temples; not bound up in books; not confined in ancient creeds." If it be true that the mass of the working classes care nothing for the doctrines of Christianity, may it not be, at least in part,

because those doctrines have been grievously misrepresented to them? The other day a young girl in a London prison was asked, for what purpose she thought Christ had ascended? Her answer was, "That He might punish people." This was her notion; it is probably the sole notion of thousands respecting Him, who died that we might live, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us! Oh, my brethren, how can we expect the ignorant, how can we expect any to love God, if it is an idol of the school like this that we depict for them? "If their religion be night, where is their day? If God is a bugbear, what is life?" Is there none to tell them that God punishes only because He loves; because He would forgive; because He would lead us away from the one thing, the only thing that can be our ruin? That He punishes not one moment longer when the work of punishment is done? "When I was young," says Luther, "all at once the sight of the Holy Sacrament, carried by Dr. Staupitz, so terrified me that I perspired at every pore, and thought that I should die with fright. When the procession was over, I confessed to Dr. Staupitz, and told him what had happened to me. 'Thy thoughts,' he answered, 'are not according to Christ. Christ does not terrify; He consoles.' Those words filled me with joy, and were a great relief to my mind." Wise teacher! true father of the Reformation. Christ does not terrify: He consoles.

The God of terrors; the God who is supposed to elect a very small number to bliss, and to reprobate all the rest to perdition and anguish, by eternal decrees, for His own glory; the God who is supposed to be

driven to avenging fury by a wrong opinion on some point of theology ; the God who, in dreary human systems of the Atonement, which are wholly unlike what the Bible says of it, is represented as so full of wrath that, because He must have some victim, He ruthlessly smites the Innocent ; the awful Moloch God of the Inquisition and of intolerance, who was supposed to be appeased by bloodshed, and to look favorably on those through whose fierceness the groans of burning men arose to heaven, as they gasped out, in the fires of Seville and Toledo, their agonizing souls ; the God of Smithfield and of the Armada ; the God of the gibbet, the thumb-screw, and the stake, and all the hellish implements of torture and tyranny, used by priests to deprave the heart of mankind ; the God of theological anathemas and religious hatreds ; the God of fierce sectarians, and ignorant revivalists,—this God is not our God ; never could be our guide unto death. “Your God,” said Wesley to Whitefield, when he was setting forth some hard system of revolting Calvinism, “Your God is my Devil.” But our God is He of whom it is said, “God is Love.” If perfect love casteth out fear, so no less certainly doth perfect fear cast out love. Abject fear, selfish fear, palsied fear, degraded fear may gash itself, or gash others with knives before its Baalim, like a grovelling slave ; but the son, even in rags, even in hunger, even amid the swine—when he comes to himself, says : “I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto him, ‘Father, I have sinned.’”

And if you ask how St. John, in his Epistle, helps you to obey his exhortation to keep yourselves from

idols, I answer briefly that he helps you in two ways—one by telling you what God is ; one by pointing you to His likeness. He tells you what God is in three sentences. “God is righteous,” he says. “God is Light.” “God is Love.” God is righteous, and therefore He hates all unrighteousness in us, and can be guilty of no unrighteousness in Himself. Idols which represent Him as a God of arbitrary caprice, treating men as though they were mere dead clay, to be dashed about and shattered at His will—idols which represent His justice as alien from ours, and those things as good in Him which would be evil in us—are shattered on the rock of truth that God is righteous.

Idols which represent Him as delighting in narrow formalism, self-satisfied security, and bitter exclusiveness, making of dull and acrid dogmatists the sole elect, and rejecting the brighter, bolder, larger natures, as though he loved the jagged thistles, and the dwarfed bents better than the rose of Sharon or the cedars of Lebanon—idols of the sectarian, idols of the fanatic, idols of the Pharisee, idols of those whose loveless ignorance would label themselves as the only Christians and the only Gospellers, are shattered by the ringing hammer-stroke of the truth that God is Light.

Idols which only represent Him as living a life turned toward self, or folded within self, caring only for His own “glory ;” caring nothing for the endless agonies of the creatures He has made; burning with implacable wrath against little deviations of opinion; regarding even the sins of children as deserving of infinite punishment, because, though they are finite, He is infinite:—idols of the zealot, idols of the ecclesiastic—idols of

those who think that their puny wrath can work the righteousness of God—are dashed to pieces by the sweeping and illimitable force of the truth that God is love. Yes, with these axes and hammers of the word, break down the carved images of idol temples, whether they be reared by systematizing theology or by ruthless syllogism, by religious hatred or by selfish guilt—and so “Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”

But, lastly, St. John will not merely leave you to what is abstract. He will point you to One whom he had seen and heard, and his hands had handled, even the Word of Life; to One who was the brightness of God’s glory and the express image of His person. “This,” he says, “is the true God and eternal life.” My brethren, if you would know God, the only begotten, who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him. And what do we learn of God from Him? How can I compress it into a few words? Ah, my brethren, read the Four Gospels; read them for yourselves; read them with eyes unblinded by the fogs of traditional exegesis; read the revelation of God in the human life, in the spoken words of your Saviour. Do not go to human systems of Theology, do not seek human conceptions of Art in order to understand him. If you trust even to Thomas à Kempis, he will draw you a picture of Christ which leaves out of sight altogether the most essential features of His ministry—that “He went about doing good.” If you rely on religious teachers they may offer you a dead Christ for the living Christ; an agonized Christ for the ascended Christ; an ecclesiastical Christ for the spiritual Christ; a Christ of the elect few for the Christ of the sinful many; a petty, formalizing, sectarian Christ for

the royal Lord of the great free heart of manhood ; a Christ of the fold for the Christ of the one great flock ; a Christ of Gerizim or of Jerusalem, of Rome or of Geneva, of Oxford or of Clapham, for the Christ of the Universal World.

If you turn to Art, if you would evoke even the genius of a Michael Angelo to set forth Christ to you, he would make the Sistine Chapel flame with tumultuous imagery, in the midst of which a wrathful, pitiless, avenging Christ turns away from the redeemed, turns away even from His pitying, pleading human mother, to hurl from His burning right hand ten thousand thunders on the crushed, convulsed, demon-tortured, innumerable multitude, for whom He died in vain. No ! turn from these shadows : face the sun. Look at Christ Himself. See Him in His acts. Stern, indeed, to the Pharisee and to the hypocrite, and dwelling on the awful breadth, and grandeur, and searchingness of the moral law. Yet ever tender to sorrow, with an infinite tenderness releasing the demoniac, giving sight to the blind, cleansing the leper, preaching to the poor, eating with sinners, feeding the hungry multitude, welcoming the outcast publican, suffering the weeping woman who was a sinner to wash His feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, praying for His very murderers as they were driving the nails through His hands upon the Cross. If you would know how God loves even the guiltiest of His children, see Misery left alone with Mercy on the Temple floor, and hear the voice so awful in its warning, yet so solemn in its tenderness, “Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin no more.” And he who thus represented God by

His acts, how did He represent Him in His words? Was it not solely, essentially, exclusively as a Father? as “our Father which art in Heaven;” as the God who maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust; as the God of little children, whose angels behold His face in heaven; as the God of the lilies and the ravens; the God of the lost sheep; the God of the falling sparrow; the God of the Prodigal Son; the God by whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered; in one word, which comprises all, the God of love? Yes, this is the true God and Eternal Life.

Dear God and Father of us all,
 Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
 Forgive the blindness that denies,
 Forgive thy creature, when he takes
 For the all-perfect love Thou art
 Some grim creation of his heart.
 Cast down our idols; overturn
 Our bloody altars: let us see
 Thyself in Thy humanity.

So long as we worship idols; so long as we take pleasure in unrighteousness; so long as we love the darkness rather than the light; so long as we mingle human hatreds with our worship of Him; so long as we swear (like those in Zephaniah) by Him and by Moloch, or like the Samaritans of old, fear the Lord and serve our own gods; so long we cannot see Him, neither know Him. For Scripture itself teaches us that if with the merciful He will show Himself merciful, and with the upright, upright; and with the pure, pure; so with the froward will he show Himself froward. And be-

cause to know Him is life, and eternal life, and because there is no other life, since all other life is but a living death, therefore St. John wrote, as the last word of his epistle, as the last word of the whole revelation of the New Testament, Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

SERMON XII.

PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, NOV. 1, 1885.

The Example of the Saints.

“All my delight is upon the saints that are in the earth, and upon such as excel in virtue.”—Ps. xvi. 3.

SINCE the seventh century the first day of this month has been dedicated to the memory of All Saints, and in many religious communities, since the tenth century, November 2 is set apart for the commemoration of All Souls. This latter day has been dropped from our calendar only because it was mixed up with Romish views about Purgatory and masses for the dead. Otherwise, a day devoted to meditation on All Souls—in the strictest sense of the word—in connection with a day of All Saints, suggests thoughts as solemn, and I trust as profitable, as almost any on which our minds could dwell.

1. The great procession of mankind, in its unnumbered millions, is ever sweeping across the narrow stage of life, issuing from a darkness in which they were not, passing into a darkness in which they are seen no more. We watch that procession as it winds through the long

centuries of history, and we note its most striking figures. Some are kings, who built pyramids and subdued nations, and held absolute sway over the destinies of their fellow-men. Some are poets, with their garlands and singing robes about them; some are great discoverers, who enlarged the power of man over the forces of nature; some are great philosophers, who widened the limits of human thought; some are lovers of their fellow-men, the reformers of abuses, the slayers of dragons, the triumphers over long-continued tyranny; some are men "who have uplifted their strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to the earth." My own life places me under the shadow of that great Abbey where I am surrounded on all sides by the tombs and cenotaphs of such famous men as these; but it is not of such as these that the great procession of humanity is mainly composed. The vast masses of it consist of a nameless throng,—the poor, the ordinary, the average, the undistinguished; men whose little lives gleamed for a moment out of the eternities and disappeared; men who did but write their names in water; men who barely for one moment scratched their story on icy pillars, which were melted by the next morning's sun; men who lie in earth's millions of nameless graves, the meaning, and even the bare fact of their existence obliterated from all human memory and every human record for evermore. To our eyes mankind is mainly divided into the eminent and the obscure; the known and the unknown; the great and the small; the rulers and the ruled; the learned and the ignorant; and it is to the latter classes—to those whom the world would call the unimportant, the insignificant—that the great

multitude of every generation—the great multitude of this, as of every assemblage of worshippers, have always belonged. Savage and civilized, in every age, in every region, the immense majority of men—some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone—have withered like the flower of grass, have vanished like a bubble, have “sunk as lead in the mighty waters.” After a year or two they lie in the grave like sheep, “there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners are at ease, they hear not the driver’s voice. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master.”

2. But to the eye of God—to the eyes, it may be, of all good and evil spirits, the aspect of that procession is very different. To them the inch-high differences of human rank have no existence ; for them the thistles of human loftiness have no elevation, and the molehills cast no shadow. They, as they gaze on this marvellous procession of human life, know only the difference between the good and the evil ; between those who fear God and those who reject Him ; between those who love and those who only hate and injure their neighbors ; between the holy and the unholy, the forgiven and the impenitent, the saved and the unsaved souls. Human wealth, human success, human greatness—the wretched thing we are all tempted to honor more than that which is pure and lovely—to covet more than God’s benediction and Heaven’s own gold—what is it ? how long does it last ? what is it worth ? “When I forget my king, may my God forget me,” said one who had risen from obscurity to be Lord Chancellor of England. “It is the best thing he could do for you,” exclaimed Ed-

mund Burke, who heard the apostrophe. Ah! how infinitely better would it have been for many of earth's successful men to have been unknown here, and to have been failures here, not rich, not prosperous, not renowned, and at the same time

“ Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life dead at heart.”

3. In the fine gradations of human character and the complex motives of human action, it is only in certain marked instances that we can make any of the broad distinctions which can be made by those spiritual beings who see us with larger eyes than ours. We can see that some men have dared to be eminently good, and that other men have been conspicuously and infamously bad. But most men's lives and characters wear in our eyes a very mixed aspect. They are not carved in marble, they are woven in gossamer. They show interchanging elements of good and evil, which run together like warp and woof in the varying web. We see human sin and weakness even in the good. We see here and there a gleam of saintliness even in the unsaintly. Only the balances of God are perfect. He alone, putting the just weights into the even scales, can pronounce on the whole life of most men—that they “did that which was good,” or “did that which was evil,” in the sight of the Lord. It is a significant fact that while the Church of God has canonized and beatified so large a number of her sons, there is scarcely one, if one—scarcely even the soul of a Judas Iscariot—whom she has ventured—and even that timidly, and even that beyond her authority—to doom to everlasting woe.

But though we can never pronounce judgment on the future of any man, we cannot help seeing that some have been, according to all human judgment, bad men and bad women, and that some few have been the saints of God.

4. Bad men and bad women:—we think of them with pain and shrinking sorrow; we think that for mankind, at any rate, it had been better if they had never been. All those who have lived only to gratify the mean and sensual egotism of a hungry, shivering self; all those whose lifelong example had deepened man's feverish thirst for gold; all those who have heaped up for themselves riches as for a day of slaughter, by oppression, robbery, or wrong; all who by the unlawful indulgence of their lowest passions have contributed to poison the life-blood of mankind; all whose words or writings have infected the stream of life with the leprous distillment of polluted thoughts; all those who by the shameful perversion of art and literature—laying unhallowed incense on the altar of genius, and mingling with strange flames her vestal fire—have inflamed the feverish passion of morbid imaginations; all who have helped to degrade life from its sweet and serious sanctity into vulgarism and frivolity; all who have been the greedy and cruel disseminators of gossip, slander, and lies; all whose example has rendered the actions of men viler, and their thoughts more trivial; all who have painted the gates of Hell with Paradise; all who have striven to hand on and to perpetuate evil traditions; all who have flourished by the causes of human misery and ruin; all who have delighted to speak words that may do hurt; all the idle cumberers of the ground whose

root has been as rottenness, and their blossom gone up as dust ; all whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things. The world may give them fortunes, or coronets, or loud applause, but these are bad men and bad women. And if all mankind had been as these have been and are—if there had been no salt of the earth amid its corruption, no twinkling stars amid its midnight ; if, like the seething of the grape-bundles in the uncleansed wine-vat, earth had been nothing but a ferment of man's vileness, vanity, and lust ; if there had been none on earth but those four classes whom God most hates—mockers, liars, hypocrites, and slanderers—then indeed Earth had been an anticipated Hell. “Without are dogs, and soererers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and every one that loveth and maketh a lie.”

5. And as for all these we judge them not. We know nothing of their temptations. We take not heaven's thunder into our puny grasp. We

“Avert our eyes, nor follow them
 Into that dark, obscure, sequestered state
 Where God unmakes but to remake the soul,
 He else made first in vain ; which must not be.”

But oh ! with what unspeakable relief do we turn from these works of darkness, and them who delight therein, to the saints of God ! In them, in them, is the healing of the world. Do not think of the mere title, “saints.” That is at the best an unwarranted and precarious title. It has been given to some at least of the unworthy, and denied to many of the good. On All Saints' Day we may think not only of all whom the Church has called

“saints,” but also of the long line who are not included in that very partial and imperfect calendar. Think of the heroes of faith in olden times; of the Patriarchs; Enoch, the blameless; Noah, the faithful; Abraham, the friend of God; of the sweet and meditative Isaac; of the afflicted and wrestling Jacob. Think of Moses, the meekest of men; of the brave Judges; of glorious Prophets; of patriot warriors; of toiling Apostles; of the many confessors who would rather die than lie; of martyrs uplifting radiant and enraptured faces from the agonizing flames. We may think of the Hermits, who, from the guilt and turmoil of life, fled into the solitude of the wilderness; of the missionaries—St. Paul, Columban, Boniface, Francis Xavier, John Eliot, David Brainerd, Adoniram Judson, Henry Martyn, Coleridge Pattison; of Reformers, who cleared the world of lies, like Savonarola, Huss, Luther, Zwingli, Wesley, Whitfield; of wise rulers, like Alfred, and St. Louis, and Washington, and Lincoln, and Garfield; of the writers of holy books, like Thomas à Kempis, and Baxter, and Bunyan, and Jeremy Taylor; of those who, like Howard, brought deliverance to the captive, who, like Lloyd Garrison, unriveted the fetters of the slave; of good Bishops, like Hugo of Avalon, and Fénelon, and Berkeley; of good pastors, like Oberlin and Fletcher of Madeley, and Adolphe Monod, and Felix Neff; of all true Poets—whether sweet and holy like George Herbert, and Cowper, and Keble, and Longfellow; or grand and mighty like Dante and Milton—what earthly marble is white enough to build the monument of these? These are but a few of the many names of those who have reflected the glory of their Master, Christ, and who

walk with Him in white robes, for they are worthy. My brethren, if you would comfort your hearts, if you would strengthen your good resolutions, if you would retain that high estimate of human nature which so often threatens to succumb when we look at the sickening exhibitions of moral revolt and disorder on every side of us, most earnestly indeed would I urge you to make yourselves acquainted with the story of Christians such as these. Next to the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament it is the best antidote to the degeneracy of worldly and evil days; from earth's mire and darkness lift up your eyes to this galaxy of great examples. When evil, and baseness, and triviality is being thrust upon us on all sides—when men take it for a sign of genius to degrade and depreciate, to impute and to pollute—amid all this fuss, and chatter, and hurry, and acrid ill-nature—amid reams of frivolous fiction, humiliating gossip, and unprofitable oratory—amid all the place-hunting, and the gold-hunting—have we no time to think of things eternal? have we no desire to possess our souls in peace and nobleness? have we no need of something to keep alive our faith in the dignity of man?

6. I for one find that something most of all in dwelling on the life and sufferings of Christ, and next in considering the blessed example of those who have followed Him, bearing each his own cross. Let me point out two of the many ways in which it seems to me that this contemplation of these our worthier and nobler brothers in the great family of Christ may be most blessed and useful to us.

i. In laying down the laws of observation, the great

philosopher of the *Novum Organum* describes what he calls "the prerogative of instances," and among them he speaks of instances which he calls *ostensivæ* or *elucescentes*—instances which show any quality in its purest exaltation, in its fullest vigor. Now, the saints of God furnish us with just such *instantiæ elucescentes* of pure and possible human goodness. God has made clear to us His will. In all His Bibles, in Scripture, in Nature, in history, in experience, in conscience, He has taught us that certain things are good and certain things are evil. When God was made man, and dwelt among us in the life of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, God translated for us His revelation into the plainest of human language. So Christ was the Word of God, and Christ's saints show us the acceptance of His word, the reality of His power. They show us how, through faith in Christ, and by the spirit of Christ, and because of prayer to God through Christ, men weak as we are, tempted as we are, yet did gloriously and conspicuously triumph over sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil, and thereby made manifest to us that we can do the same. They have proved to us that even in such a world as this, and even for hearts so poor and weak as ours, it is possible to be good and pure and true by the help of God, because by the help of God they were so, and that with no greater strength than we may obtain. They refute the excuse of our feebleness ; they cut away the lie of our inability.

ii. It needs, for instance, but a short experience of life to see that the mass of men are predominantly selfish. Self is the all but universal idol ; selfishness is for millions the sole law of existence. Men jostle each

other, and struggle in the press, and trample savagely on fallen rivals, and show the poor spectacle of that perverted life which lives and dies only for itself. And yet it is possible for men to become—and thousands of men have become—perfectly, beautifully unselfish, caring honestly for the happiness of others more than for their own. St. Macarius, the hermit, lived in the desert in a little community of solitaries. One day there was brought to him that which, in the hot desert, is the most tempting and exquisite of all luxuries—a bunch of fresh purple grapes, with the bloom and mist of their delicious ripeness upon them. Macarius hated the thought of taking them himself; he preferred that another should enjoy the boon, and handed it to one of the brothers; but the same motive was strong in him, and he gave it to another. But again this other preferred the enjoyment of a companion to his own; and so, in the absolute unselfishness of that little community, the untouched, tempting grapes, which would have been so cool, so refreshing in the burning day, were handed from one to another, none wishing to keep what would be pleasant to his fellow, till at last they were handed back to Macarius again. Unselfishness, you see, had become as completely the law of that little brotherhood as selfishness is the law of the common world. Oh, how infinitely lovelier is the spectacle presented by these saints of God, and their love for one another, than is daily presented in this hard, modern life. “The high desire that others should be blest savors of heaven.”

iii. Again, we need not look far to see the pride of men. It is so common that it seems to be as strong in the poorest and meanest as in the great. We see it—

and its weak satellites, conceit and vanity—in the look of men ; it is shown in their gait ; we hear it in their very accents. And never was the tendency stronger than now to be self-assertive ; to be vain ; to say to every one else, “ I am just as good as you ; ” to resent with fierce bitterness the notion that “ they call this man as good as me.” Pride is the one Protean spirit which takes many forms in envy, hatred, back-biting, spurious liberty, false independence. And yet it is quite possible even for man, proud man, to become resigned, humble, submissive, meek ; not to seek great things for himself ; to take the lowest place ; to think others better than himself ; to pluck that violet of humility which blossoms only at the foot of the cross. Again, let me illustrate by an example. St. Thomas of Aquino was by far the greatest man of his age ; of noble birth, of ancient lineage, of fine appearance, the most consummate theologian, supreme in learning and goodness, the friend of popes and kings. In position he was but a humble monk. He chose that position by preference. Voluntarily he took the lowest place. One day at Bologna, a stranger arriving asked the Prior for some one to help him to get provisions and carry his basket. “ Tell the first brother you meet,” said the Prior. St. Thomas was walking in meditation in the cloister, and, not knowing him, the stranger said : “ Your Prior bids you to follow me.” Without a word the great teacher—the Angel of the Schools, as he was called by the affection of his admirers—bowed his head, took the basket, and followed. But he was suffering from lameness, and since he was unable to keep up, the stranger rated him soundly as a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who

ought to show more zeal in religious obedience. The saint meekly bore the unjust reproaches, and answered never a word. "Do you know whom you are treating in this rude way?" said the indignant citizens, who witnessed the scene. "That is Brother Thomas of Aquino." "Brother Thomas of Aquino!" said the stranger, in amazement; and immediately throwing himself on his knees, with sobs and tears, he begged to be forgiven. "Nay," said the angelic Doctor, "it is I who should ask forgiveness, since I have not been so active as I should have been." And this humility, so rare in little men, was the chief characteristic of this truly great man. Once, when he was reading aloud in his monastery, the Prior thought he had made a false quantity and corrected him. He instantly altered the word. "Why did you not tell the Prior that you were right?" asked the monks afterwards. "The quantity of the word was no consequence," he answered; "but it was of consequence that I should be obedient." Once, again, when he was addressing a vast congregation in one of the chief churches of Paris, an insolent intruder beckoned to him to stop, and aimed at him an abusive harangue. The saint waited till he had ended, and then, without one word of anger or resentment, calmly continued his discourse. From that disciplined and noble spirit all pride had been expelled. "Give me, O Lord," such was his daily prayer, "give me, O Lord, a noble heart which no earthly affection can drag down."

7. Once again take the common temptation to sacrifice all to ambition. It is, perhaps, the least ignoble of human weaknesses—

“Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
The last infirmity of noble minds.”

The last infirmity, and yet a real infirmity. Even a Cæsar, even a Cromwell, desired not power only, but the glittering baubles which are its symbols. It is said—a stranger only touches on such a subject with reserve and modesty—that many a fine career has been ruined, many a noble nature shipwrecked among you, upon the sunken reefs which strew the stormy sea of political ambition; that there have been men who were tempted to palter with eternal God for power; men who have staked all, and lost, on the possibility of attaining one mighty prize. The desire for such a prize is only wrong when it tempts any man to deflect, were it but so much as the division of a hair, from the straight line of duty. Might not the example of the saints help us here also? Is there no such thing as a noble desire to descend? St. Gregory tells us, in his life of St. Benedict, how “one night, just before the hour of those holy hymns which exhale from the cloister in the midst of silence and darkness, Benedict was gazing upon heaven from the window of his cell. A mystical light shone round about him, and the whole world was brought before him as if it had been gathered up into one ray of sunlight. ‘He saw it,’ says the inscription which is read to this day in the tower in which he dwelt on Monte Cassino, ‘he saw it and he scorned it.’” *Inspexit et desepxit*. Did not Christ, the King of saints, do the same? Did He not turn His back on all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them? Yes; and are there not better things within our reach which neither time can tarnish nor death

destroy? Integrity; self-denial; self-possession; self-conquest; disinterested labors for the happiness of others; patient endurance; humble faith;—are not these happier, more eternal, more divine?

“ Oh scene of fortune, that doth fair appear
Only to men who stand not near;
Proud Poverty, that tinsel bravery wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears.

“ Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep,
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Placed beneath envy, above envying rise;
Pity great men, great things despise.”

“ Seeketh thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord.”

8. I might give you other instances, no less decisive, of the attainment of other high virtues by weak mortal men. I might, for instance, show you how the saints of God have obtained a perfect purity, or a perfect contempt for all worldly ends. But let me rather point a second great lesson. If it be an infinitely better and greater thing to be a Christian than to be a king; if the poorest Lazarus who ever lay at a rich man's gate may be nobler and happier than the most gorgeous Dives; then how far higher must it be than every human distinction to be a saint of God? Yet if every other avenue be closed to us, the highest of all ambitions is open to the humblest of us all. And what a true end and aim in life is this! If at any time we be inclined to despair amid the waves of misfortune and the malice of our fellow-men;—if weary of injustice and

discouragement, we sometimes feel almost driven to say with Elijah, "And now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers," is there no comfort in the thought that God is not unjust and contemptuous like man? Our earthly failure or lowliness; the poverty of our intellectual gifts; our failing efforts; our waning powers; our many feeblenesses and imperfections, so they be not stained with wilful sin—do not make us any lower in the sight of God. In spite of all such things we may have attained by His grace, the highest and best that life has to offer. Even the Church has given her title of "Saint," not only to great Popes like Anastasius and Gregory; and great Kings like the Confessor and St. Louis; and princely Bishops like St. Ambrose or St. Carlo Borromeo;—but to some of the very humblest of the low. Can you imagine a lowlier lot than that of a servant of all-work? Yet such, and no more, was Santa Zita. At the age of twelve she left her little mountain village to become a servant to a family in Lucca, and in that poor service she continued till, at the age of sixty, she died. Often reviled, often beaten, often forced to hard menial duties, without one murmur she served in singleness of heart, and out of her poverty she fed the hungry and clothed the naked with a garment. And yet, even in such a lot, men saw her happiness and her sainthood; and thirty years after her death, Dante, the greatest of Christian poets, speaks of a burgher of the proud and warlike city of Lucca, simply as "one of Santa Zita's elders." The warriors, the bishops, the nobles, all the rich, the well-to-do, the prosperous, the successful, are designated only as fellow-citizens with the servant of all-work. What more would

we have, my brethren, if even through so deep a valley of humiliation there still lies the path to heaven? Let us set our affection on things above, not on things on the earth; for, you see, a life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of earth would have treated as the dust under their feet—a life spent at the clerk's desk, a life spent in the narrow shop, a life spent in the laborer's hut—a life of poverty, a life of struggle, a life of obscurity and unsuccess—may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy, that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown. True kingliness may belong to any one of us, and even a pauper may have it in his power to say, "My crown is in my heart, not on my head; not set with diamonds and Indian stones, nor to be seen; my crown is called 'content;' a crown it is which seldom kings enjoy."

9. And in conclusion, thank God there have been, and are in the earth, tens of thousands, holy and faithful, and therefore essentially happy and full of inward peace, like that poor servant-girl. "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, arrayed with white robes and palms in their hands." Oh! when you hear those words set to mighty music, will you not think of their solemn and glorious meaning? Will you be of that great innumerable multitude of the redeemed? Amid the great procession of humanity, will you make up your minds that you will be poor or rich, low or high, successful or unsuccessful, as God shall please; but that you will not be of the bad men and bad women, who by

dwarfish aims, and mean passions, and vile lusts, and acrid tempers, and lying words, have made the world worse, and life darker, for their fellow-men? Are you at this moment among those bad men and bad women, those mean, selfish, and wicked natures? Are you so utterly on the wrong side now? And if so, what will ye do in the end thereof? If you do not care for your soul, who will? If not now, when? Ah! leave even now the baseness of the malicious, the greed of the worldly, the shame of the unclean, and be blessed for evermore. “And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, ‘What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?’ And I said unto him, ‘Sir, thou knowest.’ And he said to me, ‘These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto the living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’”

SERMON XIII.

PREACHED IN APPLETON CHAPEL, HARVARD COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOV. 1, 1885.

The Work of the few and of the Many.

“By faith.”—HEB. xi. 4.

THE history of mankind, whether secular or religious, resolves itself ultimately into the history of a few individuals. It is not that all the rest do not live their own lives or can shirk their own eternal responsibilities, but it is that the march and movement of the many is as surely influenced by the genius of the few, as is the swing of the tide by the law of gravitation. There is, of course, action and reaction. The thoughts of the many are the spirit of the age; and the spirit of the age sways the individual, just as the individual directs and shapes the spirit of the age. Meanwhile what we see is this. In millions upon millions the races and generations of mankind are born and die; the hurrying feet of new millions tread them down; their dust is blown about the desert, or sealed in the iron hills. Before they have been dead ten years the vast majority of mankind are totally forgotten. As surely as the moss and the lichen eat away

their names upon the church-yard stone, so surely does the ever-rising tide of oblivion wash out our names upon the sands of life. It is a law of our being that we should belong—the vast majority of us—to the unknown, the unrecorded masses, who, long before the very things we own have perished, shall have passed away out of all remembrance, as utterly as though we had never been. One epitaph would do for all of us, except two or three out of every million.

“ He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more,
And foes,—his foes are dead.
* * * * *

“ The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began
Of him afford no other trace
Than this;—there lived a man!”

1. There, then, is one great fact of human life; another, and a far sadder one, is that, by a sort of fatal gravitation, the human race seems of itself to tend downward. The old Greek proverb said—if in one aspect it be false, in another (as our own hearts tell us) it is terribly true—that “the majority are evil.” We are creatures of habit, of influence, of custom; our voices are for the most part the merest echoes, our light is but the dim remnant of multitudinous reflections. It is impulse, passion, temptation, more than reason, that often sways the heart of each man, and therefore of all men. It is the few only who are saints, the few only who are heroes.

The persistent energy of selfishness, the unbridled

force of appetite, the craving for drink, the greed of gain, the lust of power—these have been the mighty engines in the hands of the world-rulers of this darkness. What a sad spectacle does this world present! How deep, heart-rending, is the sigh it utters! How deep would be its corruption, how total its ruin, how irremediable its woe, if God's love were not incessantly at work,—healing the ravages of pride and sensuality, saving His wandered sheep, welcoming back His weary prodigals! “Half serpent, not yet extricated from the clay—a lacertian brood of bitterness—the glory of it emaciated with cruel hunger and blotted with venomous stains, and the track of it on the leaf a glittering slime, in the sand a useless furrow.” Such would be the race of man were there no Promised Seed to bruise the Serpent's head.

2. And how does God carry out this work of continuous redemption? It is by the energy of His chosen few. Into their hearts He pours the power of His Spirit; upon their heads He lays the hands of His consecration. The history of mankind is like the history of Israel in the days of the Judges. Again and again the people sank into godlessness, and into consequent degradation; again and again a Deborah, a Gideon, a Jephtha delivers them. The deliverance of man has never been wrought by the multitude; always by the individual. The hope of the world is in those rarer souls which, becoming themselves magnetic with knowledge or with nobleness, flash into the deathful sloth or deep corruption of their age and nation the force of their own convictions, the passion of their own resolves.

3. Observe how completely this is the case, even in all

secular advance. All art, all knowledge, all discovery has, as a rule, come from the few. A child, Homer, a child, Alcæus, is born in the Isles of Greece, and lo! epic and lyric poetry burst into flower. A child, Thales, is born at Miletus, and the world sees the dawn of Greek philosophy. A boy, Giotto, is seen drawing his sheep on a blue slate on the hills of Florence, and lo! Italian art springs into full life. A boy, Galileo, watches the swinging of the great bronze lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, and lo! the heavens became luminous with unutterable secrets. A boy, Watt, watches the steam condensed on the bowl of a silver spoon, and lo! in a generation the world is ploughed with railroads and the ocean gleams in the white wake of merchantmen and iron-clads. The history of art and science and literature is summed up, severally, in a score of names.

4. But art and science and literature would have led only to a more splendid misery and a more refined decay, if God did not also send His inspired children to expand the thoughts, to purify the aims, to dilate the aspirations of mankind. Of what use would be these spangles on the funeral pall of a dying race if death ended all? Your material civilization, your industrial greatness, your commercial prosperity, your accumulating wealth—"labor, vocal on every hill-side, and commerce, white on every sea"—of what value are they to any race without righteousness? Without moral nobleness how are they better than a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, or a diamond on the forehead of a skull? It is not civilization, it is not knowledge, it is not even intellect which has ever saved mankind. The true uplifting and redeeming force has been the moral genius of

God's elect. Greece, for all her poetry, all her philosophy, and all her charm ; Rome, for all her imperial strength ; Italy, for all her intense sensibility and matchless art, sank in turn into the abyss of degradation, and perished by her own sins. So will England, so will America, so will every nation perish if she refuse the messages of God. The hope of the world lies in the recognition of, in obedience to the Word of God as uttered by His special messengers ; and by so listening thereto as to reflect in myriads of gleams and reverberate in myriads of echoes, the light and the voice of inspiration. "It is not mere learning which teaches," says one of the greatest of ancient philosophers, "but the Sibyl"—that is, the voice of heavenly inspiration—"uttering, in rapt speech, things simple and unperfumed and unadorned, penetrates through myriads of years by the help of God." The meaning is the same as that of a poet of your own when he sings :

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world had never lost."

Now I fear that in this age we must say with the Hebrew Psalmist : "We see not our tokens ; there is not one prophet more ;" but since the echoes of the past are not spent, it will be the fault of every one of us if we have to add, "No, not one is there among us that understandeth any more." For the past teaches us how awful is the responsibility, how tremendous is the power of faith ; the need for faith is never more tremendous than in conventional, unheroic, sensual days. What then are we to do ? Perhaps if you will take a swift glance with me at the moral history of the world ; if we

consider, for a moment or two, the days of old and the years of ancient times, some light may dawn upon us, some touch of shame may pass into vulgar, some sense of duty into selfish, some spark of brighter arrows into generous hearts.

5. Adam fell; his children sank deeper and deeper into sin; lust and violence became universal; the world groaned under colossal tyrannies; the warnings of Noah were in vain; the waters of the deluge were needed for the lustration of mankind. Scarcely had those waters ebbed, when drunkenness and degradation, wrong and robbery, resumed their sway. Then amid the gross idolatry of the nations God called forth one chosen soul, Abraham, the father of the faithful. His sons went into Egypt. There, in the sluggish valley of the Nile, among the fleshpots and the cucumbers, they sank into a horde of sensual slaves. Then out of Egypt God called His Son. He raised up a man among the quailing serfs. Brought up in the palaces of Egypt, Moses, refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, threw in his lot with the oppressed. He recalled to them the forgotten God of their fathers; led them into the free air of the wilderness; gave them at Sinai a moral law, on which, as on the primeval granite, are built the eternal rules of right and wrong. He died; his people went a whoring after Chemosh, and Moloch, and Baal-Peor; the Judges wrought no permanent deliverance; the very priests filled the house of God with insolence and shame. Then God called the boy Samuel, and he heard, and founded the great order of the Prophets—the moral teachers of Israel and of the race. For seven centuries, among corrupt priests and apostate kings, that order

was the main hope of the Hebrew people. Now an Elijah, with flame and thunder, startled them out of idolatrous abominations; now an Isaiah nerved the palsied arms of their patriots; now an Ezekiel from Chaldea, a Jeremiah from Anathoth, poured forth, as in strophe and antistrophe, the truths of God. Then came the Captivity. In ruin Israel learned righteousness. Ezra revived the Law of Moses. But as the generations passed, the Jews lapsed more and more from the idolatry of the material to the fetish worship of the external. Faith dwindled into Pharisaism, morality into compromise, and all hope seemed dead, when, in the blight of holiness and the triumph of ritual, the popular orthodoxy was no better than a heresy, and the popular religionism no more wholesome than a vice.

6. But then, in the fulness of time, when the regenerating impulses of the old dispensation seemed utterly to have lost their force to bring home to mankind, once more and forever, the knowledge and will of God; to prove forever the nullity of the external; to reveal forever that God is love; to show forever that the will of God is not outward observances, but inward sanctification; to open forever to every human soul immediate access to God without any usurping intervention of human sacerdotalism; to set forever the example of how men ought to walk; and to please God, to take away sin once for all by the offering of Himself, at the mid-point of all human history, Christ came. He came to be the Light of the world. From the sunlike centrality of His incarnate Godhead He shed His rays of illumination into all the past; to its most illimitable

marge He flooded all the future with the glory of His effulgent fire.

7. So the old ended ; so began the new. Christ died upon the cross ; He rose again ; He bade the Apostles be His witnesses. Three centuries passed ; in the misery of decaying institutions, men were sinking into moral death. Then St. Antony, forsaking all, made his home in the lonely deserts, to convince his generation of the infinite value of every human soul. Two more centuries passed, and about A.D. 500 St. Benedict, amid the roar of political confusion, founded, on the principles of toil and prayer, the noble monastic order to which civilization owes so deep a debt. Five centuries passed, and in 1073, in an age of pride and violence, Gregory VII. maintained the supremacy of the spiritual power over threats and arms. Another century passed ; the Church had everywhere triumphed, and in her triumph had lost the sacredness of her simple sincerity. Then, about A.D. 1200, amid the universal lust of power and gold, St. Francis of Assisi made Poverty his bride, and St. Dominic revived the dormant forces of the Christian pulpit. Again three centuries passed, and soon after the year 1500, and amid a Church steeped to the lips in sacerdotal greed and moral pollution, the lion voice of Luther shook the world.

8. There have been multitudes of other, and multitudes of minor movements. I might have told how, in the fourth century, Athanasius all but single-handed, maintained the true faith against a persecuting imperialism and an apostatizing world ; how amid a dissolving empire, St. Augustine familiarized men with the

grand conception of the City of God ; how amid furious barbarians, St. Columban witnessed, and St. Boniface preached. But such, in broad, vast outline has been the religious history of the world. Apart from the Sun of Righteousness, it is all darkness. Apart from His spirit, it is all death. In the names of Abraham, Moses, Samuel, Ezra—all pointing to Christ ; in the names of Antony, Benedict, Gregory, Francis, Luther—all charged with His divine magnetism, all radiating His glory, all teaching some fragment of His truth, and carrying out some element of His example—we may sum up the mightiest of those religious forces which have swept over the stagnation of mankind. Have we nothing to learn from this method of God's working, from this sweeping summary of the Old Testament, and of Christian history ? I think that we may learn one or two lessons of deep significance.

i. May we not learn first the secret, the sole secret, of moral power ? Who that reads the signs of these times can fail to see how much this age needs to learn that secret ? What was it which thus, again and again, overcame the world ? Was it not faith, showing itself in self-sacrifice ? Is not that secret open to the knowledge, feasible to the practice, of you and me, and all the world ? “Whoever,” said St. Columban, “overcomes himself, treads the world underfoot.” By faith Abraham left the home of his fathers. By faith Moses preferred to suffer affliction with the people of God. By faith Samuel founded the order of the Prophets. By faith Elijah faced idolatrous priests and guilty kings. By faith Ezra led back his people to barren Judah from wealthy Babylon. By faith Antony forsook

the world. By faith Athanasius maintained the Christian verity. By faith Benedict, even yet a boy, rolled his naked body in the briers to conquer sensual temptation. By faith Gregory cowed the brutality of feudalism. By faith, on the wild hills of Umbria, Francis of Assisi imitated the life of Christ. By faith Luther burnt the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, and faced the Emperor's council at Worms. And thus, their faith, proving itself by absolute self-surrender, by unswerving obedience, by unbounded activity, by dauntless courage, by hatred of falsehood, by scorn of luxury, by pouring silent contempt on the base idolatry of gold—each in his age and order these saints of God delivered his generation, inspired his successors, wrought righteousness in a faithless world.

ii. And I think we may notice secondly that the work of these saints of God, being always and necessarily human, is never permanent in its special results. You may place the lamp upon its stand ; you may fill it with fragrant oil ; but, unless the oil be perpetually renewed, it will soon go out in sickening fume, and leave the world in darkness. Why ? Because God not only requires man's effort, but also his continuous efforts. In this rushing stream of time—the smoothness of the rapid ere it leaps in cataract—humanity can never afford for a moment to rest upon its oars. There is an infinite pathos in the predestined failure of men and institutions which leave no adequate heirs to propagate their impulse, to carry on their purposes. Abraham dies, and in a century his descendants are slaves. Moses dies, and his grandson, Jonathan, is the hireling Levite of an idolatrous ephod. Samuel dies, and his very sons

are greedy oppressors. Ezra dies, and Pharisaism begins. The Lord of life and glory dies, and, before that generation has passed away, His Church is full of grievous wolves. The successors of St. Antony become a herd of ignorant fanatics ; the successors of St. Benedict dwindle into luxurious hypocrites ; the successors of St. Francis into idle mendicants ; the successors of St. Dominic into ruthless inquisitors ; the successors of Luther into sectarian dogmatists. When the influence of God's saints has spent its force, if the work pauses for a moment, everything falls into ruin and corruption. Christianity as a stereotyped system is nothing ; Christianity as a human theology is nothing ; only as a divine effort ; only as an eternal progress ; only as a living force ; only as an inspiring, passionate, continuous energy can it regenerate the world.

iii. But yet notice, thirdly, that these apparent failures were never absolute. No good man, no saint of God, has ever lived or died in vain. They have died, almost always, in loneliness, or disappointment, or at the stake, or in the prison, or with hearts broken by man's ingratitude—so often that something seems wanting to the holiest careers which have not ended, even as Christ's did, each in its own Calvary ; but they have never ended in vain. No ! for the seed is not quickened except it dies. Even in its death, but only by its death, comes the promise of the golden grain. St. Telemachus was butchered in the arena, but because of his death there was an end to gladiatorial games. " I have loved righteousness," said Gregory VII., " and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile ; " yet his life has established the supremacy of righteousness over brute force.

Huss was burnt, but Luther rose. Latimer and Ridley were burnt; but they lit such a candle in England as by God's grace is not yet put out. As for themselves, what matters it? "Heaven is for those who have failed on earth." The saintly life even when the world has scoffed at it most bitterly and crushed it most utterly, has still been the saintly life. "We fools accounted their lives madness and their end to be without honor; how are they set among the children of God, and their lot among the saints!" And even when the effort against drunkenness, and vice, and Pharisaism, and wrong has failed, there has still been the effort, and the world is better for it. The very best of us leaves his tale half untold, his message imperfect; but if we have but been faithful, then, because of us, some one who follows us, with a happier heart and in happier times, shall utter our message better and tell our tale more perfectly. Some one shall run and not be faint; some one shall fly with wings where we have walked with weary feet!

iv. I think we may sum up in a few words the practical issue of these thoughts. Magnificent have been man's victories over the material world. He has weighed the stars; he has tunnelled the mountains; he has cleft the seas; he has seized the lightnings by their wing of fire, and bade them do his messages. But when we turn from the material to the spiritual world—to that world in which love, and duty, and death are ruling forces—there, as has been well said, all is changed. There we have the mistakes of the good and the errors of the wise. There we have indeed all that is noblest and most beautiful in man, all that is brightest and

most pathetic in his fate ; but we have also “ his multiplied failures, his average moral poverty, his profoundest moral ruin.” Are we then to sit with folded hands, idle and helpless, because good men die and leave no successors ? and because good institutions fail, or, like the too long-gathered manna, begin at last to corrupt the world ? Are we to hide our talent in a napkin, because it is but one talent, and all the world combines to tell us how poor and small it is ? Are we to clutch what we can, with grasping self-indulgence in a greedy world ? Ah ! my brethren, that—the life of worldly avarice, sleek comfort, sensual ease, restless ambition—as it is the commonest, so it is the worst of all failures. Nay ! what we have to do is simply to work ; not to conquer,—that we cannot do ; not to succeed,—that we cannot do any more than our fathers ; not to be happy,—that in the world’s sense, no true man has ever been ; not to make our mark, or leave our memory,—that is of no sort of consequence ; but simply to work between the narrow limits of life and death ; to work humbly, to work in faith. “ Fear, and indolence, and impatience, and despondency ”—shall we listen to these base and trembling counsellors ? No ; in what seems to be the most irretrievable disaster, a vision of the cross may show us that seeming failure is often the necessary step to the most eternal triumph.

“ It sounds so lovely what our fathers did,

* * * *

And what we do is, as it was to them,
Toilsome and incomplete.”

Toilsome ! but faith can lighten ; incomplete, but

God will finish it. Do not think that I have preached some stormy gospel of hero-worship, as though the few saints were everything, and we, the masses and the multitudes, are nothing. God's work is carried on by their work on us. They live, they work, they are blessed by the effects they are permitted to achieve in us. And remember there are, thank God, myriads of saints which the world never heard of. Their names are in no calendar; their graves are never visited; no lamp is kindled at their shrines; yet, in the midst of all this sin and sorrow, has God, in every society, preserved him His seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and every mouth that hath not kissed him. Strive we to be of these, the faithful who were not famous; and then our lives, however insignificant, will not have been in vain. Each grain of mica helps to build the mountain bastions; each coral insect has had his share in laying the bases of the continents; each drop in the rain-shower helps to fertilize the soil; each grain of sand upon the shore is taken up upon the wings of the wind to do its part as a barrier against the raging of the sea. If in life we can neither be saints nor heroes, yet we can delight in these and help them in carrying on God's work; the work of the very humblest among us may be necessary to make it clearer to all that come after us that "man was created for holiness as the trees of the forest for light;" that good and not evil is, and is to be, the law of our being; and that, if the course of all mankind as it sweeps across the universe from the great deep of nothing to the great deep of death, be a course from mystery to mystery, it is also a course from God to God.

And, therefore, to you, the students of Harvard, the voice of a stranger would fain speak the words of hope, of encouragement, of inspiration. Have you faith? Can you, without a pang, sacrifice pleasure to duty, the present to the future, the near to the distant, the world and all its interests for the cross and the reward of Christ? If you have such faith, were it but as a grain of mustard seed, you shall remove mountains. So did your fathers. It was faith which hung the lantern on the prow of Columbus as he crossed the stormy, terrible, unknown main. It was by faith that Captain John Smith "made justice in all his proceedings his first guide, and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, and pride more than all other dangers." By faith Bishop Berkeley made his home in a strange land. By faith a handful of outcasts planting their feet on Plymouth Rock, made it the corner-stone of a mighty kingdom. By faith William Penn founded the City of Brotherly Love. By faith John Eliot became the Apostle of the Indians. By faith David Brainerd wrote that he not only welcomed but desired a life of total renunciation. By faith Washington confronted all the imperial power of Britain. By faith Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. By faith Wesley and Whitefield flashed, into this continent also, the electric thrill of religious awakenment. By faith Channing showed alike the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love. By faith William Lloyd Garrison—disowned by intellect, cursed by trade, searched by malignity with candles, frowned on even by the nominal Church of God—rose up to teach their neglected, their forgotten duty, to the custom-sophisticated minds of twenty millions of his fel-

low-countrymen. By faith Abraham Lincoln called for a hundred thousand volunteers that there might nevermore be a slave in the country of the free. By faith these wrought and fought and overcame; slaying dragons, stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire. Your country needs a new enthusiasm. To whom but to you, her young men, shall she look to give it her? You are the trustees of posterity. On whom else shall she call to wake the deep slumber of careless opinions; to startle the torpor of an immoral acquiescence; to kindle burning aspirations; to set noble examples; to cleanse the Augean stables of politics and trade; to shame false ideals of life; to deepen the lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage; to make your Press nobler and less frivolous; to make the aims of society more earnest; to make homes pure; to make life simple; to defy the petty and arrogant tyrannies of the thing which calls itself public opinion; to trample on the base omnipotence of gold? She calls to you! Will you hear her voice, or will you, too, make, like the young ruler, the great refusal? Which do you desire—purity or corruption? wealth or nobleness? success or self-sacrifice? Which will you do?—will you be vulgar, and comfortable, and rich, and only half honest; or will you be men, God's chosen by election, God's servants by beneficence? Will you escape the average? Will you rise above the moral commonplace? Will you leave the world a little nobler, a little wiser, a little purer, a little better for your life? or will you, too, call evil good, and good evil, put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter? Will you, too, adopt current standards? Will you try to serve God and Mammon? Will you, trimming and

shuffling in the wake of popularity, follow the giddy and fluttering rag of Acheron, and be of those multitudes who die or ever they have truly lived?

If you take the nobler, the manlier choice, what shall we promise, what shall we offer you? Wealth? No! Success? No! The praise of men? No! But rather persecutions, oppositions, the beatitude of malediction. Yes! but with Christ's hundred-fold reward. "Behold I set before you this day life and death, blessing and cursing: choose life." When Garibaldi wanted volunteers after his defeat at Rome, he made the proclamation: "Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but rags, and hardship, and cold, and hunger. Let him that loves his country follow me." He said it, and the youth of Italy sprang to their feet to embrace his cause. Will you linger when Christ calls? Will you decline because He asks hard service? Nay, in God's war slackness is infamy. "Fight, fight, fight,"—they were the dying words of the holy and eloquent Ravignan—"fight, fight, fight in the battles of the Lord."

SERMON XIV.

PREACHED AT TRINITY CHURCH, CHICAGO, NOV. 15, 1885.

Ideals of Nations.

“Keep, therefore, and do them ; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.”—DEUT. iv. 6.

You will see from this verse that the fame and wisdom of Israel are to be tested solely by her obedience to the laws of God. For Israel, for England, for America, for every nation under the sun there is no other criterion. Mankind has many tests ; God has but one. If the ideal of the nation be righteous, she will be great and strong. If the ideal of the nation be base or evil, she will sooner or later perish in her iniquity, and become a hissing and by-word. That lesson you can learn very easily from Scripture, for, though modern religion has sometimes dwindled into a feeble rill of personal egotism, Scripture deals even more with men in masses than with men as individuals.

And the reason of this is, that in the history of na-

tions God writes more at large the meaning and the secrets of His providence. In our individual lives they are written in letters so much smaller that we cannot always decipher them, and often we have not had time to master their meaning until it has become too late to profit by them. But the history of nations, though it has less immediate interest for our selfishness, has this twofold importance: one, that every one of us individually contributes to the glory or the shame of the nation to which we belong; the other, that if we have no power to save our people from walking in evil paths, we can at least do something to elevate and restrain them, and to preserve in the midst of them a saved and saving remnant which is dear to God.

Let us, then, clearly and fully recognize that we have duties, not only as men, but as citizens. These duties require us to help our nation to the attainment of a true ideal. Is the ideal of our people, as expressed by its predominant aims and aspirations, a right or a wrong—is it a noble or base ideal? So far as it is a wrong ideal, can we help to amend it? So far as it is a right ideal, can we promote and further it?

1. The ideal of many nations has been delight in war. They have not cared to have any annals which were not written in blood. Such a people were the ancient Assyrians, of whom we read so much in Scripture. In the sculptures of their kings' palaces you may see how they exulted to portray themselves. Pass the huge portals, guarded by winged bulls, and lions with human faces, and on every wall you will see delineated people of frightful fierceness, defeating their enemies, swimming rivers, shattering fortresses, dashing cities

into potsherds, torturing and slaughtering their prisoners, sweeping from land to land like a devouring fire, while over their heads fly fierce spirits who protect and foster these cruelties, and eagles who carry in their claws the entrails of the slain. In the hall of Sargon that king has had himself represented stabbing and butchering his captives with his own hands. In the one domestic scene found among these sculpturings of horror and bloodshed (you may see it if you ever visit the British Museum of London), the son of Sennacherib is seated in a vine-clad arbor at a feast. Opposite to him is his queen among her maidens, and close behind the queen hangs from the branch of a palm tree a ghastly human head with an iron ring drawn through the lip. Such were the awful ornaments of queens' chambers in days of old. Well, did it prosper, this bloody city? Did it endure, this home of lions and of young lions, where the lion fed its whelps and strangled for his lioness, and filled his dens with raven? Read the prophet Nahum for answer, and you will see how soon it passed away in fire and sword amid the wrath and hatred of the nations. And did war-loving Egypt fare better? We see her triumphant dynasts sweeping into battle amid the serried ranks of her numberless archers; we read pompous enumeration of the victories of her Ramises; but Egypt snapped like one of her own river reeds before the might of Persia, and the fellahen scooped their millstones out of the face of Ramises, the most colossal statue in the world. We ask, then, is the ideal of England, is the ideal of America, a war ideal? Thank God, the two nations, which are one nation, may plead not guilty to that charge. War

is not the ideal of England. We look back with no vaunting, but yet with pride, to the names of Crecy and Agincourt, of Blenheim, and Ramilles, of Talavera, and Waterloo, of Alma and Inkerman ; but enough of such victorious names, and more than enough are blazoned upon our flags. We do not drain our resources by bloated armaments. There is no need that we should be reminded of the horrors, the agonies, the crimes of war. The nation will never draw her sword without necessity ; never without a deep reluctance which cannot impeach a tried courage, but which will show a just cause of awful responsibility. Nor is war the ideal of America. You have shown to the world a striking demonstration that mighty nations can be governed and can be safe, and can be formidable without standing armies. At the wave of the hand your host of a million men sprang to its feet in the war of North and South. At a wave of the hand, like the men of Roderick Dhu, they sank out of sight. You seized the sword in the cause of liberty. You laid it aside when that was won. "The sword," after all, "is but a hideous flash in the darkness. Right is an eternal ray."

2. But there has been another ideal of nations : not war, but glory ; not the tyranny and vengeance of armies, but their pomp and fame. This, until she learned wisdom by bitterly humiliating experience, was the ideal of France. When Napoleon blasted the fields of Europe, as with the blaze of some flaming heath, he indulged freely in the empty vanity of dictating frivolous orders about the opera at Paris, from the palaces of Vienna and Berlin. To the impulses of a limitless ambition he sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives.

“Tyrant,” said an inscription on the famous column in the Place Vendôme—that column which was deemed so glorious that Louis Napoleon said it was worth to him more than a hundred thousand votes—“Tyrant, if the blood that you have shed should be collected in this square, you might drink of it without stooping your lips.” And what came of that loud-echoing, flaming, blood-stained path of the first Napoleon ?

It left France poorer, feebler, more burdened, more wretched than before. It sapped the very life-blood of the people, which was poured forth like water to feed the laurels of fruitless triumph, and yet France did not learn the lesson. The scenes of the Franco-German war are still in our recollection ; the vain warning of Mexico ; the plain signs of a decrepitude and a disorganization, which, by the confession of her own greatest men, were the natural fruits of infidelity and corruption ; the braggart throngs who swaggered through the streets of Paris “à Berlin ;” the exploded statesman who entered into the war with a light heart ; the theatric, “not a stone of our fortresses ; not an inch of our territories ;” the scenes at Strasburg and Metz ; the immeasurable humiliation of Sedan ; the reduction of the exiled emperor to a despised broken idol ; the absolute surrender of Alsace and Lorraine, all culminating the other day in the ignominious steaming of the French fleet out of the Bay of Alexandria. Alas ! it was an infinite collapse of that inflated bubble of glory. Do we say these things by way of boast over a fallen rival ? God forbid. It is not our temptation to say, “Aha !” in any glad spirit when nations fall from high estate. Nay, we pray with all our hearts, and with perfect

friendliness, that France may spring from her ashes on wings of a better wisdom, a purer faith. But to this false ideal again we in England and you in America may boldly plead not guilty. That poor, delusive word, glory, occurs again and again in the dispatches of Napoleon ; I am not sure that it occurs so much as once in the dispatches of Washington or of Wellington. And this is what Wellington wrote on the eve of Waterloo: "I cannot express the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the heavy loss I have sustained. Believe me, nothing except a battle lost is so terrible as a battle won. The glory arising from such actions is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it has any consolation to you." Yes, he sought but duty's iron crown,

"And not once or twice in our fair island's story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

A nation which follows glory follows a Will-o'-the-wisp, which flutters over the marshes of death ; the nation which follows duty has its eye fixed on the Polar star.

3. Again many nations—in the East, from natural selfishness and indolence of temperament ; in the West from preposterous letter worship of the Bible—have cherished the grovelling idea of absolutism ; the crawling at the foot of some royal house, the deification of some human divinity. So it was under the cruel, blood-poisoned despotism of Asia. So it was under the wicked, deified Cæsars. So it was for whole cycles in China. So it was, until quite recently, in Russia ; and so, at one time—one can only blush to say it—the clergy tried to make it at the most calamitous period of our history under the Stuarts in England. From this de-

based notion that mankind has no nobler destiny than to be made the footstool for a few families ; that kings have a right divine to govern wrong ; that nations ought to deliver themselves bound hand and foot to the arbitrary caprice of autocrats ; from this degraded misuse of texts by an ignorant and time-serving clergy, thank God, the blood, and the good sense, and the God-fearing manhood, and the mighty passion for liberty in the breasts of our fathers saved us. We have done forever with that dismal and most degrading of epochs—the day of servitude without loyalty, and sensualism without love ; when, as the historian says, the government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute, and when the principles of liberty were the scoff of every time-server and fool. Yes. Thanks to the thought, and the courage which God had put into the hearts of a Hampden, and a Cromwell ; thanks to

“The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington, Young, Vane,
And others who called Milton friend,”

that false ideal based on systems which would have made the Bible the bulwark of an uncontrollable tyranny is past. Cæsarism, autocracy, Napoleonism is, for us and for you, impossible forever. When you fought against us in the war of independence, you were fighting us in the spirit which you drew from our own English blood. You were reteaching us the lesson which our fathers had taught to you. The blessing has come to us both.

“ Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,

The work is ours ; the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom."

4. Other nations again, many of them, have had as their ideal the gaining of wealth. For a nation is but the aggregate of its sons, and the love of money, that mammon-worship which, as Scripture again and again tells us, cannot coincide with the service of God, has been the snare of countless individuals. Of all false gods, the lowest spirit that fell is Mammon, who, with the most hypocritical meekness, assumes the air of injured innocence and perfect respectability ; even though he transform himself into an angel of light, even though he hide the heart of the demon under the ephod of the saint, like all false gods, Mammon is the curse of all who put their trust in him. He was the god of ancient Babylon, of ancient Tyre, of declining Rome, and of mediæval Spain. "If the King of Mexico has any gold," said Cortes, "let him send it to us, for I and my companions have a disease of the heart which is cured by gold." Yes, and it was this disease of the heart which drove the conquerors of Peru and Mexico to their careers of shameless atrocity. But if our pleasant vices are ever made the instrument to punish us, from the deep-vaulted mine springs the pale fiend Avarice, with a whip of scorpions in hand. It was the insatiable greed, as well as the inquisitorial bigotry of the Spaniard, which, most of all, moved the fury of England—the predestined scourge of that haughty, cruel, and avaricious power. The sun of Athens did not sink more surely in the Bay of Syracuse, than the glory of Spain sank with her Armada on the rocky shores of England. And that

God may save His world from endless corruption, so it ever will and must be with every nation which takes to the worship of "Covetousness, lady of ignoble competition and of deadly care, of ignoble victory, builder of streets in the city of ignoble ease." What has this material wealth, the only kind of wealth which we recognize, the only kind of wealth which Scripture either will not recognize at all, or only with intense warnings? What has it ever done for man or for nations? "Was ever any nation the better for having coffers full of gold? Look into the history of any civilized nation, analyzed with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives of thousands of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is concentrated into this. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve in Christ—they sell Him." Now, in the common name of England and America, we have pleaded not guilty to the other false idols. Can we also plead not guilty to this? I fear not. I fear that we are guilty of it in all ranks down to the poorest; guilty of it as individuals, and guilty of it as nations. The growth and habit of luxury, the multiplication of things which are falsely deemed necessary for life, the deepening cleft between capital and labor, the more and more glaring contrast between the ever-breeding thousands and boundless superfluities of the affluent rich and the cramping misery and ingrained envy of the poor; the toleration in great cities of infamous streets full of rotting and fever-causing habitations; the all but total absence of the conception that each one is the steward, and not the owner, of what we have;

that wealth is a talent intrusted to us for God's service, not a gift heaped on us for our own aggrandizement; the hard clutch and grip of that selfishness which has never so much as tasted the bliss of doing habitual kindness to those that lack; the proofs everywhere of a passion for amassing money, which gloats, like the rich fool in the parable, over its much goods laid up for many days. Ah, when we are content with all this, are we never afraid of that awful doom which crashed upon the confidence of sensual and self-congratulating ease? "Thou fool! this night—this night they shall require of thee thy soul!" There is no sin in the winning of wealth; no sin in the possession of wealth; but there is sin—sin which benumbs all nobleness as with a torpedo-touch—sin which envenoms all spirituality of soul as with a serpent's sting, in the worship of wealth; in the trusting in wealth; in the passionate desire for wealth; in the base idolatry of wealth; in unworthy means of acquiring wealth; in the selfish accumulation of wealth; in the selfish squandering of wealth; in the measuring by wealth, whether in dollars or in pounds, of the worth and success of life. "Despise the glare of wealth," said Joseph Hancock in Boston a hundred years ago. "Break asunder with noble disdain the chains with which the Philistines have bound you." Ah, if the life of England and of America become ever real enough to be guided by the Lord, to whom we profess a lip allegiance, let us judge of these things not by the smooth tongue of convention, but by the plain words of Christ. Riches may increase and may be a blessing if we employ them nobly; if we set not our heart upon them; if we use them as the wise men used

them who gave to Christ their gold and frankincense and myrrh ; if we use them as Joanna, the wife of Chuza, used them, to minister to Him and His ; if we bring them, as Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea brought them, to His cross ; if we bestow them as Barnabas bestowed them to help the needs of His struggling church. We in England have had some instances of a princely magnanimity in millionaires, and you in America yet more. On the slab in Westminster Abbey, whereunder lay for a time the mortal remains of George Peabody, is carved his daily prayer to the Giver of all wealth, that He would enable him before he died to render some conspicuous service to his fellow-men. Such examples are blessed ; would that they were multiplied a hundred-fold. And blessed, too, in these days is every example which illustrates how few and simple are the real needs of life ; every example, whether of the rich or of the struggling, which pours silent contempt on the divinity of gold. “ For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies ; but it shall be the nobler lot of these to clothe nations in spontaneous mourning, and to go to the grave among the benedictions of the poor.”

Let England then, and let America, learn that swollen fortunes and material prosperity are no signs of a nation's strength. Pagan Rome was never so strong as when her dictators came from the ploughshare, never so weak as when in her colossal wealth she had scarcely a freeman left. In the Middle Ages, Papal Rome stood raking into chests the countless gold of her jubilee, just before she endured her most humiliating disgrace. Spain was dropping to pieces in the rottenness of in-

ward decay just when all the gold of the New World was flowing like the tide of La Plata into the treasury of her kings. Oh, let us learn that the country's wealth means a country's weal, and that does not consist in gold, but in the justice, the mercy, the temperance, in the strong, pure hearts of her sons and daughters. Without these wealth may be but a sign of inward weakness, just as the gorgeous conflagration of your autumnal woods is but the precursor of their barrenness and the proof of their decay.

5. Once more, as some nations have had a false idea of absolutism, many, and especially modern nations, have had a false idea of liberty. There is no ideal more grand and inspiring than that of true freedom. But what is freedom? It is the correlative of order. It is the function of righteousness. Freedom is self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

“August obedience by the world denied
Is God's economy to make us free.”

Liberty is not the liberty to do wrong unrebuked. It is not to do as we wish, but as we ought. It is not to follow impulses of appetite, but to listen to the dictates of reason. It is not to rend, like the demoniac among the tombs of Gadara, the beneficent features of just restraint, but to sit at the Lord's feet clothed, and in our right mind. To be free, for instance, is not synonymous with infinite facilities for drunkenness, or robbery, or wrong. To be free, as Milton said, is the same thing as to be pious, to be temperate, and to be magnanimous.

“He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.”

The description “everybody” did that which was right

in his own eyes, which is rapidly becoming a national ideal, is a description not of heroic freedom, but of modern anarchy. Man's liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors. I look on nothing as more menacing in the whole position of our race than the growth through all classes, the growth which is most disastrous to all in our barracks and schools and universities, of this base and ignorant notion that a man ought to be free to do what he likes. It seems to me a drying up of the very spring of national nobleness. It was in the days of the slave trade, when, as we are told, the loudest yelps for liberty always came from the drivers of the negroes. "Would you interfere with the liberty of the subject?" sneers the economist to the material reformer. No! But if the liberty of one subject is to mean the slavery of ten thousand I would trample the liberty of that subject into the dust. I would trample every vested interest or sham-vested interest into the dust which exists only for the blight and ruin of mankind.

I would have no trees among us, which ought only to grow in that thicket of the Inferno, where the trees are the souls of self-destroyers, on whose grim branches the Harpies build their nests. Let us not confuse liberty with license; with demagogism; with the anarchy of the socialist; with the undetected tyranny of rings; with the wire-pulling of the interested; with the shout of the noisiest; with the tyranny of the strongest; with the violent silencing of the voices of the wise and reasonable few; with that dead level of envious mediocrity in which every molehill is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree. We do not want the liberty of the Reign of

Terror with its lullaby the Carmagnole, its toy the guillotine, nor of the Parisian Commune, with cities shattered with dynamite, or blazing with petroleum. "That a good man to be free, as we call it," said Carlyle, "and to be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him and to those about him, but that a man be free to be permitted to unfold himself in his particular way is contrariwise the fatalest curse you can inflict upon him, a curse and notwithstanding less to him and to all his neighbors. Him the very heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, to compel him to something of well-doing, and if you absolutely cannot, the only blessing left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to." Liberty cannot be had but at the price of eternal vigilance. The wise and the refined must not shrink with cowardly fastidiousness from the effort to keep it pure. Nations must have courage enough and nerve enough to put down every form of crime, whether respectable or disreputable, every crime whether plated with gold or clothed in rags, with the infliction of stern, swift, and wholesome penalties. Liberty is no true liberty if she suffers the cheat, or the officer, or the treacherous invader of her own prerogatives to find inviolable refuge under the shadow of her shield. She is false to her mighty beneficence if she deal not with the unblushing, multitudinous immorality of the states which spring up under her shelter, if she does not trample out of existence the hot-beds of temptation. Woe to the nation which is not fearlessly faithful enough to grapple with its own vice and its own corruption. Woe to the nation which has become too feebly timid to repress infamy, too morally perplexed to scourge the back of crime. Let

the hands of every man who stands erect, every man and woman in God's sacramental altar tear down from its pedestal the brazen image of such a spurious freedom and break it into pieces. Call it nehushtan, a thing of brass, nor suffer men to exclaim in anger: "Oh Freedom, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

To conclude, then, what should be the one and only true ideal of each nation, if it would indeed be a wise and understanding people? Let the frivolous sneer and the faithless deride, but there is only one such ideal. It is duty. It is righteousness. It is the law of Sinai. It is the law of Christ. It is purity of life. It is honesty of trade. It is absolute allegiance to truth. It is the inviolable sanctity of the marriage law. There is a law above all the enactments of human gods, the same in all times. It is the law written by the finger of God upon the hearts of men, and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise, fear, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the delusion that any iniquity and any idolatry can ever be anything to man or to nations but a ruin and a curse. If a nation be not the uplifter of this power of righteousness, it is predestined to ultimate in an irretrievable ruin. The heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, but where they strove to rear their Babels in opposition to His eternal will, God shall send forth His voice and the earth shall melt away. "For glory," said Oliver Cromwell to the men of England, "you glory in the ditch which guards your shores; I tell you that your ditch will not save you if you do not reform yourselves." It is no less true of America, I have said before; I say again, she may be the enlightener of the

nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world, but should the day ever come when she shall choose to spread a table to fortune, or to enshrine Mammon upon her altars; should her commerce become dishonest, her press debased, her society frivolous, her religion a tradition and a sham, then, though the double ocean sweep her illimitable shores, their waves shall but flash to future generations a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge. The Bible is still the best hand-book of the worthy citizen, for it teaches us many truths which make nations strong and keep them so. It will teach us firmness in the appointed, inscrutable law of human life, and in the great race of mankind we must hand down to future generations a brighter and ever brighter torch of knowledge and of love. It will teach us to know man simply as man, and to regard all men, from the highest to the lowest, as absolutely equal before the bar of justice; equally under the stroke of her sword, equally under the shadow of her shield. It will teach us that always and invariably the unjust and immoral practices of this class must be put down in the interests of the community, and that the interests of the community are subordinate always to those of the entire people. And it will teach us that the true glory of nations lies not in the splendid misery of war, but in the dissemination of honorable happiness and encouragement of greatness, and the suppression of vice; and it will teach us that the true wealth of a nation is not in gold and silver, but in the souls of strong, contented, and self-respecting men; and it will teach us that the true freedom of a nation lies not in the anarchic right of licensed temptation and unrestricted

facilities for crime, but in the bonds of a material obedience deeply cherished by the good, but inexorably enforced on all the bad. When statesmen and nations have learned these lessons they will not be long in learning others. Nations will aim at only such conditions of life and government as shall make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong. They will see that politics, no less than individual conduct, have no other rule than the law of God. Statesmen will not toil for reward. They will not count on praise. They will hold allegiance to the loftiest ideal of godliness to be far dearer than claims of party and all the glories of place. Like Edmund Burke, they will bring to politics a terror of crime, a deep humanity, a keen sensibility, a singular vivacity and sincerity of consciousness. Like Sir Robert Peel, they will, amid all the fortunes of their career, be able to turn from the storm without to the sunshine of the approving heart within. Like Washington and Lincoln, they will be just and fear not, putting their trust in God. They will not be afraid to cut against the grain of godless prejudice. They will not be sophisticated by the prudential maxims of an immoral acquiescence. They will sweeten with words of justice and gentleness the conflicts of party. They will be quick to the encouragement of virtue. They will be fixed and fearless, and all the strong and God-fearing men and women, and all the pure and noble, all the bright youth, will help them to be inviolable, inexorable in the suppression and extirpation, so far as the powers of government can do it, of all apostacy from the eternal laws of God. Happy are the people that are in such a cause. Blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God.

ADDRESS I.

OPENING ADDRESS AT THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE,
OCTOBER 1, 1885.

Modern Education: its Sphere and its Aims.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

I REGARD it as a high honor that I should have been invited to deliver the opening address of this session at the Johns Hopkins University. Your country is honorably distinguished for great institutions founded by private munificence, and none of these institutions is, I am informed, more prosperous or more productive of great results than the University whose members I have the honor to address. It was founded in the interest of that sound learning which may itself be made no small element in religious education. May I not apply to it the words of your great American orator: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to the dust; but if we work upon immortal

minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and love of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten and brighten to all eternity."

1. No one can read the reports and programmes of your University without being at once struck with the fact that you, like Lord Bacon, take for your province the whole range of human knowledge. You do not indeed formally teach the science of Theology. You assume no religious name, you wear no ecclesiastical badge; but I observe that even theology and church history have been included in your public lectures. You are, as your President has observed, united in the search for truth and the maintenance of faith. Successive generations of American youths are here taught

"To sit, self-governed, in the fiery prime
Of youth, obedient at the feet of law."

And though free from sectarian bias, you have ever desired this University to be pervaded by the spirit of enlightened Christianity. God has many Bibles—nature, law, history, the mind and thoughts of man. You neglect none of them. Psychology reveals to you the nature and the limitations of the thinking mind. In the domain of History you examine the records of all nations in all ages. In the domain of Law you study the codes and the customs of every branch of mankind. In Mathematics you do not shrink from the most abstruse researches. You look on Art as a revealer and interpreter of nature. In Science your professors teach

“ Something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the shell, the fish, the flower.
Electric, chemic laws.”

We may apply to your lecturers the words of Ovid :

“ Cumque animo et vigili perspexerat omnia cura,
In medium discenda dabat . . .
Et rerum causas et quid Natura docebat,
Quid Deus.”

They teach about the works of Nature; they lead through Nature up to Nature's God.

2. We are apt to become so familiar with the progress of our own generation that we take its most distinctive phenomena as the merest matter of course. And yet to the elder among us the exhaustiveness which marks the curriculum of your University is nothing less than a memorable sign of the times. I do not suppose that, fifty years ago, any such University existed in any country of the English-speaking race. In England, at any rate, I can recall the by no means distant day when the whole of a boy's education was practically confined to that branch of education which was known as “the Classics.” English education at the public schools consisted solely of the study of the Greek and Latin tongues. It was a training which neglected some of the powers of all minds, and, what was far worse, all the powers of some minds. A multitude of boys, with aptitudes for many noble acquirements, were suffered to grow up in an ignorance which would have been ludicrous if it had not been deplorable—an ignorance limitless and unfathomable; an ocean without a bottom and without a shore. It was a system under which boys

like Samuel Parr grew up as little prodigies, but boys like Humphry Davy and Walter Scott grew up as little dunces. It was a system which tried to treat the plastic clay like the unyielding marble, and to give the same lustre to the diamond and to the chalk. It was a system under which bright English lads—human material which was both intellectually and physically among the finest in the world—grew up in ignorance of all history, even of their own history, though it is a history of ever-broadening freedom; and of all literature, even of their own, though it is without a parallel in all the world; ignorant also of every modern language, of every conceivable branch of science, of every faculty and method of observation, and even of everything best worth knowing in the two ancient languages to which all things else were so ruthlessly sacrificed. Within living memory the head master of a great English public school made it rather a subject of boast to his head pupils that he had no conception where Elis was. It is not the least exaggeration to say that seven or eight of the brightest and most impressionable years of life were spent over Greek and Latin by the majority of boys, and ended in their *not* acquiring the inflections of a single Greek verb, and in not attaining the power to write even the most incorrect and impossible couplet of elegiac verse; while many, on the other hand, who were regarded as comparatively successful, could only write Latin prose which—when it was not a mere mosaic of borrowed phrases—would have made Quintilian stare and gasp, and Greek iambs at which I will not say a Theognis, but even an Athenian school-boy, would have died of laughing. When I was first appointed one

of the masters at Harrow School, some thirty years ago, this system was still in full vogue, with but slight concessions to mathematics and modern languages ; and I shall always remember with pride that, amid much obloquy and opposition, I gave lectures at the London Royal Institution, the Birmingham Institute, and other places, which helped in their small measure to give it its death-blow. At that time there was scarcely a single public school in England in which many hours were not devoted, every week, by every boy alike, to the fantastic folly of writing verses in languages of which they had not mastered the merest elements. Now there is scarcely a single school at which this absurd system still continues to linger on. Then there was scarcely a single school which could boast of a master in science ; now even the humblest schools would be ashamed to be without one. Even the Universities were but little better. At Cambridge mathematics flourished, and the Classical Tripos tested a knowledge of Greek and Latin almost exclusively as languages ; at Oxford mathematics were only studied by a small minority, and the Schools tested a knowledge of Greek and Latin almost exclusively as literature. Happily, in the last thirty years, we have changed all that. At present at our Universities, as at yours, due honor is accorded to every branch of human knowledge.

3. Let me say at once that I should stamp myself as a barbarian—or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold prefers to call it, a Philistine—if I felt any hostility or implied any dislike toward the classical studies in which a great part of my youth and manhood have been happily passed. All that I strove to do in past days was to

break down the dominant tyranny, the absolute autocracy of classical training ; not by any means to disparage it altogether. For many minds, at any rate,

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

If History and Literature must always rank among the most indispensable instruments of education, then certainly we shall never be able to throw aside altogether the study of those two languages which were spoken by the two noblest of the ancient nations, because they enshrine a history and a literature which are of all others the most instructive to mankind. Perhaps you will think that, having once commented severely on classical studies, I now turn round and eulogize them—like the poet Stesichorus, who, after writing contumeliously about Helen of Troy, was compelled by her wrathful phantom to write a palinode. Such, however, is not the case. I should urge as strongly as I ever did, that classical education should never be exclusive, but I should always plead with equal earnestness that it should never be excluded.

4. Nay more, the ancient languages are now studied so thoroughly that I would deprecate the application of the word “science” to none but physical inquiries. There are two worlds—the world of nature and the world of man ; but man controls nature, and nature includes man. In other words, the comprehension of the laws of nature involves a study not only of things and their forces, but also of men and their ways ; and if man would be a worthy lord of creation he must not only learn its laws, but also fashion his soul in harmony with their teaching. We cannot do without the

experience of the world as it has been enshrined for all time in its noblest literature. We are the children of the past. It lives and throbs through every fibre of our present. "Our finest hope is finest memory." There is no error so dangerous to humanity as that of trying to divorce and dis sever ourselves from those who have gone before us. The answer of the old Carthusian monk to the trifler who asked him how he got through his time was, as Arnold has reminded us, both beautiful and wise: *Cogitavi dies antiquos et annos aeternos in mente habui*—I have considered the days of old and the years of ancient times.

5. The exclusive despotism of the Greek and Latin in education was due, in fact, to their inherent powers. It was a survival of the Renaissance. The glorious literature of Hellas and of Rome shone like a new dawn, burst like a new life, flowed in like a freshening and vernal breeze upon minds long darkened by the dreariness of scholasticism and cramped in the iron net-work of the feudal system. You may estimate the force of that Renaissance—of that new birth—by the impulse which it gave to the genius of men like Bacon and Shakespeare, and by the passion felt by scholars of that day for classical learning. Mr. Browning's brilliant poem, *The Grammarian's Funeral*, illustrates the force and fervor of that passion. Erasmus studied by moonlight, because he could not afford a penny to buy a torch. Queen Elizabeth answered a learned deputation both in Latin and in Greek, and, as Roger Ascham tells us, studied Socrates and Sophocles, no young student at a University more daily or more dully. Lady Jane Grey—

“Seventeen, a rose of grace,
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose,
Rose never blew that equalled such a bud”—

knew eight languages, and preferred the pages of Plato's *Phædo* to the exhilaration of the chase. Grammar schools, of which Harrow and Rugby and Westminster are noble specimens, sprang up all over the country, and presented two features of special interest. One was the mixture of all classes; the other was the devotion to the classic languages. The school at which I was first taught as a little child illustrated both peculiarities. It went by the long-disused name of “The Latin School,” and I recall with pleasure that in that school I was taught on the same benches, and sat side by side with boys taken from all, and even from the humblest, grades of society.

6. It is, then, an additional distinction to your University that, among so many professors and instructors, you also have eminent professors of Greek and Latin. An immense and narrowing fallacy lay under the famous remarks of Mr. Richard Cobden, that a single copy of the *Times* was of more value to a modern Englishman than the history of Thucydides, and that it was unimportant to know much about the river Ilyssus, because he had seen the Athenian laundresses washing their clothes in it. The *Times* newspaper has its own useful function, but we do not hear in it that voice of the Sibyl, which, as Herodotus says, “uttering things simple and unperfumed and unadorned reaches through innumerable years, because of God.” The Ilyssus, after all, is of more importance to civilized mankind than the Yenisei or the Obi. Bigness is not greatness. Attica

is greater than Warwickshire, though only the same size; and "Abana and Pharpar lucent streams," the rivers of Damascus are not better than all the waters of Israel, though they are broader and more deep.

7. Consider, for instance, the unparalleled beauty and grandeur of Greek and Latin merely as languages. It is many years since I read the eulogium pronounced upon them by H. N. Coleridge, but I still recall some of his expressions. "Greek," he says, "the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race; as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility; of indefatigable strength; with words like pictures; with words like the gossamer threads of the summer; to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded; at once the sunlight and breadth of Homer, the gloom and intensity of Æschylus; not fathomed to the depth by Plato; not compressed to the utmost by Thueydides; not lighted up with all its ardor, nor rolling with all its thunder, even under the promethean touch of Demosthenes. And Latin, the voice of empire and of law, of war and of the state; stamped with the impress of an imperious and despotizing republic; rigid in its constructions, parsimonious in its synonyms; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of natures, not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the race and not the tenets of the schools; tried to the utmost by Virgil, and by him found wanting; yielding reluctantly to the flowery yoke of Horace; exhibiting glimpses of Greek-like splendor in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; but still one and the same in character, whether handled by the genial and discursive Livy, by the refined and haughty Sallust,

by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus." The eulogy is not exaggerated. In their synthetic perfection Greek and Latin are among the grandest languages known to man; and though it is not necessary that all should master them, no great system of education can ever neglect this most priceless possession, which Providence has preserved for the human race from the wrecks of barbarism and decay.

8. It is needless to dwell on the obvious fact that these perfect languages, enshrining magnificent literatures, have been enriched by consummate artists with some of the finest gems of thought—

“Which on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.”

It may be more to the purpose to observe that their dominance was not a brief one. Each lasted in its glory for more than a thousand years. Greek is not only the language of Homer and Hesiod, of Æschylus and Sophocles, of Plato and Aristotle, but also of the late and noble Stoics, of the glorious slave Epictetus, of the holy emperor Marcus Aurelius. It is the language not only of Demosthenes in the Pnyx, but of St. Paul on the Areopagus. It is the language also of Revelation and of the Fathers. In it the New Testament was first written, and the Old Testament was first translated. In it Philo as well as Heraclitus philosophized. In it St. Chrysostom as well as Socrates preached. And Latin is not only the language of Ennius and Virgil, but also of Augustine and Jerome. It was the medium of communication between scholars for many generations. It is the language of legislators,

from the Twelve Tables down to William the Conqueror ; of theology, from Tertullian to Thomas Aquinas. It is the language of the Reformation—of Melancthon's *Loci Communes*, and of Calvin's *Institutes*. It is the language of Freedom—alike of the Magna Charta and of Milton's *Defensio*. It is even the language of Science. In Latin were first written the *De Orbium Revolutionibus* of Copernicus ; and the *Novum Organum* of Bacon ; and the *De Martis Stellá* of Kepler ; and the *Principia* of Newton ; and the *Systema Naturae* of Linnæus ; and the *Exercitationes de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis* of Harvey. You will see, then, the vast realms which these languages cover. Greek is the key to the temples of religion, no less than to the gardens of the Hesperides. And Latin will introduce you not only to

“The forum where immortal actions glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns of Cicero,”

but also to the laboratories of science and the courts of law. Neither of them is in reality a dead language. If you can read Thucydides, you can read Anna Comnena, or Tricoupi, or a modern Greek newspaper. If you can read Latin, it will cost you scarcely an effort to read also Italian, Spanish, and French. It may be said then of these languages, as truly as poetically, that “their fruits are the fruits of nepenthe, and their flowers are flowers of amaranth.”

9. An immense service has, however, been rendered to the whole cause of education by that indefinite widening of the curriculum which recognizes that the best Greek and Latin scholar who ever lived is but indif-

ferently educated if amid the dread magnificence of the unintelligent creation, and the deepening knowledge of living organisms, and the exquisite inventions of applied science, which have multiplied a million-fold the natural powers of man, he has been suffered to grow up in ignorance of the laws of nature. He is but imperfectly educated if he knows nothing of the earth's orbit; of the sun which rules our system; of the moon which sways the tides; of the sea which, hour by hour, refreshes the world with its lustral ebb and flow; of the Gulf-stream which warms our coasts; of the steady trade-winds which swell our sails:—if he has heard nothing of the melting fire, the rushing waters, the variegated marble, the yielding clay; nothing of the trees of the Lord which are full of sap, even the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted; nothing of thunder and lightning, of rain and dew, of snow and hoar-frost, of the rainbow and the mirage, of the pressure, the buoyancy, and the elasticity of the invisible, bright air. This is the very age of science and of progress. The thirteenth century may boast the name of Roger Bacon, the fifteenth that of Columbus, the sixteenth of Vesalius, the seventeenth of Galileo, the eighteenth of Newton, but assuredly the nineteenth has as yet been unsurpassed. The whole of civilization has in this century sped forward with amazing development. Groups of log huts have grown into immense cities; savage islands of cannibal chieftains have become emporiums of commerce; the most trackless depths of virgin forests have heard the scream of the steam-engine; isthmuses have been cut through; mountains have been tunnelled; vast fens and barren moors, drained and cultivated, have

rolled with billows of golden corn. Was education alone to be stationary? Was she alone to remain ignorant of the precious secrets which nature had been forced to unclinch from her granite hand? Truly, as Dr. Arnold said, "there is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as this strain to keep things fixed when all the world is, by the very law of its creation, in eternal progress; and the course of all the evils in the world can be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve."

10. It is impossible, therefore, not to read with peculiar satisfaction the long, the varied, the splendid list of subjects which this University teaches—subjects each of which is sufficient to inspire the devotion of a lifetime. There can be no mind so peculiarly constituted as not to find scope here for its capacities. The minds of men radically differ. There are those who, like the late Dean Stanley, find their main delight in studying the history and the thoughts of men. There are others who, like the late President of the Royal Society, breathe most easily the empyrean of abstract conceptions, and for whom the cold mountain-heights of reason have sufficient charm, without one sunbeam of imagination to brighten them. An Oxford scholar is said to have remarked that he had glanced through the six books of Euclid, and did not think that there was much in him. A Cambridge Senior Wrangler is reported to have said that he had read the *Paradise Lost*, and could not see that it proved anything. But it is not necessary to quote instances which are probably mythical. I once received a letter from the late Charles Darwin, in which he told

me that, as a boy, he was under a great scholar—Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury—but had never learned anything at school, except what he taught himself, in private chemical experiments; and when this came to the head master's ears, instead of encouraging him, he was very angry, and called him before the whole form a *poco curante*, which, as he did not know what it meant, must (he thought) be something very dreadful. Clearly, minds which are so differently constituted and so differently endowed ought not to be stretched on the Procrustean bed of one unvarying curriculum. St. Bernard was so unobservant, so full of mystic contemplation, that he rides all day along the Lake of Geneva, and in the evening asks where the lake was. Linnæus, on the other hand, was so keenly alive to the works of nature, that he falls upon his knees under the open day to thank God for a field ablaze with the glory of golden gorse. Salmasius fills folio pages with dissertations about the silks, half-silks, and linen garments of the ancients, while he knows nothing of the commonest trades of Dijon and of Lyons. His rival, Milton, writes immortal verse, and helps to make England free. Alexander Castrèn, a philologist of a noble order, though in delicate health, travels alone in his sledge along the coasts of the Polar Sea, and lives for months in the greasy huts of the Samojets to learn their dialects. Conrad Sprengel lies all day long beside a single flower to convince himself that its fertilization is solely effected by the visits of insects. Bernard de Jussieu tracks the fertilizing pollen of a pistachio over miles of streets and gardens. Lord Monboddo in the preface to his *Origin of Language*, being exclusively interested in that sub-

ject, speaks with intense scorn of entomologists like Réaumur, who had written in six quarto volumes the history of flies with two wings and flies with four wings, with a supplement to the history of flies with two wings, and yet had not professed to produce a history of insects, but only contributions to such a history. It would be easy to collect passages from literature which thus express the scorn of men's mutual ignorance; but mankind is now beginning to perceive that it is as dangerous to neglect the study of nature as to neglect the study of mind. The fertility of continents, the food of populations, even the health and happiness of mankind, may be dependent on the observations of naturalists who study flowers, and aphides, and entozoa, at least as much as on the minutiae of those learned philologists who trace

“A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home and hunt it in the dark,
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.”

11. Clearly, then, at every ideal University time must be found for the study of the whole circle of the sciences; and, as I have endeavored to point out the educational value of philology, you will perhaps pardon me if I venture to trespass a little longer upon your time, and to show how transcendent are the claims of science to occupy a large share in all schemes of human education.

i. First, I would mention the delight of it. God has placed us in a world where we can admire

“The beauty, and the wonder, and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises, and God made it all.”

From this world we can look up into the overarching heaven, and see lucid openings into the pure, deep empyrean. It is simply impossible to estimate the difference in the degrees of happiness registered by the mind of the one who goes through life with the seeing eye and the hearing ear, and one who is deaf and blind to the glories and melodies of the planet which God has made his dwelling-place. There is no mistake more irreparable in the training of the human soul for happiness in the world around it than the permitting the powers of observation to atrophy from lack of use. The man of science has as much right to say as the artist or the poet,

“The world’s no blank for me ;
No blot ;—it means intently, and means good.”

ii. And secondly, this delight in observation is accompanied with the most direct usefulness. It is amazing to think how much the world may gain from simply noticing the most common facts, and endeavoring to grasp their significance. Many of the world’s great discoveries are attributed to accident, but such accidents happen only to the most trained and observant mind. Nature may delight us all with her innocent enchantments, but she only opens her richest treasures to the followers of Hercules, the earnest and laborious searchers after truth. It is only to a Newton that the fall of an apple reveals that the parabola of a comet and the dropping of a roseleaf are effects of one and the same causes, and that

“The very law which moulds a tear,
And keeps it trickling in its source,
The same preserves the world its sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.”

It is only to a Watts that the condensation of steam from a kettle or the bowl of a teaspoon was the dawning inspiration of the steam-engine. It is only to a Galvani that the twitching of a frog's leg, when touched by a scalpel which had been in contact with an electrical machine, becomes the birth-throe of a new science. Galileo, when but a boy, saw the bronze lamp swing in the cathedral at Pisa, and measuring its rhythmic oscillation by the beating of his pulse, discovers the isochronism of the pendulum, which leads to the most splendid discoveries of a splendid life. The children of a spectacle maker at Middleborough play with lenses, and we soon get the telescope and the microscope. Huyghens notices that a piece of Iceland spar divides a beam of light so as to cause a double refraction, and we have a new means for discovering the deepest secrets of the stars. Malus develops some of the most brilliant facts of polarization after amusing himself by looking through a piece of spar at the reflection of a gorgeous sunset on the windows of the Luxembourg. Hundreds of discoveries have been made in similar ways, and they might perhaps have been anticipated by centuries if the powers of observation had been rightly trained, as they have been for many ages universally neglected.

iii. Thirdly, the incessant linear progress of science is the immediate reward of its study. The ancients had discovered that electricity was developed by rubbing amber, and a hundred years ago Humboldt saw the naked copper-colored children of the Indians on the banks of the Orinoco, amusing themselves by attracting fibres of cotton and bamboo with the electricity evolved by rubbing the shining seeds of the *Nigretia*. How many

millions have been awestricken by the lightning without dreaming that they might brush it out of a cat's back or out of their own hair. What an advance was made, when on June 15, 1775, with no more exalted mechanism than a boy's kite, a small key and a hempen string, your own great Benjamin Franklin, he who,

“Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,”

sent up the kite toward a dark cloud, suddenly saw the hempen fibres bristling on the string, heard a crackling noise, presented his knuckle to the key, and received the electric spark. “I heaved,” he said, “a deep sigh, and conscious of an immortal name, felt that I could have been content had that moment been my last.” What a stride was made beyond the discovery of Franklin, when men learned to seize that lightning by its wing of fire, and bid it flash their messages in one moment round the girdled globe. But once more, what another stride, when the electric cable was laid down the sides of marine volcanoes, under tempestuous seas, and on the plateaus, formed during endless ages, of delicate microscopic shells;—when, in the language of your orator, “messages of friendship and love from warm, loving bosoms burned over the cold, green bones of men and women, whose hearts, once as warm as ours, burst as the eternal gulfs closed and roared over them centuries ago.” What a stride of linear progress in our knowledge of electricity beyond the most learned of the earlier ages, when men were able at last to answer the question in the Book of Job, “Canst thou send forth the lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?”

iv. I fear to weary you, so I will add but one word on the beneficence of science. Of all the mistakes of ancient Greek poets and philosophers none was greater than that of Socrates, when he endorsed the words of Pindar: *Τοὺς φυσιολογοῦντας ἔφη, ἀτελεῖ σοφίας δρέπεσθαι καρπὸν.** It is not only that Nature has revealed to us two infinities, one stretching infinitely above, the other sinking infinitely beneath us;—infinite Space crowded with unnumbered worlds, infinite Time peopled by unnumbered existences, infinite organisms, hitherto invisible, but full of delicate and iridescent loveliness. It is not only that Iris has been the daughter of Thaumas—not only that Science has “begun in wonder, and ended in wonder, while admiration filled up the interspace”—but also that she has been as a great Archangel of Mercy devoting herself to the service of mankind. Her votaries have labored not to increase the power of despots, or add to the magnificence of courts, but to extend human happiness, to economize human effort, to extinguish human pain. In little things and in great she has alike striven to serve us. She has enlisted the sunbeam in her service to limn for us with absolute fidelity the faces of our friends. She has enabled the miner to work in light and safety in the heart of the earth, protected by so delicate a medium as a wire gauze from a force as terrific as the earthquake. Where of old, men toiled, half-blinded and half-naked, in the mouth of the glowing furnace to mix the white-hot iron, she now substitutes

* He said that the students of physics culled a valueless fruit of wisdom.

the mechanical action of the viewless air. She has by her anæsthetics enabled the sufferer to lie hushed and unconscious as an infant on the mother's breast, while in the operation known as iridectomy, the fine lancet of some skilled operator cuts a fragment from the nervous circle of the unquivering eye. She points not to pyramids built during weary centuries by the sweat of miserable nations, but to the light-house and the steamship, the railroad and the telegraph. She has restored eyes to the blind and hearing to the deaf. She has lengthened life, she has minimized danger, she has mitigated madness, she has trampled on disease. And on all these grounds a University is to be congratulated which provides such splendid opportunities for studies which at once train the reason and fire the imagination, which can fashion as well as forge, which can feed as well as fill the mind. Such studies to all their faithful votaries are

“ Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

12. But I must not conclude without saying that, whether the education of our youth be an education in Science or an education in Language, whether it be mainly occupied with the secrets of nature or with the soul of man, or—which is better still—with both, we must ever bear steadily in mind what is the end and aim of all education. “There are some,” says St. Bernard, “who seek to know only that they may know, and it is base curiosity; and some who wish to know only that they may be known, and it is base vanity; and some

who wish to know only that they may sell their knowledge, and it is base covetousness. But there are some also who wish to know that they may edify, and it is charity; and some who wish to know that they may be edified, and it is heavenly prudence." In other words, the object of education is neither for amusement, nor for bread, nor for fame, nor for controversy, nor for profit, but that we may know God here and glorify Him forever in Heaven hereafter. Our own great Verulam has warned us that our studies are meant neither as "a couch on which to rest, nor as a cloister in which to promenade alone, nor as a tower from which to look down on others, nor as a fortress whence we may resist them, nor as a workshop for gain and merchandise, but as a rich armory and treasure-house for the glory of the Creator and the ennoblement of life." We learn and study in order that we may be profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth, and hereafter partakers of the immortal glory of the Resurrection; "that after having toiled in God's work with the sweat of our brow, we may at last become partakers of His Vision and of His Sabbath." Behind the clerk, behind the merchant, behind the scholar, behind the member of the learned profession, stands the man—the man made in God's image—the far-reaching intellect, the noble heart, the eternal being—

"Mind that looks before and after,
Seeking for its home above,
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love."

Above the mere needs of living towers the supreme

awfulness of life. Nothing is more fatal than *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. "Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the passing interests of the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings," and to do this is the object of education. That object, therefore, is to train not the mind only, or the body, but also the spirit, which is the noblest part of man. When General Garfield was asked, as a young boy, "what he meant to be," he answered: "First of all I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing." "Before I go any further," says Frank Osbaldistone, in *Rob Roy*, "I must know who you are." "I am a man," is the answer, "and my purpose is friendly." "A man," he replied; "that is a brief description." "It will serve," answered Rob Roy, "for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more." What, then, is the best education for a man? "That man," says one of the most eminent leaders of modern science, "has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will; whose intellect is a clear, cold logic-engine, ready alike to spin the gossamers and forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a strong will the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect

others as himself." But these blessed and glorious results are not attainable without a training of the spirit. We have bodies, but we are spirits. "We live by admiration, hope, love." "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Nothing but Religion in one or other of its great essential forms can make us through all our lives faithful to the best we know—faithful to God, faithful to our country, faithful to our fellow-men, and to ourselves. Our education must be, like the ancient temples, lighted at the top. That education will lead us to the only true happiness, and to the only real and permanent success.

"Take thou no thought for aught but truth and right,
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure;
Youth fails and honors ; fame may not endure ;
And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
Keep innocence ; be all a true man ought,
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal :
Who hath this, he hath all things having naught ;
Who hath it not, hath nothing having all."

ADDRESS II.

A PAPER READ AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS IN NEW HAVEN,
OCTOBER 20, 1885.

The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement.

I SUPPOSE that the subject of this discussion has purposely been left a little vague ; but I will venture, quite plainly and fearlessly, with no reserves, with no subterfuges, to tell you my exact thoughts on the subject, thoughts which I have always freely stated, and which, during a course of many years, have never seen due cause to change.

Faith in the Atonement—the belief that Christ lived and died for us, and that by his life and death we are saved—is an essential part of our common Christianity. It is the key of the evangelical position. In this faith all who profess and call themselves Christians are united ; without this faith the Gospel is robbed of its most central meaning and message.

1. Our faith in the Atonement is based on the revelation contained in the Scriptures, and especially in the New Testament, confirmed by the inward witness of

God's spirit in our hearts. If we desire fit words wherein to express it, we look first and naturally to Holy Scripture. There, in many different phrases, we read that "Christ died for our sins ;" that "He suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust ;" that "He was sacrificed for us ;" that "He was made sin for us ;" that "He made his soul an offering for sin ;" that "He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself ;" that "by one offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified ;" that "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world ;" that "He hath reconciled us to God by his blood ;" that "He gave his life a ransom for many ;" that "He redeemed us to God by his own blood ;" that "His blood was shed for many for the remission of sins ;" that "He hath washed us from our sins in his own blood ;" and that "His blood cleanseth from all sin." There are three special passages in which St. Paul states our faith in the Atonement. In Romans iii. 21-26, he says that, being all guilty, "we are justified freely by God's grace through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ." In 2 Cor. v. 19-21, he says that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses." In Gal. iii. 13, 14, he says that "Christ purchased us from the curse of the Law, having become a curse for us." And all these statements, which declare the fact of the Atonement, and the reconciliation of man to God, we steadfastly believe.

2. We turn to the Creeds of Christendom ; and there, too, we find the Atonement stated simply as a fact. In the Apostles' Creed, after expressing our belief in the Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection of Christ, we add

our belief in "the forgiveness of sins." In the Nicene Creed we say that the life and death of Christ were "for us men and for our salvation." In the much later Athanasian Creed, so full and so precise on the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, we sum up the Atonement in the single clause that Christ "suffered for our salvation." And all this we steadfastly believe.

3. We turn to the Articles of our Church. In the second we find that Christ died "to reconcile his Father to us"—"*ut nobis reconciliaret Patrem*" (an unscriptural phrase of the Augsburg Confession for "that He might reconcile us to the Father")—and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men. In the seventh article we confess that "He is the only Mediator between God and man, being both God and man." In the fourteenth that "He came to be the Lamb without spot, who, by sacrifice of Himself once made, should take away the sin of the world." In the eighteenth, that His is "the only name under heaven whereby we must be saved." In all these passages the doctrine of the Atonement is the simple statement, mostly in Scripture language, of the fact of the Atonement. If we turn to the Tridentine Catechism, we find exactly the same facts insisted on. The benefits of the Atonement are clearly stated; of theory respecting it, there is no trace. It is rather deliberately excluded in the words that its efficacy consisted in its being "a full and entire satisfaction offered, after a certain admirable manner, to the Father." And all this we steadfastly believe.

4. This, then, is the Christian belief in the Atone-

ment, which is sometimes meant by the doctrine of the Atonement. On the other hand, by "the doctrine of the Atonement" is often meant some systematic theory of the Atonement; some theological philosophy of the Atonement; some scholastic *theodicæa* of the Atonement, summarized in the shibboleth of this or that sect or section of the Christian Church; and, when we enter on the consideration of these, we are no longer on the solid shore of Christian unity, but are launched on the stormy and open sea of controversy and difference.

5. I say at once, and without fear of contradiction, that no theory of the Atonement ever formulated, no scholastic explanation of the Atonement ever devised, has been accepted by the Universal Church, or can put forth the slightest claim to catholicity. I now only state the facts; I will afterward glance at the reasons why it is so.

I. The fact is sufficiently proved and admitted in every history of doctrines ever written. The writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers on these subjects are entirely unsystematic, and only quote the current Scriptural phrases. The main exception is Irenæus. In him is first found—for his language on the subject appears to me wholly unambiguous—the disastrous theory that the ransom which Christ paid was paid to Satan. This unhappy theory, so dishonoring to God, so closely allied to Gnosticism and dualism, can put forth a stronger claim to universality than any other; for it lasted almost unquestioned for nearly a thousand years. It was not only adopted by Origen, but by him, unhappily, systematized and supplemented. He was the earliest to suggest the still more baseless and God-dishonoring

fancy that Satan was tricked into acceptance of this ransom by our Lord's Incarnation—a notion which, though to us it seems little short of blasphemous, is repeated even by such writers as Ambrose, and down even to the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard, which were the one chief theological manual of the Middle Ages. The genius of one man—of the great St. Anselm—destroyed this deeply-rooted theory at a single blow, by showing that it involved nothing short of pure Manicheism. He substituted for it the forensic theory of rigid equivalent satisfaction. This theory, too, had its day, and has fallen into a neglect so complete that not a trace of it is to be found in thousands of modern sermons and volumes of theology.

Then came the Reformation theories of “substitution,” of “imputation,” of “vicarious punishment.” Then came the juristic scheme of the legist, Grotius. Now, though each of these schemes or theories counts many nominal adherents—though each of them claims to be a legitimate inference from some phrases or fragment of Scripture—they are very rarely brought into prominence, and not one of them has ever been accredited or stamped with approval by the Church of God. They have, at the utmost, been left as permissible opinions or conjectures in the region of unfathomable mysteries. They all abound in terms which, at the best, are but inferential and non-scriptural. Neither “vicarious,” nor “substitution,” nor “satisfaction,” nor “expiation” occurs in the New Testament; nor is it anywhere said that Christ saved us from the punishment of sin; or that His own death was a penalty. Even the phrase “God for Christ's sake forgave” is a mistrans-

lation of our Authorized Version, for the infinitely deeper and diviner expression of St. Paul, "God in Christ forgave." Even if the theories involved in these phrases be regarded as tenable, or even inevitable, it is certain that the popular expositions of them—by which alone the mass of Christians can judge—are open to the strongest objection, and are regarded by many as involving nothing less than a needless stumbling-block and a shock to the moral sense. When we are told in hymns by Dr. Watts,

"Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood
That calmed God's frowning face ;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne
And turned the wrath to grace ;"

or, by Sir Henry Wotton, that

"One rosy drop from Jesu's heart
Was worlds of seas to quench God's ire ;"

or, in sermons, by a well-known English preacher, that Jesus "wiped away the red anger-spot from the brow of God ;" or, by an American Professor, that "God drew this world upon Calvary and slew his only Son ;" or, by another popular divine, that "Christ at one tremendous draught drank damnation dry ;" when an American criminal, at the foot of the gallows, trained in such forms of dogma, talked to the crowd about "holding up the blood of Christ between himself and the flaming face of God"—such language not only sounds abhorrent to many, but is in flagrant disaccord with the numberless revelations which tell us that the Atonement was due to the Father's love. In popular apprehension, at any rate, all such theories are dangerously tainted with

the heresies of sheer Tritheism ; of most unscripturally contrasting the Son's love with the Father's wrath ; of implying a civil war, so to speak, between the attributes of justice and mercy in the character of God ; of attributing to the All-just, the All-merciful, the All-holy, the acceptance of mere legal fictions to appease an implacable demand for vengeance ; of imagining a divergence of will in the Holy Trinity ; of dishonoring God by thinking that he is altogether such an one as ourselves, by speaking of him ignobly as though he were an Evil Demiurge, demanding sanguinary propitiation, or a Pagan Deity controlled by some overruling necessity.

II. And the cause of all these errors is obvious. They spring from ignoring the fact that it has not pleased God to give us the plan of salvation in dialectics ; from the bad tendency to torture isolated expressions into the ever-widening spiral *ergo* of unlimited consequences ; from tessellating varied metaphors into formal systems ; from trying to construct the whole, when God has only given us knowledge of a part ; from the bad rule of ecclesiastical opinionativeness and tyranny *consequentia æquipollent revelatis*.

Now we should be secure from the temptation of falling into such errors, and of so placing the stumbling-blocks of our subjective idols before the unsuspecting childhood of the world, if we would but humbly learn the force of that wise admonition of the Rabbis: "Learn to say 'I do not know.'" The Scripture speaks of the Atonement almost exclusively in metaphors ; and we might at least admit the Church rule, *Theologia parabolica non est demonstrativa*. Apart from the figures of purification by sprinkling, and the covering of filthy

robes, all the figures in which Holy Scripture speaks of the Atonement are reducible under the four words, *ἱλασμός*, “an atoning sacrifice;” *καταλλαγὴ*, “a reconciliation;” *ἀντίλυτρον*, “a ransom from slavery,” and “satisfaction,” or the discharge of a debt, for which there is no single Greek word. But the analogy of all Scripture language should teach us that these words are only meant to describe the effects of the Atonement in its relation to man. Theorizing on the word *καταλλαγὴ* led to the false conception of our Father as our enemy; theorizing on the word *ἀντίλυτρον* led to the false conception of Irenæus, Origen, and hosts of Fathers and Schoolmen about a compact, and even a fraudulent compact, between God and Satan; theorizing on the word “satisfaction” led to the hard forensic schemes of Anselm, and of Grotius; theorizing on the word *ἱλασμός* led to all the false and revolting expressions which have been ingrafted by popular ignorance on the teaching of the Reformers. In the word *ἱλασμός* alone, there is the same dimly-apprehended mystery which lies in the Jewish system of sacrifice; but neither in that system—about which Christian theologians have held the most conflicting views—nor in the Epistle to the Hebrews, is there any answer to the question of Episcopius about the Atonement, “*An circa Deum aliquid effecerit?*” Of that mystery—the effect of the Atonement as regards God—we can only say that it is wholly beyond the comprehension of our finite faculties—*Ignorando cognoscitur*. Of the blessed effects of the Atonement in relation to man we know, or may know all; of the mysterious acts, of the operative cause, we know and can know nothing. This is what the Church clearly teaches

us, alike by what she does say and by what she carefully abstains from saying. It has been the ultimate conclusion arrived at by many of the greatest modern theologians, both dead and living—by men, for instance, so entirely different as Canon Mozley and Professor Maurice; and it is also the direct teaching of the great divine whom of all others the English Church has most delighted to honor. “Scripture,” says Bishop Butler, “has left this matter of the satisfaction of Christ mysterious, left somewhat in it unrevealed,” so that “all conjecture about it must be, if not evidently absurd, at least uncertain.”

While, then, we humbly put our sole trust in Christ, and look on His Atonement as the sole source of our hope, we are not obliged to accept any of the theories of men respecting it, whether those of Irenæus, or of Origen, or of Anselm, or of Grotius, or of Calvin; whether they be formulated as naked substitution or vicarious punishment, or whatsoever else. We accept only what the Scriptures have plainly said and what has been stamped with the approval of the Universal Church. We cannot construct compact and elaborate systems out of transcendent and varying metaphors. Nothing but failure can come, or has ever come, of the attempt to fathom the depths of God with the finger of man—the attempts to fly up into the secrets of the Deity on the waxen wings of the understanding.

This, then, we say and earnestly believe: that Christ's death is the means of our life; that it is an atoning sacrifice for us; that in that act God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, that it was the appointed means of our deliverance, of our regeneration, of our

sanctification, of our hope of glory. And to all who would frame elaborate systems beyond this, it seems to me that the Church of God, alike by her teaching and by her silence, addresses the wise rebuke of St. Chrysostom, *τᾶλλα μὴ περιεργάζου*. The infinitely blessed results of Christ's redemption we know. They alone concern us. They are the joy and the thanksgiving of our life. Of the mystery as regards the mind of God we can only say that "the supreme expression of God's government of man is the consciousness of humanity; nor have we any means of apprehending the reasons of the Atonement apart from the work which it accomplishes in the spiritual consciousness of the race." "The mysterious act," says the great Christian philosopher to whom English theology is so deeply indebted, "is transcendent, *factum est*; and, beyond the information contained in the enunciation of the fact, it can only be characterized"—as Scripture characterizes it—"by its consequences as regards ourselves."

ADDRESS III.

DELIVERED AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS IN NEW HAVEN, OCTOBER,
1885.

The Grounds of Christian Unity.

THE first ground of Christian unity—unity in heart and soul amid divergences of opinion and variations of practice—is *the many-sidedness of truth*.

We must draw a deep distinction between unity and uniformity. *Unity* is essential and obligatory; uniformity is impossible, and even, I will venture to say, undesirable. Infinite truth has manifold aspects for finite understandings. To use the splendid expression of St. Paul, it is a *πολυποίμιλος σοφία*, a “many-colored,” a “richly variegated-wisdom.” The Church, to use the ancient phrase, is “*circumamicta varietatibus*,” clothed in raiment of divers colors; and the truth she teaches does not shine in a single light only, but is like a gem of which no eye can see at once the glories of each separate facet. We see the separate colors of the divine rainbow; we cannot see the seven-fold perfection of its undivided light.

Truth, in theology, no less than in science, has been revealed to us, as we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews, *πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως*, “fragmenta-

rily and multifariously," "in many parts and in many manners;" nor is it possible for us, with our human limitations, to see it steadily and see it whole. And this *à priori* certainty is confirmed by experience. As an historic fact, there never has been, in the Christian Church, a complete absence of different schools of thought; there never has been an absolute uniformity of belief and of practice. If it did not exist in the Church of Jerusalem, why should we expect it to exist in the churches of Europe? If in the first century there were the schools of Jerusalem, of Antioch, and of Alexandria, is it likely that there will be no wide differences of views and ritual amid the immense complexities of modern Christendom?

If this fact had been duly apprehended, churches and their rulers might have been saved from their disastrous attempts to secure what is impossible. Those attempts in many an age have not only marred the beauty and maimed the force of Christian life, but they have led to the darkest and deadliest crimes which have ever disgraced the corporate action of the Church of God; to Albigensian Crusades, to Smithfield martyrdoms, to the infamies of the Inquisition, to the desperate iniquities which have been committed by religious tyranny in its endeavor to storm that conscience of man which is the very citadel of Heaven. And this error of invincible ignorance, so far from being successful even at the hideous cost of Moloch-sacrifice, has only produced, at the most, a nominal, a Laodicean, a stupid and uninquiring uniformity—a uniformity which warred against all freedom and all progress—a silence of terror, a torpor of assurance, a drugged sleep of unnatural

acquiescence ; the uniformity of stagnation, ignorance, and death. If diversity without unity be discord, on the other hand, unity without diversity is death. In every living Church, in every living nation, there must be freedom, and there must be progress.

“ The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

St. Cyprian was very wise when he formulated the maxim, “ *Salvo jure communionis diversa sentire.*”

Another ground of Christian unity is the command of Christ — Christ’s NEW commandment — the commandment on which hang all the Law and the Prophets ; the commandment so often repeated on the lips of Christians, so often belied in their actions — “ *Love one another.*” What has been the sphere in which disunion has chiefly and most dangerously worked ? Has it not been in matters of organization, in matters of ceremonial, and in matters of minor and non-essential opinion ? But the discoveries of every year are demonstrating to us more decisively that on these matters the widest latitude was left to the Apostolic Church. As to ceremonial, St. Paul’s one sufficient rubric was : “ Let all things be done decently and in order.” As to organization, our Lord said, Other sheep I have which are not of this fold ; them also I must bring that there may be—not “ one fold ”—which, perhaps, there never will be, or was meant to be—but that there may be “ one flock, one shepherd.” As regards the minor opinions which separate Christians into so many petty schisms, we may conjecture how the great Apostle

of the Gentiles would have dealt with them when we read how he dealt with so serious an error as a denial of the Resurrection. He dealt with it not by anathema, not by punishment, still less by excommunication, but only by a solemn question and by a glorious argument. Sects and parties have been fond of hurling at each other the name of "heretic;" but in the New Testament the word *αἵρεσις* means not the aberration of opinion, but the recklessness of faction. The word *αἵρετικὸς* has no other meaning than that of a vehement partisan. The worst of all heresies in any Christian, and the heresy which Christ holds as most inexcusable, however commonly and however bitterly it betray itself in our controversies, is the heresy of hatred, is that *odium* which, to the eternal shame of our apostacy from the tender forbearance of our Lord, has acquired the distinctive name of "*theologicum*." If a man be animated by that spirit—be he the most dreaded champion of his shibboleth, the foremost fogleman of his party—if he be guilty of that heresy, his Christianity is heathenism, his orthodoxy a cloak for error. "If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

A third ground of Christian unity is that faith which, in its highest sense, had to St. Paul no other meaning than oneness with Christ.

Theologians may write huge folios of interminable dogmatics, they may enlarge to infinity their personal inferences from single texts, and so may foist into our temples their own idols of the forum, of the theatre, and of the cave; nevertheless, it remains certain that the great, eternal, essential truths of Christianity are few and

simple, so few and so simple that they may be written upon the palm of the hand. "They ask me for secrets of salvation," said St. Francis de Sales. "For myself I know no secrets but this—to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbor as ourselves."

The terms of our fellowship of love should be Catholic, as the Church of God. The railing restrictions which fence in as with razors and pitchforks the narrow wicket of parties, and would fain make the portal of the Church itself bristle with anathemas, are unevangelic, unapostolic, unchristian. The more we are Christians the more will our faith "be broad with the breadth of the charity of Almighty God, and narrow only with the narrowness of his righteousness." To those who tried at Corinth to foster party spirit, and draw party distinctions, St. Paul addressed the indignant question, *μεμέρισται ὁ Χριστός*; "Has Christ been parcelled into fragments?" Will you dare to inscribe his name on the ignoble fluttering pennons of a party, and claim *them* as the eternal *semper eadem* of the Church of God? Wise was the answer of the old Christian Bishop, when he was asked to what party he belonged, "*Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus cognomen.*" Partisans are ever ready to say with the Sons of Thunder, "We forbade him because he followeth not after us;" but Christ's answer was, "Forbid him not." Fatal will it be to any Church to prefer the Elijah spirit which calls down fire from heaven to the Christ spirit which forbears and forgives. The brother whom we are tempted to misrepresent, to embitter, to dislike, and to denounce, is he not one with us in the law of duty, one in the aim of life, one in the earnestness of prayer, one in the grace

of the holy sacraments, one in the great ancient creeds of the Gospel? Our differences are but the varying ripples of the sea, our unity as the ocean's unseen bed. It is the unity of one body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in us all. In these lies the unity of Christian love. The politician of the party, the Goliath of the faction, the controversialist of the sect, delight to exacerbate minor differences; but the soul which is calm and strong, and joyful in God,

“ Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar that little by their feuds,”

will feel that a cup of cold water, a grasp of friendship, a word of sympathy given in Christ's name to one of Christ's disciples who followeth not after us, is better than a barren assent to the whole *Summa Theologiæ*, and that what the Lord requires of us is not sacrifice, but mercy; that it is to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.

The last ground of Christian unity on which I will touch is that it is *essential to the prosperity of the Church of Christ*. While we are disputing and wrangling—often about the uncertain, often about the infinitely little—the enemy is at our gates.

“ What is a town of war
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful appear,
To manage private and domestic quarrels?
'Tis monstrous.”

What injures the cause of Christ is not in the least

the existence of differences, whether in practice or in opinion, respecting that which is imperfectly revealed, but the mismanagement of those differences; not the inevitable divergences in minor matters of opinion, but (what Melanchthon was glad to die that he might escape) "the rage of theologians" respecting them. Our perils are from within. What neither Atheism will ever achieve, nor Agnosticism, nor direct assault, may be fatally accomplished by our internal dissensions and want of mutual charity. They may subdue that

*"Quod neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ."*

St. Paul warned us of this long ago. "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."

The best and truest Christians have long ago learned, at least in practice, the force of these truths. Within those limits of eternal certainty

"Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum,"

no human beings could have differed more widely than the stern Governor Bradford, the saintly missionary Eliot, and the saintly Jesuit, Druillettes; yet the Jesuit was the honored guest of the Puritan governor, and the saintly apostle of the Indians pressed him to spend a whole winter in his humble home. When Dr. Channing died the members of all religious denominations alike mourned for him, and the bells of every place of worship were tolled for his funeral.

Let me end with one or two brief testimonies from men whose religious views were wide as the poles asunder

“*Summa nostræ religionis Pax est,*” said Erasmus. “*In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis Libertas, in omnibus Caritas,*” said the obscure German divine of the seventeenth century, Rupertus Meldenius; and by that sentence alone he lives. “The meek, the just, the pious, the devout,” said the founder of Pennsylvania, “are all of one religion; and they shall meet and recognize each other when their various masks and liveries are stripped away.” “When a Church inscribes on its portals,” said Abraham Lincoln, “the two great commandments of the Law and the Gospel, and makes obedience to them the test of its membership, to that Church will I belong.” “Where there is the love of God,” said the great and eloquent Lacordaire, “there is Jesus Christ; and where there is Jesus Christ, there is the Church with him.”

“The true religion sprung from God above,
 Is like its fountain, full of charity;
 Embracing all things with a tender love,
 Full of good-will, and meek expectancy;
 Full of true justice, and sure verity;
 In voice and heart free, large, ev’n infinite;
 Not wedged in strait particularity,
 But grasping all things in her free, active spirit.
 Bright lamp of God! Oh! that all men could joy
 In thy pure light!”

ADDRESS IV.

DELIVERED AT THE TEMPERANCE RECEPTION, CHICKERING HALL,
NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1885.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

I MUST, first of all, thank you from my heart for this far too kind and generous recognition of such poor efforts as I have been enabled to make in the cause of Temperance. Your appreciation will be to me the strongest outward incentive which I have yet received, if, indeed, any incentive were needed to prevent my flagging in so sacred a cause. But I will venture to hope that this reception is given to me because of what I have done, or rather tried to do, in the past, and not in the expectation that I can make to you any great speech on the present occasion. I cannot do it, because already in America, my time has been too much occupied, and my physical power strained to the utmost by the repeated necessity for addressing large audiences.

On this ground to-day, also, my remarks will be general, and above all, they will be free from any admixture of oratory, rhetoric, or eloquence—words of which the two first have always had for me an obscure

meaning, and of which the third expresses a magnificent gift of God, to the possession of which I have never had the smallest claim, or put forth the smallest pretension.

1. Let me begin with telling you why I became a total abstainer. Perhaps, at this point, some of my non-abstaining friends will shudder and say to themselves, now we are going to have a specimen of that intemperate language which a bad and stale epigram has identified with temperance reformers. Now we shall have all kinds of interference with the liberty of the subject on the plea of ending the slavery of the abject. Now we shall hear dubious Scripture arguments, and uncharitably Pharisaic judgments. Ladies and gentlemen, in my hands I think that you ought to feel secure. I am a Vice-President of the Church of England Temperance Society, and that great society is on a double basis, and not only welcomes, but cordially invites, the co-operation of its non-abstaining section. I am ready to defend the principles of Total Abstinence when they are attacked, and even when they are depreciated ; but I am not ready, and never have been ready, to say one word which should be construed into the condemnation of my brethren. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. The statement of my own reasons for having become, ten years ago, a total abstainer, is not meant to involve the shadow of the shade of a judgment upon others.

2. My reasons, then, for taking the pledge were partly general and partly special. First, I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and

flourished without it. I believed that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery. I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 20,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to it all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by the abuse of it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain to their personal health. Men enter prison sickly and blighted, are deprived of drink, and leave prison strong and hale; and women who, when incarcerated, are hideous to look upon, after being made compulsorily sober by Act of Parliament, recover the bloom of health and almost of beauty. Next I derived from the recorded testimony of some of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conventionally deemed moderate; and from the testimony even of many who discountenanced total abstinence that all the young, and all the healthy, and all who eat well and sleep well do not require it, and are better without it. Then the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and indisputably conduced to longevity. Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength or intellectual force, that many of the greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onwards, "whose drink was only of the crystal brook," have achieved, without alcohol, mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it; and many of the world's wisest, even if they have not said with

Pindar, have yet drawn a better inspiration from other sources than can be drawn chemically from the fumes of wine. Seeing all which, and much more—seeing, too, in the Holy Scripture God's own approval of His Nazarites, who, as the Prophet Jeremiah tells us, were "purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphires." I saw, or thought I saw, grounds sufficient and superfluously sufficient to make me an abstainer. And besides all this I knew that the life of man always gains by the abolition of needless expenses and artificial wants. Your own wise Benjamin Franklin said a hundred years ago, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution."

Some of us then, perhaps, became abstainers on some such grounds as these. We believed by evidence, and we have found by experience, that our small self-denial, if self-denial it could even be called, would conduce to health, to clearness of mind, to strength of body, to length of days and simplicity of life. Further than this, we saw that life is full of temptations, and that there was one fatal temptation, at any rate, from which we should be absolutely and under all circumstances exempt.

3. And yet these, I will venture to say, were not the reasons which prevailed with most of us. We looked into the field of history, and from the days of that horrible scene in the tent of the Patriarch down to the records of yesterday, we saw that from the flood down-

ward strong drink had been to the masses of mankind a curse intolerable in its incidence and interminable in its malignity. Even the most ancient writers, profane as well as sacred, have, like Lucretius, described with horror and indignation the agonies and the crimes caused by drunkenness; and even the most ancient nations, like the Spartans, have endeavored to repudiate its seductions. It is sometimes hinted that total abstainers are plebeian and ignorant persons; but plebeian and ignorant as we may be, we can refer in support of our views to books the most refined, to authors the most fastidiously delicate, to statesmen the least wedded to our favorite convictions. Read Mr. Trevelyan's chapter on "The Age of Gout," in his life of Charles James Fox; read Sir Henry Havelock's contrast of the siege of Ghuzree by an army without drink, and of the siege of Lucknow by an army with drink; read Sir John Kaye's thrilling history of the Indian mutiny, and see how the drunkenness of the troops on the day after our first lodgment in Delhi was within an ace of causing to us the total loss of our Indian Empire; read what Mr. Kinglake says in his "History of the Crimean War," of British soldiers, gentle as women and brave as lions, until, and only until, the drink came to demoralize and degrade them; read the testimony of many eminent generals that a sober army is an army almost without crime; read Mr. Lecky's remarkable chapter in his "History of European Morals," of the effects caused by the introduction of gin among the lower classes in the year 1724, a year which, on that account, he brands as unapproachable in prolific calamity; read the testimony of Bishop Benson, the friend and patron of Whitefield,

that gin was making the English people what they never had been before—cruel and inhuman—and that these “cursed spirituous liquors,” as he calls them, had changed the very nature of the people; read the passionate denunciation of the Gin Act by the most polished gentleman of his day, the famous Lord Chesterfield, as an act “calculated for the propagation of diseases, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind.” Shall I go farther back still, and tell you how, 350 years ago, Shakespeare wrote “Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if there is no other name thou art known by, let us call thee devil;” how, 250 years ago, Bishop Hale said that “it needed a deluge of fire to purge England from her drunkenness;” how, 200 years ago, the great Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, declared that “four crimes out of five were the issue of excessive drinking in taverns and ale-houses.” Shall I come down to the last generation, and quote to you the testimony of such men as Charles Lamb, as Hartley Coleridge, and Robert Burns; or shall I come down to the present day, and quote to you (as I could do) words—words which, if used by us, would have been denounced as among the worst instances of the intemperate language of temperance reformers—of men of letters like John Morley, and John Ruskin, and Thomas Carlyle, and of the Archhishop of York, and of the Bishop of London, and of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and of Lord Coleridge, and of nearly every judge who sits on the bench of British Themis, and who knows, by daily and dreadful experience, that drink is *totidem literis* the very synonym of crime. Gentlemen, it is all nonsense for the defenders of drink to try upon us either the con-

spiracy of silence or the inquiry of contempt. As to the first, we will make our own voices come back to us in millions of echoes; as to the second, we know that contempt is only powerful against that which is contemptible.

4. Or if we needed proof of our position—proof that we abstainers are not the mere ignorant fanatics which we are described to be—let us pass into an atmosphere which is, I fear, singularly unsusceptible to the blind passion for social reform—the atmosphere of the English House of Commons. It is rarely that I have seen a thrill of manifest emotion pass through that assemblage; but I saw and I felt the thrill, I saw it pass as a breeze passes over the fields of summer corn, when, four years ago Mr. Gladstone, standing at the table as Prime Minister, said that drink had produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence combined. The sentiment was not original. It had first been said by a brewer of genius, a Member of Parliament, Mr. Charles Buxton, who had had amplest opportunities of knowing the truth of what he said. But Mr. Gladstone quoted it; he accepted it; he indorsed it with all the weight of his high position, of his immense experience, of his vast knowledge of mankind. He indorsed it; he abides by it; he has never withdrawn it. He is not a total abstainer. There are some temperance reformers who do not think that his liquor-legislation has been successful; there are many who believe that he might have yielded more to us, might have done more for us, than he has done. But at least he has done our cause the

service of this tremendous sentence, so fatally true, so awfully descriptive, so overwhelming a justification of all we have done and said—nay, so smiting a reproof to us that, after all, we have done and said so little. For, if words have any meaning at all, only think what those words mean. War—you know by no remote experience what war is—its agonies, its horrors, its crimes ;—its widowed homes, its orphaned children, its ghastly wounds—youths with their lives prematurely cut off—brave men with the life-blood slowly ebbing from their veins in the chill moonlight, on the crimson turf. Famine, we know that where that meagre spectre stalks in cities, it turns men into wild beasts, and makes the mother's eye cruel to her infant at the breast. Pestilence we have had of late ; it turns the inhabitants of cities into poltroons ; how men fly from it in thousands, in panic-stricken cowardice ; how it paralyzes industry ; how it snatches the last consolation from the living, and a hallowed grave from the dead ; and is there to be vice, a preventable vice, in the midst of us which causes evils deadlier, because more continuous, than the three great historic scourges, War, Famine, and Pestilence combined ? And are we to be cold, indifferent, so neutral, so selfishly acquiescent, making no serious, no united effort to put an end to this wide-wasting conflagration—to this immeasurable catastrophe ? War, if in time of war he deserves a civic crown who saves the life of a single citizen ; famine, if he be benefactor of the race who makes two corn-ears grow where but one grew before ; pestilence, if one of the noblest acts of history is that of him who stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed ;—if in

time of war, blessed are the peace-makers ; if in days of famine it be noble to feed the hungry ; if in visitation of plague it is divine to heal the sick ; then surely, in face of an evil more deadly in its effects, because more continuous, than war, famine and pestilence combined, we must be at the last gasp of national honor, in the last paralysis of national selfishness, if there be not among us enough salt of morality, enough fire of courage, enough passion of enthusiasm, to grapple with this intolerable curse.

5. But, gentlemen, I can tell you in four letters of one motive for abstinence, which in my own mind was as Aaron's serpent rod and prevailed over all the rest. It was pity, sheer human pity. I will not stop to tell you the horrible results of drunkenness which, in my own parish, under the very shadows of the great Abbey, I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. If I did I could indeed say to you

“ Come, sit you down,
And I will wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff
If damned custom have not brazed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.”

But I may presume that I am speaking to those who are familiar with the common facts—so common yet so ghastly—which in England, at any rate, are enough to make us blush with shame and burn with indignation. I believed, and still believe, or rather I now not only believe but know, that by becoming an abstainer, by taking part in Temperance Reform, I could help others; and if others could have known and seen all that I have seen, I believed that in their case, too,

“Pity like a naked, new-born babe
 Striding the blast, and heaven’s cherubim horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air
 Would blow these horrid deeds in every eye,
 That tears could drown the wind.”

I would then appeal to all for pity ;—pity for the vast multitudes who become the helpless victims of a dead chemical product, potent to destroy the souls for which Christ died ; pity for the ravages wrought by this bitter source of human woe ; pity for the hundreds and thousands of men, who, under this hideous fascination, degrade their lives into the misery and pollution of a long-continued death ; pity for the youths who thus “pour poison into the roses of their youth,” so that its root is as rottenness ; pity for the hearts of mothers rent by anguish for these their ruined prodigals ; pity for the wives and husbands on whose hearth burn the fires of hell ; pity for the unmotherly mothers and unwomanly women who nigh turn motherhood to shame, womanliness to loathing ; pity for those lurid tragedies where the vitriol maddens ; or is there no voice strong enough to plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of their bodies ; pity for the little children who, in the awful language of South are, because of drink, not so much born into the world as damned into the world, born to lives of disease and degradation, or in these Christian lands yearly pass through the fire to this idol in far vaster multitudes than were ever sacrificed of old in the Valley of Hinnom to Moloch the abomination of the children of Ammon ; pity for England, which now, for fully two centuries, has been writhing in these dragon-folds of licensed temptations ; pity for

the whole race of mankind, which sends up a cry from every polluted continent, and which yet cherishes—aye, and fondly—in its bosom this venomous and deadly asp. Alone of human woes, dear heaven, it is a curse of which the entail might be at once cut off; and yet mankind, partly blinded by conceit, partly seduced by pleasure, and partly rendered callous by greed, still suffers drink for year after year, in every continent, almost in every city, to blast innumerable careers and to blight innumerable homes—a folly, which almost drives us to say with the despairing moralist that it seems as if humanity were still half serpent and yet half extracted from the clay, a lacertian brood of bitterness, whose trail is on the leaf a guilty slime and in the land a useless furrow.

6. Gentlemen, this cause of Temperance Reform, which, in my own mind, and I believe in the minds of millions, is mainly the child of pity, appeals to us as Humanitarians; it appeals to us as Philanthropists; it appeals to us with million-fold force as Christians; but if I harrowed the ground quite indefinitely, might I not assume that it should appeal to us with gigantic force merely as patriots. “National crime,” said Oliver Cromwell, “is a thing that God will reckon for; and I wish it may not lie on the nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to find a remedy.” The drink system is a national crime. “A prosperous iniquity,” said Jeremy Taylor, “is the most unprofitable condition in the world.” I so hold the drink system is a prosperous iniquity. “I do not believe,” said Burke, “that any good constitution of government or freedom can find it necessary to drive any part of their people to a perma-

ment slavery." The drink system overcomes tens of thousands. "If I thought," said your own great orator, Daniel Webster, "that there was a stain upon the remotest hem of the garment of my country, I would devote my utmost labors to wipe it off." This is the duty of every patriot. This is what, in my small measure, according to my feeble capacity, I have striven to do. For, whatever may be the case in America, it is certainly the case in England that drunkenness, and the licensed, the profitable, the wealth-producing monopoly which causes drunkenness, is a stain not only upon the hem but dyeing all the white robes of England, a stain of the deepest dye—a stain deep and crimson enough to incarnadine the multitudinous lives over which she rules.

7. Yes, and I will confess that I am weary and disheartened by the slowness of our progress. After so many years of struggle, we are misunderstood, we are misrepresented, we are incessantly made the object of taunts and sneers. For this we care nothing, or less than nothing. They say—what say they?—let them say. Let echo repeat, if it will, the sounds that are emptiest. Let men fling more stones at us than other men have roses showered on them. We have counted the cost. We have learnt the lesson which some of your own great speakers have helped to teach us that God is the only final public opinion ; that one with God is always in a majority. But what we do grieve at is, if not the comparative failure of our efforts, yet the painful slowness of our success. We have seized the axe, we have thrown it to its backmost poise. We have struck sturdy strokes, but as yet we have hardly wounded the tough rind of

this upas tree. We have not split the gnarled obtusity of the prejudices which are opposed to us. We have not cleft the hoary head of inveterate abuses. We have wrought no deliverance on the earth, and are not better than our fathers. And yet

“ We bate no jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear on, and steer
Up-hillward.”

Cobbett wrote and spoke but for a few years, and then he was helped to carry the Reform Bill. Cobden and Bright harangued for ten years, and then, in the teeth of antagonistic prejudice and ignorant selfishness they procured the abolition of the corn-laws. It is fully a hundred years since temperance efforts began in England. It is more than fifty years since Joseph Livesey and the seven men of Trenton, formed the first society of Total Abstainers, and yet, in spite of an abstract resolution in favor of local option, thrice passed by increasing majorities in the House of Commons, we have scarcely advanced one step nearer to effective legislation. So strong is the might of callous selfishness, of interested wealth! Yet we do not and we will not despair. I have some hopes in the recent enormous extension of the franchise. I shall see cause to despair, indeed, if the more the power is given into the hands of the people, the less it does not become in the tyrannous hands of gin distillers and publicans. “Give me,” said Wendell Phillips, “anything that walks erect and can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord’s sacramental host, which is yet to come up and trample all oppression into the dust.” I know how

dumb, how patient a people may be when it has succumbed for long years to the temptations so sedulously prepared for it, when the minimum of resistance is enringed as with a cordon of fire by the maximum of seductive ruin, when it is baffled by sophistries, and bewildered by epigrams, and deafened by the cries for liberty which are often raised most loudly by oppressors. But I know, also, that if we still try to educate in the people the moral sense, if we awaken in drink-besotted multitudes the dormant conscience, if we kindle in slain souls the passion for deliverance, sooner or later the people will speak in a voice of thunder; in a voice whose mandates can no longer be resisted; in a voice whose roar shall be as the sound of the advancing chariot wheels of Retribution; in a voice which shall thunder through senates and palaces, and be heard at the Almighty throne. When the snow begins to vanish from the crater of the volcano, the day may not be distant when bellowing eruptions shall shatter its rocky fastnesses, the burning lava shall flood its slopes.

8. It is thus that every great moral, social, and religious reform has been achieved. Many spring from the few, mostly from the individual, one man becomes impressed with a deep conviction. It haunts—it masters him. It becomes the ruling purpose and passion of his life. While he is musing the fire burns, and at last he speaks with his tongue. And no sooner has he spoken, be it even with a tongue stammering like that of Moses, than he finds that he has not been solitary in his convictions. Others have already thought as he has done. They rally round him; they catch

fire with a common enthusiasm ; they flash into other hearts the same nobleness, the same readiness to spend, and to be spent, in a good cause.

This was the history of the abolition of gladiatorial games. This was the history of the Reformation. This was the history of the most lovely and righteous acts in the long annals of England—first the abolition of the slave-trade, then the emancipation of the slave.

Whenever I walk through the aisles of Westminster I see the record of the struggle there in the grave of Wilberforce, the statue of Sir F. Buxton, the tombs of Granville, Sharpe, and Zachary Macaulay, who rescued their native country from the guilt of using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave. Such memorials are the historic witnesses to great truths. They remind us of the toil and the peril required for moral reformation ; the slow awakenment of the conscience of mankind ; the kindling of enthusiasm, first of all, in the minds of the few, and then its reflection like some beacon-light flashed from mountain peak to mountain peak by the minds of the many.

Well, gentlemen, in this great crusade to deliver mankind—at any rate to deliver, to the utmost of our power, the English-speaking race, to whom are manifestly intrusted the future destinies of the world—from this curse of intoxication, next to God, we must trust to two things—one the life-long purpose of some intense and absorbing enthusiasm, burning like the altar flame in the heart of some single man, or of some few men ; and next, the rousing of some great people shaking those invincible locks—the laws of the moral convictions—which lie like the sunny locks of Samson, waving

over its illustrious shoulders. Men—single men—must rise first like Clarkson, or Lloyd Garrison ; groups of men, like the early Abolitionists, who shall not be afraid to lift their strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to this earth. And if we cannot be of these glorious few, we may help them in the moral world by something analogous to the physical law, which is known as the superimposition of small impacts. Let the great beam of iron hang in the air, dull, and heavy, and motionless ; strike it again and again with but a little pellet of pith or cork. At first your endeavor will look utterly ridiculous. Every one will laugh at you. But, however, it will not be long before the great mass begins to thrill, then to shiver, then to tremble, then to move, then to sway and oscillate, lastly to swing with vast, regular, and rhythmic swing. The thousands of tiny impacts have had an aggregate or collective force, stronger than would have been produced by a giant's arm. In this way, at least, we all can give our help. In this way each one of us may contribute his infinitesimal quota to the amelioration of the world.

9. But you in America must help us in England with all your might. You in this matter must lead the way. You are doing it. I do not say it to flatter you. I do not desire to flatter you. I say it in the dark. In all matters of Temperance Legislation, in the education and enlightenment of the moral sense on the great question, you are already far ahead of us. In this field, more than any other, you can repay the debt of gratitude you owe to us. You owe to us the debt of your liberty of independence, for it was Hampden and Cromwell, and young Vane who sowed the seed

which resulted for you also, after your civil war, in the glorious decision that there should be slaves no longer in the country of the free. "Only once in the broad sweep of human history," said Mr. Wendell Phillips, "only once was any nation lifted so high that she could stretch her imperial hand across the Atlantic, and lift by one peaceful word a million of slaves into liberty. God granted that glory only to your mother land." Yes, but you can emulate that glory; you can repay that debt of moral gratitude. We helped you to bear the sentiment and the convictions which at last obliterated for ever from your history the stains and shame of slavery. Do you help us to wipe away from our annals the plague spots of tolerated vice. You are about to erect in the entrance of the harbor of this mighty city your statue of Liberty, the enlightener of the world. You have already erected the staff pedestal; soon may the furred statue rear in the august surges her boundless brow. See that her shield is stainless, see that there be no rust upon it,—no splashes upon it in the blood of souls, which shall prevent it from flashing back the sun of God, the sun of the righteousness of heaven. Behind the vast amplitude of that immortal shield may the oppressed of all lands find an inviolable refuge, but never let the tyrant or the oppressor hide under its silver shadow to shoot them with deadly arrows in Freedom's prostituted name. Then shall your Liberty wear forever the crown of stars upon her head, and hold fast the olive branch in her hand, and trample the chains of every slave beneath her feet. So shall America strengthen England as England has inspired America. May both nations alike be animated by the strong con-

viction of devoted faithfulness. May we alike feel that "in God's war slackness is infamy." I would say to you, to each of you, and to the whole of this great nation, in the dying words of the holy and eloquent Ravnian, "Fight, fight, fight the battles of the Lord."

LECTURE I.

Dante.

I WISH this evening to speak to you about the life and teachings of one of the greatest, perhaps I should say the greatest, religious poet who ever lived. Of the multitudes of poets who have in all ages been inspired to teach us the noble in conduct and the pure in thought, few only have deserved the high Latin title of *Vates*, a name which means not a poet only, but also a bard and a seer. And of these there are still fewer who impress us with the sense of something peculiarly sublime in their personalty. Indeed, I hardly know of more than three whom I should name as exercising this magnetic effect on the imagination. Those three are Æschylus, Dante, and Milton;—and of these three, neither of the others in so supreme a degree as Dante.

Wordsworth, that pure and lofty poet whose soul was akin to Milton's own, has expressed this aspect of Milton's character.

“ Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
 So didst thou travel on life's common way
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

And again, in his Prelude, he calls him,

" Soul awful, if this world has ever held
 An awful soul."

Now with all this eulogy, lofty as it is, I fully agree ; and if there be any other poet to whom it belongs, in even fuller measure, it is Dante Alighieri. His very names sound like a prophetic intimation of his greatness. Dante is said to be an abbreviation of "Durante"—the lasting, the permanent ; Alighieri, one (that is) of the "wing-bearers," of whom his coat of arms—an eagle's wing in an azure field—is the most fitting symbol.

Gray, in his ode on the "Progress of Poesy," spoke of Milton as

" he who rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy.
 He passed the flaming bounds of time and space,
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze ;
 He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night."

The last lines are but a fanciful allusion to Milton's blindness ; but of Dante it may be said that he saw with eagle's eye, undazzled. No poet's soul ever showed the same heroic dauntlessness. He trod, with unseared feet, the very depths of Hell, in all its agony and gha-

liness ; he toiled up the mountain terraces of Purgatory ; he moved as unflinching over heaven's azure as over the burning marble ; he mingled on equal terms among its living rubies and topazes ; he saw the whole rose of Paradise unfolded ; he gazed on the mystic triumph of Christ, and on the Beatific Light of the Triune God ; and in every scene, lurid or celestial, before every personage, demonic or divine, whether he be speaking to lost souls, or giants, or coarse fiends, or beatified spirits of the redeemed, or apostles, or " thrones, dominations, virtues, principedoms, powers," he retains before them all and everywhere the royal Priesthood, the immortal dignity of a man—of a man made in the image of God, and for whom Christ died.

It is because such a poet seems to me peculiarly fitted to teach, and elevate this age, and to make it blush for its favorite vices, that I have ventured to speak of him. There is no function which poets can fulfil comparable to their high posthumous privilege of permanently enriching the blood of the world, and raising humanity to higher levels. Nations that possess such poets as Dante and Milton ought never to degenerate. But they belong not to nations only, but to all the world. If any young men should chance to be among my audience to-night, I would earnestly invite them to hold high and perpetual companionship with such souls as these. And if there should be any here who have hitherto found their chief delight in meaner things, which dwarf the intellectual faculties and blunt the moral sense, I would fain hope that, here and there, one of them may be induced to turn away from such follies, to breathe the

pure, difficult, eager air of severe and holy poems like the "Divina Commedia," and the "Paradise Lost."

For, indeed, the "Divine Comedy" is, as has been said, "one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language, and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art, and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to; which rise up, ineffaceably and forever, as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. They who know it best would wish others also to know the power of that wonderful poem; its austere yet subduing beauty; what force there is in its free and earnest and solemn verse to strengthen, to tranquillize, to console. Its seriousness has put to shame their trifling; its magnanimity their faint-heartedness; its living energy their indolence; its stern and sad grandeur has rebuked low thoughts; its thrilling tenderness has overcome sullenness, and assuaged distress; its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity; its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths. After holding converse with such grandeur, our lives can never be so small again." *

He was born in Florence in 1265, and I shall not now dwell upon his biography. Suffice it to say that the outline of his life may be summed up under the four words, Love, Philosophy, Politics, Exile.

* Dean Church.

1. First, Love. He was but a dreamy, poetic boy of nine years old when he first saw and loved Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari. The story of his love is told in his "*Vita Nuova*." Love was his earliest idol, and God—whose hand is so visible in this poet's life—early shattered it. Beatrice, at twenty, married another, and at twenty-five she died.

"Death, the great monitor, oft comes to prove
'Tis dust we dote on when 'tis man we love."

And yet let us not say that Dante's love came to nothing. It came to something far more divine than could have been the disenchantment of any mere earthly satisfaction. He might have said, with the modern poet :

"He who for love hath undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier, thousand-fold, than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul hath reigned
That nothing else can bring;—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering."

By that absolutely pure, noble, ideal, ethereal love the youth's whole soul was elevated. The sweet child, the lovely maid, the pure and noble woman, gave to Dante's soul those wings of unselfish devotion by which it was lifted up to God.

So, then, for his own good, and for the riches of the world's ennoblement, was Dante's first idol broken—the idol of earthly adoration; broken, or let us rather say, transfigured into something heavenly. Nor was it otherwise with his second idol, Philosophy. Of this we can-

not say much, because Dante has only alluded to it obscurely and in enigma. He says that philosophy became his consolation, and he studied Doethius and Cicero. But it is clear from the stern reproaches addressed to him by Beatrice at the end of the "Purgatorio," that during these years of his life he fell away. His philosophy engrossed him. It led him to offer strange fire upon the altar of his life. He forgot the new life which an ideal love had breathed into him, and "an intellectual and sensitive delight in good ran parallel with a voluntary and actual indulgence in evil." From this he represents himself as delivered by a vision of Beatrice, now in glory, and now to him the emblem of divine knowledge. But we can see this only—that earthly knowledge was not suffered to absorb the soul which could only be satisfied by heaven, and that the second idol also was broken.

Then began the third phase of his life in Politics. His public life was full and passionate. He loved his native city with an intense devotion. He has crowned her with an immortal shame and an immortal glory. Florence was to him as all the world. Hell and Purgatory and Heaven ring with the name of Florence, and are filled with Florentines. And nobly, and with stern justice, did Dante serve and help to govern her. I shall not follow him into the obscure and miserable imbroglio of the struggles of his day—the parties of Guelf and Ghibelline, the family feuds of Bianchi and Neri, which only derive a touch of interest from their connection with his intense and supreme personality. Suffice it to say that, in the course of that divine education whereby God trains us all, as the lover had become a student and

a soldier, so the student became a politician. He fought in the battle of Campaldino; he took part in no less than fourteen embassies. By the age of thirty-five he had risen to be the first magistrate of Florence.

The struggle and passion of politics, forcing him into collision with his fellow-men and with the hard facts of life, made him something more than the soft poetic boy, so sensitive and delicate, writing sonnets, recording visions, painting angels, trembling at a touch; more even than the student of letters, science, and philosophy. It also decided the destiny of his remaining years. Caught up in the whirlwinds of political strife, he hurried back from an embassy at Rome to hear that his house had been pillaged and burnt to the ground, and himself infamously charged with malversation and embezzlement. He was banished from Florence, the city of his birth, the city of his manhood, the city of his love, and hurled into exile under sentence of being burnt alive, if he ever set foot again in the city for which, for a short time, he had ruled. "Alas," he says, "I have gone about like a mendicant, showing, against my will, the wounds with which fortune has smitten me. I have, indeed, been a vessel without sail and without rudder, carried to divers shores by the dry wind that springs out of poverty." It was long before he abandoned the hope that one day his fellow-citizens, repenting of their base injustice, might recall him; and that he might claim the poetic wreath standing by his own baptismal font in his beloved church of San Giovanni, the font which, to the horror of formalists, he had once (it is said) unhesitatingly broken to save a drowning child. He was offered, indeed, to return, but under con-

ditions which he disdained. "The stars and the heaven," he said, "are everywhere; and in any region under heaven I can ponder the sweetest truths; and if I cannot return with perfect honor, I will not return at all." Yet how hard was that path! how bitter that lot to his intensely proud and pre-eminent spirit! What the cage is to the mountain eagle, that was to Dante the dangling as a dependant about the courts of little men. Is it wonderful that bitter words sometimes escaped him? "How is it," said his magnificent patron, Can Grande, to him one day, "that a poor fool, like my jester, amuses us all so much, while a wise man like you, day after day, has nothing to amuse us with?" "It is not strange," said Dante bitterly. "Remember the proverb, like to like." One day the Prior of Santa Croce, struck with the far-off look in his yearning eyes, asked him "what he was seeking." "*Pace!*" was the answer. "Peace!" a peace which on earth, alas, he never found. He went on an embassy to Venice for his last patron, the Lord of Ravenna; and not being able even to obtain an audience, he returned to Ravenna overwhelmed with disappointment, and died at the age of fifty-six of a broken heart. A century later remorseful Florence begged that his remains might be restored to her; but the request, though renewed still later by Leo X. and Michael Angelo, was rightly refused; and at Ravenna, on the bleak Adrian shore, and near the blighted pine-woods, his dust sleeps until the Judgment Day.

Those pine-woods were green then, though they are blighted now; and Dante's life which was so blighted for himself has put forth green leaves for us. His loss

was our gain. But for that long exile, but for that unutterable despair and weariness of heart, he might have been a graceful love-poet, or a scholastic philosopher, but he never would have written for all time the Divine Comedy. Like many other poets he was

“Nurtured into poetry by wrong,
And learnt in suffering what he taught in song.”

If the myrrh gave forth its immortal fragrance, it was because it was incensed and crushed. If the gold was fine gold, it was because heaven had purged it in the furnace and fretted it into forms of eternal loveliness.

The name, “Divine,” was given to his poem after his death, because it dealt with the most sacred topics. He himself called it a “Comedy,” partly because it had a happy ending, partly because it was written in a simple style and in the vernacular tongue. It sums up all that was greatest in previous poetry and religious thought. It is a vision ; an ideal ; an autobiography ; a satire ; an allegory ; a moral exhortation. There had been visions of the unseen world in Homer and Virgil and in many mediæval works ; there had been autobiographies like the “Confessions” of St. Augustine ; and bitter political poems like the plays of Aristophanes and the satires of Juvenal ; and poems full of scientific and theological knowledge like those of Lucretius ; and ideals of perfect conditions like St. Augustine’s “City of God.” But in Dante’s poem all these elements are fused by imagination into one intense whole, and made the vehicles of the deepest religious thoughts which at that day were known to man. Without a moment’s hesitation Dante claims his eternal place among the very greatest poets

who had gone before him, "as though some stranger had appeared at the ancient games, and at once flung to its farthest cast the quoit of the demi-gods." Nor has the "Divine Comedy" ever been equalled since. Wordsworth's "Excursion" is a philosophical and autobiographic poem; Goethe's "Faust" is a soul's history; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is a vision of things unseen; Milton's "Paradise Lost" deals with God and Satan and Heaven and Hell; but Dante's "Divina Commedia" is a work incomparably greater than Wordsworth's or Bunyan's or Goethe's, great as those are; it is greater even than the "Paradise Lost." Except, perhaps, the plays of Shakespeare, which may be greater in their oceanic and myriad-minded genius, it is perhaps the supremest product which has come from the intellect of man.

But in reading Dante we must not at all suppose that we shall be able at once to grasp, and to admire him. Great poems require a severe and noble tone and temper of mind to understand them. The eminent man who said that of its three parts, the "Inferno" was revolting, the "Purgatorio" dull, and the "Paradiso" unreadable, condemned not Dante, but himself. If men prefer to make their entrances and exits on the stage of life with clowns and vices, they are not fit companions for those "whose worth erects them and their actions to a grave and tragic bearing." Dante never desired more than fit audience, though few. You will find much in his poem to scarify a feeble conventionality. He himself warns off all base and feeble readers. "Ye," he says, "who, in your little boat, are eager to follow in the track of my bark,

which speeds, singing on its way, turn back to see again your own shores. Trust not yourselves to the deep, lest haply, losing me, ye remain bewildered. Ye other few, who look up betimes for the bread of the angels, on which we can live here, but not enough to satisfy ; ye, ere the quickly closing wake is reunited,

“ ’Mid the deep ocean ye your course may take,
My track pursuing the pure waters through.”

The vision narrated in Dante's "Divine Comedy" is supposed to have happened in the year 1300. Dante was then thirty-five. "In the middle of the journey of our life," so it begins, "I found myself astray in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost. Ah ! how hard a thing it is to tell how wild, and rough, and stubborn this wood was, which, in thinking of it, renews my fear, bitter almost as death." And while he has thus lost his way, and lost Him who is the way, in this erroneous wood of confused aim and sinful wandering—the wood in which most of us, alas ! spend all our lives—he reaches the foot of a hill whose summit was bathed in sunshine. The hill is the high ground, the Delectable Mountain of faith, of holiness, of moral order, of Christian life ; and from the pass that leads to death Dante turns to, and makes a strenuous effort to climb the hill. But he is instantly hindered by three wild beasts : a bright and bounding leopard, with spotted skin, of which he admires the beauty ; a lion, which approaches him with head erect and furious hunger ; and a gaunt she-wolf that looks full of all cravings in her leanness. Terrified by these wild beasts, he sees a figure approach him, to whom he appeals for help. This figure is the

poet Virgil, who, after dwelling on his peril, tells him that he must follow him. Now, the poem of Dante is crowded by many meanings, but the chief of these, and the only one which I shall touch upon, is the moral allegory. Of the beasts that would fain drive Dante back from the sunny hill to the dark wood, the leopard is pleasure; the lion is anger; the wolf is the love of money. "Behold a lion out of the forest shall slay them, a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities."* Sensuality, passion, avarice — these have to be conquered before a man can become a true follower of Christ, or climb the mountain of His beatitudes. Virgil is the personification of human wisdom—the spirit of imagination and poetry—able to witness to duty, its discipline, its hopes, and its vindications, but unable to confer grace. And Virgil tells Dante that, at the bidding of his Beatrice, who becomes henceforth the personification of Divine knowledge, he is commissioned to lead him through Hell where sin is punished, and through Purgatory where sins are cleansed. In order to be delivered from the seductions and semblances of life, Dante is to be led to see, with his own eyes, the awful eternal realities. Thus the "Divine Comedy" comprehends all time and all space. It represents the life-history of a human soul, redeemed from sin, error, from lust, and wrath, and mammon, and restored to the right path by the reason and the grace which enable him to see the things that are, and to see them as they are.

* See Jerem.

Of the three great divisions of the poem, it is of course, only possible to offer you the barest outlines, and that solely for the sake of the remarks which I have to make respecting them.

Together the two poets reach a gate, over whose summit runs, in dark letters, the inscription :

“All hope abandon, ye who enter here ;”

and Dante weeps as he passes into a dolorous realm where sighs, and lamentations, and voices deep and hoarse, and the sounds of smitten hands re-echo through the stained and startled air. Here, on the Vestibule of Hell, are the fallen angels who were faithful neither to God nor to Satan, but only to themselves ; and with them swept round and round the doleful circle, naked, stung by hornets, with faces stained with tears and blood, following in countless multitudes the fluttering flag of Acheron, are all the wretched caitiffs, displeasing alike to God and to His enemies, who had died but never lived. Mercy and judgment alike disdain them. Heaven chases forth their ugliness ; Hell spurns their selfish pusillanimity. “Let us not speak of them,” says Virgil, “but look and pass.”

Here you have Dante's central idea, that Hell is selfishness ; the human will set up in defiance of the divine. The “Inferno” throughout is the history of self-will in its lower and lower stages of development. The soul in Cocytus is utterly emptied of God, and wholly filled with the loathly emptiness of self ; in the “Purgatory” the soul is gradually emptied of self ; in the “Paradise” the soul is wholly filled with God.

Then, after the sad, but not tormented, Limbo of

unbaptized infants and the virtuous heathen, the Hell of Dante is divided into three sections, according to the three all-inclusive sins. Those sins are Lust, Hate, Fraud. There is the Upper Hell, the Hell of Incontinence; the Central Hell, the Hell of Malice; the Nether Hell, the Hell of Fraud and Treachery, in the lowest pit of which is Satan himself. The two poets, seeing and conversing with many lost souls, traverse the nine circles. They see the Impure, swept round and round, without respite, by a hellish storm, in a circle of darkness which bellows like the sea in a tempest beaten by horrid winds. They see the Gluttons and Epicures, their bellies cleaving to the dust, terrified by a barking monster, and beaten by a foul, eternal, heavy rain in the poisonous air. They see the Misers and the Spendthrifts, rolling huge stones undiscernibly in the howling gloom. They see the Wrathful and the gloomy-sluggish tearing each other in the slime of the Stygian marsh. In the red-hot city of Dis, guarded by Fiends and Furies, and reserved for Brutalism, that is, for besotted intellectual folly, they see imprisoned in burning tombs the souls of Heretics and Infidels. Then in the Central Hell, the Hell of Malice, separated from the upper by a chaos of shattered rocks, are those who have sinned by violence—against themselves, against their neighbors, and against God. Here are the Tyrants and Murderers, immersed in the boiling, crimson waves of Phlegethon. Here is the ghastly wood of the Suicides, haunted by the obscene Harpies of Despair and Misery. Here the blasphemers against God, and all who have violated the law of nature, pace the scorchings and under a slow rain of ceaseless fire. At this point the stream of Phlegethon

plunges into the abyss in "a Niagara of blood," and the serpent-monster Geryon carries them into the Nether Hell—the Hell of Fraud. Here, in every variety of shame, horror, and anguish, weltering in a lake of pitch; or hanging, head downward, in tombs, while from toe to heel a flame flickers unceasingly along the soles of their quivering feet; or crushed under cloaks of gilded lead; or hewn to pieces; or tettered with leprosy; or wrapped in tongues of flame he sees the souls of all who have sinned by Falsity—seducers, flatterers, simonists, diviners, usurers, hypocrites, thieves, falsifiers, breeders of evil discord, and all liars. Down one more chasm they descend to the lowest Hell, the pool of Cocytus, locked up in eternal frost by blasts from the vampire wings of Lucifer—the blasts of Envy, Impotence, and Rage. There, in those "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," frozen into that glassy lake in an agony which makes their faces livid and dog-like, and congeals their very tears, he finds the souls of those traitors who have betrayed their friends, their country, or their benefactors. It is a Hell of Ice, not of Fire;—"to show," it has been said, that "the most dreadful thing in treachery is not the fraud but the cold-heartedness of it," and that is the reason why, "the eyes, once cruelly tearless, are now blind with frozen tears." Lowest of all, with three faces—one crimson with rage, one black with ignorance, one yellow with envy—Dante sees the Archtraitor, Satan himself; and, grasping the shaggy fell of his frozen and bat-like wings, the poets climb up through an opening in the solid earth, until catching a glimpse of the beauteous things which heaven bears, they issue forth to see once more the stars.

Now I would ask you to remember that this is only the crudest outline of the poem, undiversified by its human elements, its constant pathos, its oft-recurring touches of insight and nobleness. I have not attempted to give you any conception either of its terrifically realistic touches or of its numberless relieving elements. But what we ought to learn from its intense moral purpose is to see evil as Dante had seen it ; to feel the same hatred and fierce scorn of sin wherewith God had inspired him ; to feel, as he felt, that sin, whether it takes the forms of malice, fraud, or lust, is foul and horrid. He sets sin before us both in its nature and in its punishment ; now thrilling us with fear ; now melting us with pity ; now freezing us with horror ; now making us feel aflame with indignation—but meaning always to set before us this lesson more than any other, that sin is Hell, and that the wilful, willing sinner is in Hell ; and that so long as he remains an alien from the love of God he must say, with the evil spirit,

“What matter where, if I be still the same?”

The vulgar conception of punishment is that it is something external to and apart from sin. Dante's conception is that penalty is the same thing as sin : it is only sin taken at a later stage of its history.

Let me try to show you, by one or two instances, how full this poem is of tremendous lessons.

i. First, observe the fearful illustration which it furnishes of St. Paul's words : “What fellowship has light with darkness ?” Wishing to represent sin as awful and ghastly, Dante beautifies his “Inferno” with no brightening touch. The name of Christ is never mentioned

in the poem, as though its accents were too blessed to be uttered in that polluted air. One Angel only appears in it to drive back the demons who would oppose the poet's entrance into the burning city. But how unlike he is to the Divine birds—the radiant, tender, love-breathing Angels of the “Purgatorio” and the “Paradiso!” Through the gloom the poets see more than a thousand ruined spirits flying, like frogs before the waterwake, at the face of one who, with unwetted feet, is speeding over the Stygian marsh. He perpetually moves his left hand before him, as though he would wave off from his countenance the gross air of the abyss. He speaks no syllable to the Poets, as they bow to him in reverence, but stands, disdainful, indignant, on the horrid threshold, taunting the outcasts of Heaven; and when, with one touch of his wand, he has burst open the burning gates, he speaks no further syllable, but speeds back, swift and disdainful, through the filthy gloom. There can be no brightness, no beauty there; no Angel can wave his purple wings in the atmosphere of Hell. Dante anticipated by six centuries the scientific doctrine of modification by environment. If they are forced to enter Hell, even for a few moments, his very Angels become unangelic. And, in illustration of the same truth, notice how revoltingly hideous, how horrible in his loathliness, Dante has made his Lucifer. He is not the haughty, splendid, defiant Satan of Milton, standing

“Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved,”

and even in his fall seeming not “less than Archangel ruined or excess of glory obscured.” Nor is he the mocking, gibing, flickering, philosophic, gentlemanly

Mephistopheles of Goethe. No; but, with far deeper moral insight, he is a hideous, foul, three-headed, shudder-causing monster—a portent at whose foulness the solid earth recoils.

ii. Notice next the awful power with which Dante illustrates the truth that men become what they desire; that penalty bears most often a ghastly similitude to the vice whereby it was caused; that “wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished.” If in Dante sensual sinners are swept along a whirling storm, what is that storm but the unbridled passions of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts imagine howling? If yet worse carnal offenders are baked by slow-heating flakes of fire, are not the thoughts of a corrupted heart full of such unhallowed flames? If his gluttons lie prostrate in the slush, tormented by Cerberus, what is gluttony and drunkenness but “on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life?” If his hypocrites are like the monks of Cologne, with their huge hoods, which display from afar their dazzling falsity, what is hypocrisy, with its fringes and phylacteries, but such a cloak of gilded lead? If his misers are plunged in a lake of foul pitch, what is that lake but money basely gained and sordidly spent and selfishly amassed?—money which sticks to the fingers and defiles the mind and causes it to bubble up and down with excitement and depression, and the sighing of souls which cannot be satisfied? What is the frozen pool of Cocytus but the heart benumbed with cruel and treacherous selfishness? Are there no living men, who, in the truth of things, unless they repent, are doomed to such places hereafter because such places are their own

place? Nay, who are in such places now? Is vice dead, or has it ceased to be in its inmost nature grotesque and vile? Are there no living usurers, traitors, liars, furious, sluggards, seducers, slanderers, evil counsellors in high places and in low places, whom a Dante of this day—were he brave enough or had enough of moral insight—would doom to such scenes now as he did six centuries ago? If so, Dante has some very stern and very needful lessons for us as for the men in days in which he lived. Do men in these days need no warning against vulgar, meaningless, facing-both-ways lives? Are none of us stung by the wasps of mean cares? Do none of us trim and shuffle in the wake of popular opinion, following it like some giddy and fluttering rag of Acheron? Are none of us tempted, like these wretches, to stand selfishly neutral in the great conflict between good and evil? Have none of us made, like the young ruler, the great refusal?

iii. Next, I would ask you to consider the awful and almost lurid light which Dante has flung on his own meaning in the 33d canto. There, in the lowest circle, frozen in the icy pool, the poets see a lost spirit who entreats them to remove from his eyes the dreadful, glassy congealment which, while permitting sight, increases torment by rendering tears impossible. Dante asks who he is, and finds that he is Friar Alberigo, who, with horrible treachery, has murdered his own guests at a banquet. But Dante knows that Alberigo is alive, and asks with surprise how he comes to be here? He receives the fearful answer, that when souls have committed crimes so deadly as his, they instantly fall rushing down to that lowest pit, leaving their bodies

upon earth. From that moment they are really dead. Their body, indeed, all unknown to them, eats, drinks, sleeps, seems to live on earth. But their soul is not in it; it is but a mask of clay which a demon animates. And he proceeds to mention others whom Dante has seen in hell, which still seem to be alive on earth, having a name to live though they are dead—being the most awful kind of ghosts, not souls without bodies, but bodies without souls. Is not the world full of such ghosts—of those who “have a name to live while they are dead,” of men and women who living in pleasure, are “dead while they live”—not disembodied souls, but disensouled bodies, flitting about their living tombs of selfishness and vice? The fourteenth century, you see, had not yet learned to legitimize vice by complacent doctrines. To Dante sin was not a thing to make a mock at. His Cerberus, and his horned demons, and his red-hot cities, and his boiling blood of Phlegethon, and his snow of scorching flames, are but the shadow and reflex of men’s vices, crimes, and sins.

iv. Again observe that in Dante’s Hell each soul is condemned for one sin, and mainly for one definite act of sin; whereas you will say that sins are complex and manifold, and enmeshed together by links subtle and numberless. But Dante is awfully right here also. It is true that no man is ever contented with a single sin; yet it is always one sin, and that the favorite one, which destroys souls. That conquered, all others fall with it; that victorious, all others follow it. The lust and anger of the flesh do not of necessity or finally destroy; but when they become the lust and anger of the heart, “these,” says Mr. Ruskin, “are the furies of Phle-

gethon, wholly ruinous. Lord of these, on the shattered rocks, lies couched the infamy of Crete. For when the heart as well as the flesh desires what it should not, and the heart as well as the flesh kindles to its wrath, the whole man is corrupted, and his heart's blood is fed in its veins from the lake of fire." The single consummations of sin which, with a glare of unnatural illumination, reveal to the man what he is, are never single acts, but are the epitome of long years of sin, indulged in thought and wish, and minor offences; just as the crimson flower of the fabled aloe issues from the sap, which has been circling in its leaves for a hundred years.

II. Time does not permit me to give you even an outline of the Purgatory. It is the mountain where sins which have been repented of before death, are washed away. We have left behind us forever the horror and the infamy, the noisome gloom, the agonizing frost, the mephitic rivers of boiling blood. No sooner have the Poets reached the upper light, than their eyes are gladdened with the sweet hue of the Eastern sapphire, deepened to the far horizon in the pure serenity of air. Overhead shine the four stars of the Southern Cross; and bidden by Cato, the guardian of the ante-Purgatory, where those sinners are detained who have delayed their repentance. Virgil and Dante come to a shady place, where first they catch the tremulous shimmer of the sea, and Virgil, placing his hands on the ground, bathes in dew the cheeks of Dante, stained as they are with tears, and with the mirk of the abyss, and girds him with a rush, the emblem of humility. Round the mountain of Purgatory run nine terraces, of which each is devoted to the punishment of one of the seven deadly

sins. The penance is, on each terrace, analogous to the sin. The proud crawl along, bent under huge weights. The once evil eyes of the envious are sewn together with iron wire. The angry grope their way through a dense, bitter, blinding fog. The slothful are hurried round and round in incessant toil. The avaricious lie prostrate and weeping on the earth. The gluttons and drunkards are punished by the emaciation of perpetual hunger. The sensual expiate their carnal wickedness in burning flame. Dante has to pass through each terrace—yes, even through that burning flame. He shrinks from it, indeed, with a death-like horror. “When I was within it,” he says, “I would have flung myself into molten glass to cool me, so immeasurable was the burning there.” But thenceforth he is cleansed from sin. He is crowned and mitred over himself. He finds himself under the leaves of a forest, tremulous with soft breezes, and resonant with the song of birds, where, amid May blossoms, flows a stream of purest crystal. A gleam flashes through the forest, a sweet melody runs through the glowing air; and he sees a glorious vision of the triumph of Christ and His Church, and, in it, amid a cloud of flowers shed by the hands of Angels, his blood thrills to recognize a lady whose white veil is crowned with olive. It is Beatrice. Virgil has vanished, for human wisdom can do no more. And, as he weeps for Virgil’s departure, Beatrice bids him rather weep for his own past sins, and, towering over him in imperious attitude, like a mother over a son who is in fault, she reproaches him so sternly for the backslidings of the past, that the Angels, as though indirectly pleading for him with the beautiful, stern monitress, sud-

denly begin the strain : "In thee, O Lord, hath been my hope." Then his heart breaks like melting ice into sighs and tears, and he stands mutely listening to her reproaches, like a boy ashamed of guilt, with his eyes upon the ground, and at last falls down in a swoon. Then at last, truly, utterly penitent, he is plunged in the waters of Lethe. He hears the angels sing "Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." The four Virtues receive him. He is bidden to gaze on Beatrice, and sees the light of Christ reflected in her eyes. Then he is suffered to drink the waters of Eunoe, which is sweeter than words can tell ; and refreshed like young plants which are reclad by spring in tender leaves, he issues from the holy wave purified, and ready to mount up to the stars.

The "Purgatory" of Dante represents a present reality, not a future possibility. It is the history of a process, not the description of a place. There is scarcely a page of this magnificent poem which is not full of subtle allegories and noble lessons. Gladly, had time permitted, would I have endeavored to show the mighty compression of imagination with which Dante conveys a manifold instruction in passage after passage, and how he sometimes condenses a supreme truth into a single smiting line. As it is, I can only point out one central lesson of the entire poem.

It is that just punishment, though hard to bear, is yet very blessed. Into the theology of Dante we will not enter, but at least he enforces on us the lesson that forgiveness of sins is not the same thing as remission of consequences. The spirits of Purgatory are all ready to say with the modern poet,

“ Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
 Not daily labor’s dull Lethean spring,
 Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
 Of the soiled glory or the trailing wing.”

The spirits in Purgatory are happy, for they have hope. They yearn for the presence of God, but do not desire their punishment to be shortened. They do not desire, they do not feel worthy to see God till the soft plumes of angels have brushed from their foreheads all trace of the seven deadly letters. The sense of shame, the sense of justice prevail with them. The blush of the carnal sinners in the seventh terrace of fire adds to the flame a yet fiercer glow; and when they converse with Dante, they will not lean so much as one inch out of the healing fire, because they do not desire one moment’s respite from the agony which is purging away their sin. When the poet Guido has finished speaking with Dante, he vanishes in the flames as a fish darts to the bottom of the water. Surely there is a deep lesson here. It is the lesson that

“ Hearts which verily repent
 Are burdened with impurity,
 And comforted by chastisement.
 That punishment’s the best to bear
 Which follows soonest on the sin,
 And guilt’s a game where losers fare
 Better than those who seem to win.”

I will make but one more remark about the “Purgatorio” before I pass on to say very few words about the “Paradiso.” It is, as my friend Dean Plumtre has well pointed out, that the poem is intensely autobiographical. It contains the confessions of the man

Dante Alighieri. We see in it the sins to which he had been, and to which he had not been tempted. The man so proud, so reserved, so reticent, so craving of praise, so sensitive to blame, here like St. Augustine, and like Rousseau, lays bare the secrets of his soul. In the 31st canto, the words of Beatrice are the reproaches of his own transfigured and illuminated conscience. And we watch with deepest interest the gradual cleansing and dilatation of his soul. In the "Inferno" the contact with evil, and even with the Nemesis which falls on evil, had not been without its own deadly perils. He feels the taint of the vices on which he looks. He becomes half base as he listens to the revilings of the base; half false among the treacherous; savagely relentless among the furious. In the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise" he has to be cleansed from this blackness of infection. And he is so, in part, by the outward influences of all things sweet, lovely, and ennobling. By the clear reminiscences of history and literature; by the exquisite and consummate fidelity of Art, especially of sculpture; by Poetry, especially sacred poetry; by Music, of which not one note is heard in Hell, but which rings round him constantly and exquisitely in the Purgatory and the Paradise; above all, by Nature—by the serene and stainless glory of the sky, by the pureness of the dew, and by the glories of unequalled dawn. Dante had felt, as it would be well for all of us to feel, that beauty is the sacrament of goodness; that in the sense of beauty, satisfied by the beauty of God's works, we see and we recognize the very autograph of God. And this beauty is reflected in the graciousness and goodness of all God's creatures. The men, and the

women, and the fiends of the abyss are, for the most part, abhorrent and revolting ; while the demonic creatures, Cerberus and the Minotaur and Geryon, are loathly ; and the fiends of the Malebolge, Malacoda, and Cagnazzo, and Graffiaccane, and Ciriialto are as gross and as infamous as imagination can conceive. Compare these with the fair, white-winged creatures with faces like the quivering gleam of the morning star—falcons and swans of God—who move through the “Purgatorio.” Green are their plumes, green as the fresh-born leaflets of spring ; and green—the radiant color of hope—are the robes fluttered by the beating of their wings ; and their fair, golden heads are visible, though their faces dazzle the sight. And in the sixth circle, the Angel, who obliterates one more fatal letter from Dante’s brow, is glorious as gold in the furnace, and the touch of his plumes breathes fragrance like the May breeze blown over grass and flowers at dawn, and “sated with the innumerable rose.”

III. I shall say scarcely anything of the “Paradise.” It is the least read of the three by the multitude, and most dear of the three to the real student. Whatever else it may be, it is emphatically and pre-eminently the Poem of Light ; of Light, lost at last in the blinding intensity of that central lake of light and the dazzling beatific vision of Him who is Light,

“ And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from Eternity ; dwelt then in Thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate,
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? ”

If you would understand it—if you would feel its magic influence, you must bathe yourselves in light ;

you must clothe yourselves in light ; you must walk in light ; you must gaze on light with the eagle's undazzled eyes. For here Dante leaves earth behind him. He talks with no meaner beings than Virgins, and Saints, and Patriarchs, and Apostles. He talks with the Emperor Justinian about the Roman Empire ; with St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura about the Dominican and Franciscan orders ; with his crusading and knightly ancestor, Cacciaguida, about the beautiful simplicity which contrasted with the deepening luxury of his own Florence ; with St. Benedict about monastic corruption. He sees Adam and Solomon. St. Peter questions him about Faith ; St. James, about Hope ; St. John, about Love ; and the happy choirs of heaven sink into astonished silence, and the happy lights of heaven flicker into fiery indignation, while St. Peter fulminates his more than Papal anathema against the blood-stained and avaricious pontiffs who on earth usurp "my place, my place, my place ;" and St. Bernard of Clairvance, shows him the queen of heaven herself, Mary, "who is the centre of the eternal rose," with Eve sitting at her feet ; and at last he is suffered to gaze in vision ineffable on the Supreme Triune. And everywhere, till the last, Beatrice is with him, and in her eyes are the demonstrations, and in her smiles the persuasions of wisdom.

And everywhere there is light ; in every circle of the planetary, and the starry, and the crystalline heavens ; and in the Empyrean, and in the mystical White Rose, and in the Ladder of Gold, whose summit is invisible, and in the River of Life, flaming with splendor, between two banks bright with the flowers of spring, of which he drinks ; and in the central point of light itself, "so

intense that no eye can gaze on it, so minute that the smallest star in the firmament would seem a moon beside it." The very regions through which he passes are like eternal pearls, and they glide through them as rays of light enter into the water without disturbing the unity of the wave, for they are lucid and white as sun-struck diamonds. And in this brimming flood of light move the beatified saints, in melody and glory, more sweet even in voice than brilliant in aspect, circling round Dante in vivid garlands of eternal roses, or swathed in environments of ambient radiance, shooting from place to place like fires in alabaster, happy fires, living topazes, living rubies, flaming in ethereal sunshine, multitudes of splendors flitting through the crystal gleam like birds. And even after these unimaginable "varieties of light, and combinations of stars, and rays, and jewelled reflections," there are fresh throngs of splendors—cressets, and crowns, and circles, singing round the Virgin in ineffable, indescribable glories, in blinding and bewildering brilliances. And Paradise itself is one great white rose, and its yellow centre is the Central Light, whose circumference would outgird the sun; and its petals upon petals are innumerable ranks of spotless spirits, all gazing upon the Light of Light; and, as bees flit among the flowers, so fluttering about the petals of the Eternal Rose, "their wings of gold, their robes white as snow, their face radiant as pure flame," enjoying and enjoyed, the multitude of the Angels deposit in the recesses of those happy petals, the peace and glow brought down from the bosom of God. And all these are happy, equally happy, for though, to mortal apprehension, they seem to attain a lower or a

higher sphere in the circles of beatitude, they are all and equally the denizens of the mystic Rose, because the will of each and all is exclusively and absolutely the will of God, so that

“ Each spot in heaven
Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew
The Supreme Virtue showers not over all.”

And through all these scenes Dante passes, until at last he is suffered to gaze, for one reason-annihilating instant, on the supernal glory of the Trinity in Unity ; seeing, as in one lightning-flash, which melts his memory as the sunlight melts the snow, a triple orb of three different colors, of which the one seems to reflect the other, and the third is like fire breathed from both. Here thought and speech fail him ; but henceforth his desire and will are as a wheel, rolled on in even motion by the same love

“ That moves the sun in heaven, and all the stars.”

So high as that range no poetry has ever reached ; higher than that range the waxen wings of poetry are melted, and it sinks down through the intense inane.

I hasten to conclude. Dante lived in very wild days ; not in a smooth silken century like this, when so many are destitute of faith, yet terrified by scepticism. You must bear this in mind. He lived in the days when the Sicilian Vespers had deluged Palermo with massacre. He had heard, as a young man, the grim tragedy of Ugolino, starved to death with his sons in the Tower of Famine, and the awful murder of Paolo and Francesca by her husband and his brother, Giancotto. He had

seen men burnt alive. He had himself been sentenced to be burnt alive by his own countrymen, on a charge which nobody believed. A few years after his poem was written, Fra Dolcino was torn to pieces with hot pincers in the public market-place at Vercelli, and his follower, the rich and beautiful Margarita, consumed at a slow fire before the eyes of men. Here is a single incident in the family quarrel of the Bianchi and Neri, in the course of which his fortunes were shipwrecked. A lad of the Neri family had, in a quarrel, struck one of the Bianchi, and was sent by his father to apologize to the head of the Bianchi. This chief took hold of the boy then and there, chopped off his right hand on a dresser, and sent him back with the remark, "Injuries are wiped out by blood and not by words."

It is not strange that such terrible times had terrible beliefs, and in all those beliefs Dante shared. Whatever Hell may be, we do not believe that it is like the Hell of Dante, a burning slaughter-house, a torture-chamber of endless vivisection and worse than inquisitorial horrors, where souls welter in the crimson ooze of Phlegethon, or move about like Nero-torches of animated flame. Nevertheless, under that dreadful imagery, so weird, lurid, and grotesque, lie truths of eternal import. About the horror and infamies of a material Hell, about the steep ascents of a Purgatory,—if such there be—about the glories and employments of the Paradise of God, Dante knew just as much, which is just as little, as ourselves. But that there is a moral Hell and a moral Heaven; that Heaven and Hell are tempers and not only places; that they are states of the soul, and not physical fires or golden

cities in the far-off blue, he knew, as all must know, who have enough of soul left in them undestroyed by vice and worldliness to know what God is, and to feel what sin means. Is there not many a man of whom, as of Dante, it might be said, "That man has been in Hell?" Happy the man who, like Dante, has struggled through the abyss where sin is punished, to the mountain where sin is purged, to the Paradise where it is remembered no more. The poem was not written to give mere poetic pleasure, but to teach and to warn. He says that for many years it made him lean. "The seed of it was sown in tears, and reaped in misery," and it was intended to describe not merely or chiefly, an obscene Hell or a material Heaven, but to bring home to us the truth that this world is the next, in the light of the Eternal Yea and the Eternal Now.

I will end with two remarks.

i. One is his sense of the awful transcendency of goodness—the sense that Good and Evil are "the two polar elements of this creation, on which it all turns," and that they differ "not by preferability of one to the other, but by incompatibility absolute and infinite; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell." If you would know how Sin and Holiness appeared to one of the grandest of human souls, who had the power also to clothe his symbols in the intensest imagery; if you would be lifted from that base condition of conventionality and compromise in which good and evil are not in real and fierce antagonism, but lie flat together, side by side, in immoral acquiescence and infamous neutrality; then you may learn a life-long lesson by humble study

of the "Divine Comedy," which strips evil bare from all its masks and hypocrisies, that you may see it in all its naked ghastliness, and which shows you what is pure and good in the white intensity, the seven-fold perfection of undivided light.

ii. Observe, lastly, that Dante writes avowedly with a high moral purpose. He knows nothing of the prurient Tojan talk about art for art's sake, still less of its nudities, which are naked and not ashamed. He reveals to us, in the poem, step by step, his own moral ameliorations. He desires to make his readers participate in the same nobleness. Man, he says, in his prose work on "Monarchy" (iii. 15), stands midway between the corruptible and the incorruptible. His body is corruptible; his spirit is incorruptible. Hence his destinies also are twofold, so far as he is corruptible, and so far as he is incorruptible. God has set before him two ends—the happiness of this life in the earthly Paradise, which may be attained by virtue, and the happiness of life eternal, which consists in the fruition of the Divine countenance, to which our own virtue cannot ascend unless aided by the Divine light, and which is indicated by the celestial paradise. Human knowledge may help us to attain the first; Divine knowledge, by working in us faith, hope and charity, can alone help us to attain the second, which was revealed by Jesus Christ. Hence the object of Dante was to hold up "before men's awakened and captivated minds the verity of God's moral government; to rouse them to a sense of the mystery of their state; to startle their commonplace notions of sin into an imagination of its variety, its magnitude, and its infinite shapes and degrees; to open

their eyes to the beauty of the Christian temper, both as suffering and as consummated; to teach them at once the faithfulness and awful freeness of God's grace; to help the dull and lagging soul to conceive the possibilities, in its own case, of rising, step by step, in joy without an end—of a felicity not unimaginable by man, though of another order from the highest perfection of earth;—this is the poet's end." His subject, as he himself explained it, is not so much the state of souls after death, as man—man as rendering himself liable, by the exercise of free will, by good or ill desert, to the rewards or punishment of justice. It is solely by realizing such truths that men can obtain the ideal character which Dante pictures forth—the picture of one who, in boyhood is gentle, obedient, modest; in youth, temperate, resolute and loyal; in ripe years, prudent, just and generous; and in age has attained to calm wisdom and perfect peace in God.

LECTURE II.

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK.

Farewell Thoughts on America.

AMONG the commonest questions addressed to the stranger who visits your hospitable shores are, “What do you think of our country?” “What do you think of our institutions?” The frequency of the questions proves, I suppose, a real desire to know the general impressions formed by those from the old home, whom you welcome here. May one who has been received among you with an overflowing kindness far beyond his deserts, and with a warmth of recognition to which he has no claim; who, though a stranger, has been treated as a friend in every city he has entered; who has received words of cordial welcome and appreciation from the members of every religious community among you, from Roman Catholic Archbishops to Shaker Elders; who has spoken at nine or ten of your Colleges and Universities; who has been again and again invited to preach in your Churches, and to address many assemblages of the clergy or of theological students;—may such a stranger, whom you have encouraged to regard

himself as a friend, endeavor to give, or perhaps I should rather say, to indicate, some shadow of an answer to the familiar question ?

Such an answer might be given—perhaps has been sometimes given—in a tone of vanity and arrogance. Your brilliant representative, Mr. Lowell, who, in spite of the fact that he has spoken some sharp words to England and the English, was honored and beloved in England as few of your many popular Ministers have been, has written a paper on “A certain condescension in Foreigners.” The humbleness of my position, the smallness of any claims of mine on your attention, exempt me from all temptations to vanity and arrogance. Others again have offended you by flattery, and others have vexed you by sarcasm and censure. I hope that I shall not be so unfortunate as to fall either into the Scylla of flattery—a whirlpool of which I have always tried to steer clear—or into the Charybdis of criticism, which, on my part, would be purely presumptuous. Thus much, however, I may say. I have stood in simple astonishment before the growth, the power, the irresistible advance, the Niagara-rush of sweeping energy, the magnificent apparent destiny of this nation, wondering whereunto it would grow. I have been touched by the large generosity, the ungrudging hospitality of friends in America whom I had never known before. I should consider myself privileged beyond anything which I can express, if any poor word which I have been asked to speak in America might prove to be an influence for good ; if it could be one more link, even microscopically small, in the golden chain of mutual amity which now happily unites the two nations which

yet are, and ought to be one nation ; or if it could add anything to the feeling of essential unity between religious bodies which, in spite of their differences, have yet one great end in view. I should indeed rejoice if I could thus repay some small part of the debt of my gratitude and contribute my infinitesimal quota to the efforts of those who—feeling the inherent grandeur of this mighty people, and impressed with the eternal truth that righteousness is the sole palladium of the nations—are devoting heart and soul to the purest effort of patriotism, the effort which shall enable their fellow-countrymen to rise to the height of this great argument, and by their means to elevate the moral condition of the world. And why should this hope of mine be condemned as entirely presumptuous? Anything which I can do or say must be in itself of trivial value ; but still it may serve its own small purpose even as it is the despised mica-flake which helps to build the bases of the mountain, and the tiny coral-insect which lays the foundations of the mighty continent, and the grain of sand which is, “ taken up by the wings of the wind, to be a barrier against the raging of the sea.”

Surely, your history, so brief yet so memorable, has been too plainly marked by the interpositions of God to leave any American unimpressed by the responsibilities which God has made to rest upon the Atlantean shoulders of this His people. There are some who are fond of looking at the apparently trifling incidents of history, and of showing how the stream of the centuries has been diverted in one or other direction by events the most insignificant. General Garfield told his pupils at Hiram that the roof of a certain court-house was so absolute a

water-shed that the flutter of a bird's wing would be sufficient to decide whether a particular rain-drop should make its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or into the Gulf of Mexico. The flutter of a bird's wing may have affected all history. Some students may see an immeasurable significance in the flight of parrots, which served to alter the course of Columbus, and guided him to the discovery of North and not of South America. There is no need for us to touch on such curiosities. Suffice it for me to quote a testimony which you will all reverence—the testimony of Washington: "When I contemplate," he says, in his letter to the governors of the States, in 1783, "the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution . . . I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency. . . . Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest proofs of the duties of men and of citizens." So wrote Washington, the Father of his Country. Such was his conviction, and such the inference to which it led him.

In truth, this lesson—the Providence of God in the

affairs of nations—seems to be stamped upon your history from the first. When Columbus ceased to speak before the courtiers at Barcelona, and told them the discovery of the Western world,

“The king and queen
Sank from their thrones and melted into tears,
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
In praise of God who led him through the waste,
And then the great ‘Laudamus’ rose to heaven.”

When William Penn founded, among the forest trees from which its streets are yet named, the City of Brotherly Love,—“It is,” he said, “a holy experiment, which it depends upon themselves to accomplish or ruin;” and he intended Pennsylvania to be an endeavor “to improve an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore.” “Let us,” said the great Edmund Burke—“let us auspicate all our proceedings in America with the old Church cry, “*Sursum corda.*” George Herbert wrote :

“Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

May I try to show that every fact of your early history emphasizes the religious prophecies which thus attended its early dawn ?

I. Who were your Fathers ? Look to the rock whence you were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence you were digged. The stream of life in some colonies has been tainted by the blood of criminals. Some of you may have read Walter Savage Landor’s fine address to Mrs. Chisholm :

“ Chisholm ! of all the ages that have rolled
Around this rolling world, what age hath seen
Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise
As thine ? Crime flies before thee, and the shores
Of Australasia, lustrated by thee,
Collect no longer the putrescent weed
Of Europe, flung by senates to infect
The only unpolluted continent.”

But, gentlemen, the line you draw from is the line of men brave and free, and the blood in your veins is the blood of heroes. “ A Syrian ready to perish was thy father,” says the Hebrew prophet to his people. A few Englishmen ready to perish were your ancestors ; but they were true, brave, godfearing men, and therefore the irresistible might of their weakness shook the world. *Sicut Patribus, sit Deus nobis ! **

There were Recusants in Maryland, there were Cavaliers in Virginia, but the type of your manhood was derived from the awful virtue of the Pilgrim Fathers. If “ the feet of a few outcasts pressed Plymouth Rock, and it became famous,” it was because those outcasts were men of fixed determination, of indomitable courage, of deep faith, of earnest prayer. The hundred who in their frail little bark braved the fury of the elements, were frowned upon alike by kings and priests, but, animated by a passion for Liberty, they carried to America, as Mr. Gladstone has said, “ all that was Democratic in the policy of England, and all that was Protestant in her religion.” Well might your orator exclaim, “ Victims of persecution ! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles ! Apostles of Liberty ! what

*The motto of Boston.

millions attest the authenticity of your mission." But what was their safeguard? The power of faith, the passion for freedom. "We do verily believe and trust," wrote Robinson and Brewster to Sir E. Sandys, in 1617, "that the Lord is with us unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that He will graciously prosper our endeavors according to the simplicity of our hearts."

There is scarcely a man whose name is connected with the early colonization of North America that is not noble and memorable. There was the brilliant and unhappy Raleigh—brightest star in the galaxy of stars which clustered round the Virgin Queen who gave her name to Virginia. There was Captain John Smith, a man with the soul of a Crusader, whose favorite book was "Marcus Aurelius," who "in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and iniquity more than any other dangers." There was William Penn, ever acting in the spirit of his own conviction that the weak, the just, the pious, the devout are all of one religion. There was Bradford, the stern governor. There was Oglethorpe, with his "strong benevolence of soul." There was the hero of the Indian wars, Miles Standish. There was Roger Williams, the founder of Providence. There were Winthrop and Endicott, the worthy founders of worthy lines.

And how clearly is the will of Heaven marked in your history. It is but "God's unseen Providence" which men nickname chance. Least of all nations can America prepare a table for chance or furnish a drink-offering for destiny. *

* See Isa. lxiv. 12.

It was not Chance which made the history of mankind hang on the fortunes of handfuls of strugglers in the forests of Canada. It was not Chance which gave the New World to the industry of Puritans, the individualism of busy traders. At one time, as Mr. Parkman has so finely shown, it seemed certain that America would have become the appanage of France. That would have meant the predominance of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola. It would have meant the sway of the despot, the noble, and the Jesuit in the continent of freedom. "Populations formed in the habits of a feudal monarchy and controlled by a hierarchy profoundly hostile to liberty would have been a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the way of that majestic experiment of which America is the field." But the hopes of the Jesuits, in spite of all their noble labors and heroic martyrdoms, were, in the Providence of God, shattered to pieces by the fierce tomahawks of the Iroquois. The gigantic ambition of France was foiled by the "little, sickly, red-haired hero" at Quebec; and the weak and broken line of English colonies along the shores of the Atlantic, the descendants of an oppressed and fugitive people, dashed down the iron hand of monarchy in the flush of its triumphant power.

At another time it seemed as if the New World were to belong to the proud, sickly blood of decaying Spain. St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in 1565, was the first town built by whites in the United States. That would have meant the horrible despotism of Alvas and Philips; it would have meant the narrow and crushing tyranny of the bigot and the monk; it would have meant the Mass-book, the thumb-screw, and the blood-

hound ; it would have meant the inert and execrable rule of men like Menendez, the outcome of an infernal ignorance animated by an infernal religious zeal. "But Spain was foiled by De Gourges, who justly hanged, "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers," the Spaniards who had hanged Huguenots, "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans ;"—and again by General Oglethorpe, who with eight hundred men attacked and drove from Frederica their fleet with five thousand men on board.

And so it has been written in God's Book of Destiny that over America should wave neither the golden lilies of France, nor the lion and tower, "pale emblems of Castilian pride ;" but first the stainless *semper eadem* of England, and then—we do not grudge them to you—the stars and stripes which you borrowed from the English tomb of the Washingtons.

America was God's destined heritage, not for tyranny, not for aristocracy, not for privilege—not for Spanish bigotry or French ambition—but for England, and for the Reformation, and for progress, and for liberty, and for the development—if you fall not short of the vast obligations which rest upon you—of a great and noble type of righteous, fearless, and independent manhood.

II. The voices of prophetic insight, from Seneca downward, point to such a destiny.

Alluding to King James and the foundation of Jamestown, Shakespeare, in the prophecy which he puts into the mouth of Cranmer, says :

" His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall make new nations."

“Westward,” wrote Bishop Berkeley in the four memorable lines, now engraved over the portal of the University of San Francisco—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

Those lines seem to have been written in a flash of prophetic insight ; and years later Emerson wrote :

“Lo! I uncover the land,
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.”

But it is for America, not to repeat these prophecies with complacency, but rather to register in heaven the vow that they shall be fulfilled. When the sword of Cornwallis was surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, some of the Americans, with a want of consideration which at such a moment was perhaps venial, began to cheer. But, turning to them, the noble Virginian said, with a fine rebuke, “Let posterity cheer for us.” Gentlemen, you, as the youngest of the nations, may put your sickle into the ripened harvest of the world’s experience, and if you learn the lessons which that revelation has to teach, Posterity will raise for you such a cheer as shall ring through all the ages. But the lessons of History are full of warning. “I will overturn, overturn, overturn,” saith the Lord, “till he come whose right it is.” When the representatives of many nations met Alexander at Babylon, the Roman ambassadors were, it is said, the obscurest among them ; yet Greece was overturned, and Rome snatched the sceptre

from her palsying hands. Babylon, Assyria, Carthage, Greece, Rome, have passed away. "Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean," says Mr. Ruskin, "three empires, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, of England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction."—Is not the warning thus given to England as needful for the United States?

III. I have touched on your Fathers, but yet another mighty impulse for good comes to you from the early Visitors to your shores. With what interest do we remember Robert Hunt, Vicar of Reculver, in Kent, who on June 21, 1607, celebrated the first English communion ever held in the New World with the unruly crew of Captain John Smith. Was it no boon to you that Charles Wesley, the sweet poet of the Methodist movement, was the secretary of General Oglethorpe, and accompanied him to Georgia with his brother John Wesley? In St. Simon's Island you can still point to Wesley's oak, and in Newburyport Church to the grave of George Whitefield. It was he who suggested the motto, *Nil desperandum Christo duce*,

"That day when sunburned Pepperell,
His shotted salvoes fired so well;
The Fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
And Louisburg was George's town."

Thus to you also was communicated, by strange interpositions of Providence, the electric thrill of that awakenment which startled the eighteenth century from its torpor of indolence and death.

Besides these, there came to you two great visitors of whose interest and affection any country might be proud. One was the gallant, the chivalrous, the stainless Lafayette, burning with the passion for freedom and the enthusiasm of humanity; the other was that whitest of human souls, Bishop Berkeley, whose wooden house still stands at Newport. It is something that you can point to the sea-cave in which was written the "Minute Philosopher;" something that the early streams of your history are commingled with the purest glories of the French Revolution, and the serene dawn of modern Philosophy; with the influence of one who added to the holiness of a saint the keenness of a philosopher, and to whom one of the most cynical of poets could ascribe "every virtue under heaven." Lafayette hung the key of the Bastille in Mount Vernon; Berkeley left his library to Yale.

Then, still keeping to the earlier stages of American history, how distinctive and how beautiful are the characteristics of your great men in Church and State:—In the Church, or, if you prefer it, in the churches—but to me there is but one great flock of God, however many may be the folds—you may look back with pride to the holy enthusiasm and boundless self-sacrifice of David Brainerd; to the lion-hearted courage of John Eliot; to those four students at Williamstown who gave the first impulse to the mighty work of missions; to the heroic endurance of Adoniram Judson; to Johnson of Yale, who in 1717 was the first to teach the Copernican system in America; to the faith and determination of Bishop Seabury; to the large-hearted theology and far-seeing wisdom of Bishop White; to the intense if Cimmerian theology of Jonathan Edwards;

to the fiery courage of Theodore Parker ; to the conquering sweetness and charity of William Ellery Channing, "whose word went forth like morning over the Continents." In the State, time would fail me to tell of Jefferson, who wrote your immortal Declaration of Independence ; of Otis, with his tongue of flame, who "breathed into your nation the breath of life ;" of Patrick Henry, that

" Forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas ;"

of young Warren, with his death and glory. Yes, in your old South Church, which I trust you will preserve inviolate forever,

"Adams shall look in Otis' face,
Blazing with freedom's soul,
And Molyneux see Hancock trace
The fatal word which frees a race ;
There in New England's well-earned place,
The head of Freedom's roll !"

And two there are who must have separate and special mention. One was the true patriot and sage, who

" Called the red lightning from the o'er-rushing cloud,
And dashed the beauteous terror on the ground,
Smiling majestic ;"

the other, he who, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," has been called by an English writer "the greatest of good men, and the best of great men," and of whom your own great orator has said that "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington."

“ So sacred! is there aught surrounding
Our lives, like that great Past behind,
Where Courage, Freedom, Faith abounding,
One mighty cord of honor twined?”

IV. Let me pass on to the War of Independence, and I am certain that every one here will agree with me when I say that Americans in the last few years have begun to understand far better the feelings of Englishmen respecting it. In reading some of the Fourth of July utterances we might fancy that you believed us to entertain a sore and sullen feeling, and that no Englishman could think without a blush of shame and a spasm of anger of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I hope that I need not in the year 1885 stop to remove so unfounded an impression. I have myself preached a Fourth of July sermon in Westminster Abbey, and have invited your eminent countryman, Dr. Phillips Brooks, to do the same. Strange that any American should overlook the fact that the opponents of the American colonies were not the English people, but the king and the rulers who misrepresented them. Have you forgotten the words of Burke? Have you forgotten that Barré called you “Sons of Liberty?” Have you forgotten his daring words in the House of Commons, once familiar to your very school-boys?—“They planted by your care! No! Your oppression planted them in America. . . . They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence!” Can you ever forget the volcanic outburst of Chatham?—“The gentleman tells us that America is obstinate, America is

almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted ! Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." If our glories are yours, we have learned also to look on yours as ours. We do not grudge you your Marathon of Bunker Hill, and we can repeat as proudly as you—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
 In arms the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world."

And I will tell you why we can look to the defeat of our forces without any of that shame which we should have felt had the defeat come from any hands but yours. It is because England could say, almost with a smile, My sons have conquered ; it is from me they drew their strength ! When the lioness was taunted with bringing forth only one cub at a time, she answered : " Yes, but that is a lion." You fought us in our own spirit. You retaught us what you had learned from us ; your rebellion was but a vibration of " that deep chord which Hampden smote." When American friends gave me a window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, the Father of the United States, I asked Mr. Lowell to write the inscription, and he wrote this quatrain :

. "The New World's sons, from England's breast we drew
 Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
 Proud of her Past, from which our Present grew,
 This window we erect to Raleigh's name."

Keep your Fourth of July celebrations as long as you

will. Let them teach you to say, with good reason, "Thank God, I also am an American." But I am sure that they will be kept no longer in any spirit of hostility to your mother-land. An Arab in the desert once asked a traveller if he was an Englishman. "No," was the answer, "I am an American." The Arab's only reply was to hold out two of his fingers. He had never heard Fluellen's proverb, "As like as my fingers to my fingers," but he knew that England and America are one in language, one in manner, one in desires and habits and aspirations, one in worship and birth and blood.

In the issue, then, of your War of Independence, we too see the hand of God. Franklin, in 1783, mentions the daily prayer offered up for the Divine protection. "Our prayers," he says, "were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. Have we forgotten that Divine Friend, or do we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men." Perhaps Franklin was thinking of the sudden tempest which came in answer to Thomas Prince's prayer, when, in 1746, Admiral D'Anville had sworn to ravage Boston Town.

V. I pass on to the great crisis of your modern history—the war of secession, the civil war, the war between the North and the South. In that war, too, in its origin, in its issues, in its many incidents, I see as manifestly as in your origin, and in the War of Independence the light of God, which shines on so steadily, and shows all things in the slow history of their ripening.

What an awful time it was, and how you learned to realize, as we had realized two centuries and a half before you, the horrors of a house divided against itself! Civil war is at the best a heart-rending word, and if the younger generation fail to realize all it meant, we can feel what it meant—we who have lived through the Indian mutiny and the Crimean war. We know how your hearts ached to think of those whom God touched with His finger in the woods of Tennessee and by the green hill-slopes of the Potomac; of that disaster at Bull Run, where your new volunteers were faint with thirst and hunger, and fell asleep on the greensward for very weariness; of Washington turned into one great hospital; of those multitudes of terrible oblong boxes which the trains carried to various cities; of the tears of the nation which fell so hot and heavy over her dead volunteers. You can never forget, while life lasts, the days when, as the eye glanced over the daily papers, the two words, “mortally wounded,” struck an unutterable chill into so many hearts of mothers and wives; when men, sacrificing all, locked the shops and chalked up, “We have enlisted for the war;” when those brave hearts went down in the stream on board the *Cumberland*, sloop of war; when the red stains on the woodland leaves were not only from the maple’s conflagration; when your land, even amid her anguish, rejoiced that she had sons with hearts like these. In those days God ordained for you famine and fire and sword and lamentation. The blood of the gallant and good flowed like a river, and the dear ones at home hungered for news; and dread memories were left for years, and the hearts of women slowly broke. It was not only gray-haired fathers

who sank under the bayonet thrust, and men who came home crippled for the rest of life, but the shots which pierced the breasts of young men drenched in blood a picture and a lock of woman's hair ; and in the delirious fever of their wounds bright-eyed, gallant boys talked of their mothers and babbled of the green fields at home. How full is that page in your history of noble and tender memories ! "In how many paths," said Mr. Lowell, "leading to how many homes, where proud memory does all she can to fill up the fire-side gaps with shining shapes, do men walk in pensive mood ? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished. It is locked for you, beyond moth and rust, in the treasure-chamber of death." Your poets, even your unknown poets, spoke of it in touching accents :

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walked on the beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

* * * *

"He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
His footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Though the shades of the forest be dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle—' Ha! Mary, good-night !'
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

“All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead ;—
 The picket’s off duty forever.”

Men left at home their pale young wives and sweet
 groups of little children, and how many thought—

“You have put the children to bed, Alice,
 Maud and Willie and Rose;
 They have lisped their sweet Our Father,
 And sunk to their night’s repose.
 Did they think of me, dear Alice,
 Did they think of me, and say,
 ‘God bless him,’ and ‘God bless him,
 Dear father far away?’ ”

And then, what indomitable determination was
 breathed forth by some of your songs :

“For the birthright yet unsold,
 For the history yet untold,
 For the future yet unrolled—
 Put it through!

“Father Abram, hear us cry—
 We can follow, we can die;
 Lead your children, then, and try—
 Put it through!

“Here’s a work of God half done,
 Here’s the kingdom of His Son,
 With its triumph just begun—
 Put it through!

“Father Abram, that man thrives
 Who with every weapon strives,
 Use our twenty million lives—
 Put it through!

“’Tis to you the trust is given,
’Tis by you the bolt is driven,
By the very God of Heaven,
Put it through!”

Yes, those sad days had their nobleness and their deep, unbroken human affections amid the horrors of war. Bad practices and fierce factions were forgotten. You remember how when two regimental bands were hurling responsive and defiant strains at each other, at last one of them struck up “Home! Sweet Home!” and to that challenge the enemy had no defiance; all they could do was to join their strains also with the strains of their foemen in “Home! Sweet Home!” So does

“One touch of nature make the whole world kin.”

You remember how when General Lee lay sleeping under a tree for weariness, the army of the South marched by him in utter silence, having passed along the lines the whisper, “Uncle Robert’s asleep; don’t disturb him.” You remember how once the two hostile armies delayed the charge and stopped firing because a little child had strayed between the lines. In that war, too, I see distinctly

“God’s terrible and fiery finger
Shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men.”

You had bitter feelings against England because of the *Alabama*, and because you thought she sympathized with the South more than the North. Well, in the first place, the great heart of England was in no sense whatever responsible for the muddle of international law which allowed the escape of the *Alabama*, and, in the second place, even for her voluntary entanglement in the doings of that

vessel, though they were done against her will, England has made you frank acknowledgment and has paid you ample reparation. Nor was it true that the voice which John Bright raised for you in Birmingham was a voice without an echo. It woke hundreds and thousands of echoes; only, you must remember that in those days, if many of us by no means understood the issue, neither did many of you. God has flashed the light of history over the obscurities of those days, and made many things plain which then were complex. It was He who gave you grace as a nation to decide aright; for

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
 In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or evil side.
 Some great cause, God’s new Messiah, offering each the bloom
 or blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
 And the choice goes by forever ’twixt the darkness and the light.”

In that hour America had the wisdom given her to decide—

“In whose party she should stand,
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shook the dust against her
 land.”

And God gave you the right men to guide you. He gave you that strong, homely, wise, fearless type of American manhood, Abraham Lincoln, calling him as clearly from the wood-shanty and the store as ever he called David from following the ewes great with young ones. From the leather-store at Galena, He called your indomitable soldier, Grant, with his clear-sighted purpose and his demands of “unconditional surrender.” From the log-hut and the school-master’s desk He called the firm spirit of James Garfield. The shot of

the assassin cut short their martyr-lives, but not until their work was done ; and “ when God’s servants have done their day’s work He sends them sleep.” Each of them has sunk to sleep amid your tears. “ For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies ; it was their nobler function to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor.”

Your civil war ended, and ended gloriously. The South accepted the terrible arbitrament and read God’s will in its issue, and bowed her head and clasped your hand in fraternal union. The bow of peace spanned once more the stormy heaven, and the flag which had been rent was one again, and without a seam.

“ Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty ;
Behold, its streaming rays unite
Mingling floods of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And spangled o’er its azure sea
The sister stars of Liberty.”

Thenceforth the question of slavery is settled on the right side forever—the life-long effort of Channing, and Theodore Parker, and Whittier, and Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and all the glorious army of Abolitionists was accomplished, and you will remain, we trust,

“ One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore,”

while your genius of Liberty holds forth her olive-branch

and tramples the broken fetters of four million slaves beneath her feet.

VI. And then at once and most gladly, and, let us hope, for many a century, you laid the sword aside. "The sword, after all," as Victor Hugo says, "is but a hideous flash in the darkness," while "Right is an eternal ray." "As the sword," said Washington, "was the last resort for the perservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first they lay aside when those liberties are firmly established." When the Duke of Cambridge asked General Grant to review the English army, he made the noble answer that a military review was the one thing which he hoped never to see again. But the War of the Secession established your national position. Just as, during the fighting, many a boy, learning to look death in the face, sprang into manhood at the touch of noble responsibility, so the war strengthened and sobered you, and gave to your thoughts, your politics, your bearing as a people, a grander and manlier tone. The nation waved her hand, and her army of more than a million sank back instantly into peaceful civil life, as the soldiers of Roderic Dhu sank back into the heather. "Cincinnatus," says Mr. Gladstone, "became a commonplace example. . . . The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day." It was a noble lesson to mankind, and a splendid service to the cause of popular government throughout the world. And again I say that the man must be blind indeed who cannot see that God's manifest Providence led and protected you. "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without God's notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His

aid?" * "Stand still and see the salvation of God"—such was the telegram flashed by President Lincoln on one memorable occasion. And when Lincoln had fallen; when the population of New York was wild with passionate excitement; when, like a spark falling on gunpowder, a single wrong word might have launched a terrible multitude into conflagration and massacre, Garfield appeared at the window shaking a white flag, and when he had hushed the attention of the multitude into breathless silence, what did he say? He said: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his seat." Again and again the words of Scripture have been potent at the crises of your history. "That book, sir," said President Andrew Jackson, pointing to the family Bible, as he lay on his death-bed, "is the rock on which our republic rests." The first words ever flashed along an electric wire in America were the words, "What hath God wrought?" sent by a young girl from Washington to Baltimore. And when man's science subdued the forces of the lightning and the ocean, and the electric cable first thrilled its flaming messages of love and hope "through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep," almost the first words flashed from hemisphere to hemisphere were the divine message of Christmas, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

VII. How quickly, again, by Heaven's blessing you recovered from the shock of war; how your prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds! What the Priest Vimont

* Franklin.

said to the followers of *Maisonneuve*, when they landed at *Montreal*, in 1642, applies to you : “ You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.” It is a theme too familiar to dwell upon how a handful has become a mighty nation ; how groups of log-huts have sprung in a few years into splendid cities ; how a fringe of precarious seaboard has become an empire of which the two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore ; how your commerce, reaching to every land and spreading white sails on every sea, is already a dangerous if friendly rival to the commerce of *England* ; how in a single century of freedom you have sprung from one to fifty millions ; how a band of daring fugitives has become almost in a century the wealthiest and one of the most powerful of all the nations on the globe. Are we not startled into astonishment when we hear of those who have spoken to men whose grandfathers remembered to have been present as children, in 1704, at the funeral of *Peregrine White*, the first *English* babe born on the *New England* shores ? And now you have more than three millions of square miles of territory ; 26,000 miles of river-way ; 12,000 miles of indented shore ; and more than sixty millions of living souls rich in their “ inherent and inalienable rights ! ”

Surely, you might apply to yourselves the words of *Tennyson* :

“ Our enemies have fallen, have fallen ; the seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil and grown a bulk

Of spanless girth that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun—
A night of summer from the heat, a breath
Of autumn dropping fruits of power; and rolled
With Music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.”

VIII. But all this pompous detail of material triumphs is worse than idle unless the men of the two countries shall remain and shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being. The voice of Milton tells you, as it told England after her civil discord, that

“Peace hath her victories
Not less renowned than war.”

In many directions you have been mindful of those victories. Suffer me to point out some of your immense gains and advantages. You have shown a marvellous inventiveness. You develop more quickly, you adapt more rapidly and unhesitatingly than on the other side of the Atlantic the latest discoveries and applications of mechanical science. You have shown multitudes of examples of that splendid munificence—illustrated by such names as those of John Harvard, of George Peabody, of Peter Cooper, of Johns Hopkins, and many more—which leads men who have made colossal fortunes among you to spend part at least of those fortunes not in the endowment of idle families, but in enriching and benefiting the cities of their birth, the nation under whose gentlest of sways their path was paved

from the lot of ragged and laboring boys to that of an affluence beyond the dreams of avarice. Your libraries, with their admirable card-catalogues, with their generous facilities, with their ample endowments, with their accumulated aid to research, ought to make you a nation of scholars. Your system of education is one of the freest and most ungrudging in the world. Best perhaps of all, you have developed and are developing a fine and original literature. You may well be proud of your poets: of Bryant, who "entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful;" of Longfellow, that pure and exquisite singer, whose bust in Westminster Abbey is the delight of our two nations; of Edgar Poe's weird genius; of the living fame of such men as Lowell with his generous culture, of Holmes with his sunny geniality, of Whittier with his passionate love of right and hatred of wrong. Among your novelists you count the honored names of Fenimore Cooper, the delight of our boyhood, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose works have the immortality of true genius. You have the humor of James, of Howell, of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain. You have the brilliant histories of Washington Irving, of Bancroft, of Prescott, of Motley, of Parkman. You have the splendid oratory of Clay, of Daniel Webster, of Wendell Phillips. All this is well. To borrow the image suggested by the late beloved Dean of Westminster when you welcomed him among you, the rush and fury of Niagara is a type of the life of your people—"its devouring, perplexing, fermenting, bewildering activity;" but it would lose nine-tenths of its splendor and loveliness, if it had not the silvery column of spray above it as the

image of your future history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of your present. And if that glittering column of heaven-ascending spray is to be the type of your aspirations, may I not add that the vivid rainbow—“in sight like unto an emerald”—which to my eyes lent its chief glory to the Falls, may also be the symbol of your nation’s hope ?

IX. It would be false and idle to imply that you have no perils—that there are no rocks, no whirlpools which lie in front of your steam-driven ship of state. It is hardly for me, it is not for any stranger to dwell on these. A stranger does not know, he cannot know much if anything about the spoils system ; about bosses and bossism ; about the danger of a secularized education ; about the subtle oppression of popular opinion ; about frauds, and rings, and municipal corruption ; about the amazing frivolousness, the triviality, the tyranny, the ferocity, the untruthfulness, the reckless personality and intrusiveness of the baser portion of your Press. He reads, indeed, in your leading journals, of evils “calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions ; of political scandals, and commercial dishonors ; of demagogism in public life ; of reckless financial speculations ; of a lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage ; of defalcations, malfeasance, sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits ; of a false ideal of life which puts material interest above the spiritual, and makes riches the supreme object of human endeavor and an absorbing passion for paltry emulations.” Of all these he reads in your pa-

pers and magazines, and of the warning of your wisest writers, that "popular government is no better than any other except the wisdom and virtue of the people make it so," and that "Democracy has weakness as well as strength." Clearly all these questions demand most solemn care. As the same voice has said, "when men undertake to do their own kingship they enter on the dangers and responsibilities as well as on the privileges of the function." Times of long peace, times of growing prosperity are times of serious peril. "About the river of human life there is a wintry wind but a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes on its repose." You have freedom, but freedom demands an eternal vigilance. Franklin warned you a hundred years ago of the peril of being divided by little, partial, local interests. There can be no liberty without honesty and justice. "You may build your Capitol of granite," said Wendell Phillips, "and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." Public spirit, watchfulness, the participation of all in the burden and heat of the day, are requisite if America would work out her own salvation, and therewith almost the salvation of the race.

X. But not for one moment would your most pessimistic citizen despair. To despair of America would be to despair of humanity; for it would show that men, after all, have no capacity for governing themselves: that they have, after all, no nobler destiny than to be the footstool of the few.*

* See the speech of Franklin in the Convention for forming the Constitution of the United States in 1783.

And there are two reasons why not even the most cynical pessimist need despair of America—the one because your government is a government of manhood, the other, because you have succeeded in training men. It is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. The multitude may sometimes be careless and supine; it may fail to understand the responsibilities which attach to liberty. But sooner or later it awakens in all its strength and treads wicked laws and base combinations under its feet. The rousing of a magnificent people when it “views its mighty youth, and shakes its invincible locks,” is as when

“The lion shakes the dew-drop from its mane.”

Nay, even these metaphors of Shakespeare and Milton are too weak to image forth the outburst of volcanic wrath which sometimes, almost in a moment, transforms a peaceful and careless commonwealth into terrific and irresistible agitation, as vast subterranean forces in one moment transform into bellowing eruption the mountain which but yesterday had snow in its long-slumbering crater, and gardens and vineyards upon its sunny slopes.

I ask, then, with President Lincoln in his first Inaugural Address: “Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?”

Shakespeare in his day complained that

“Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him—as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.”

It has not been so with you. You have felt the sacredness of manhood, the dignity of manhood, the illimitable horizon of its hopes, the immeasurable capability of its powers. Your very Declaration of Independence lays it down as a self-evident truth, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If often upon a small scale in local communities, and upon a large scale in your national history, you have witnessed the irresistible revolt of the national conscience against the growth of intolerable wrongs, the cause of this latent force is because you have honored men simply as men.

From the street and from the store, from the forest and from the prairie, you have taken ragged, bright-eyed boys, with little or no regular education even, but enriched by the lessons of experience and crowned and mitred by the hands of invisible consecration, and not asking who they were but only what they have proved themselves capable to be—because of their homely wisdom, because of their native strength, because of their undaunted righteousness—you have fearlessly set them to command a million of your soldiers, to rule over fifty millions of their fellow-men. Such a man was James Garfield; such a man was Ulysses Grant; such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Were manlier words ever spoken than those with which he ended his New York speech in 1860: "Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it." A man, in one aspect, may be but a shadow and a vapor; in another, he is immortal, immeasurable, infinite, and he is never so great as when he

is uplifted by the aspirations of a great land. "Governments, religion, property, books," said Humboldt, "are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man." "Mankind," said Kossuth, "has but one single object—mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument—mankind again." "Men," said Pericles, "are a city, and not walls." The prayer of every great community should ever be, O God, give us men.

"What constitutes a State?" asks Sir William Jones in his ode in imitation of Alcæus.

"Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts.
No! Men—high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
These constitute a state:
And sovereign Law that, with collected will,
On crowns and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

XI. But am I wrong in saying—if I am you will forgive me, for it is only the impression to which I have been led by studying the minds of some of your greatest thinkers—am I wrong in saying that at this moment in her history America needs nothing more imperatively than a new and concentrated enthusiasm? If Prophets be needed to stir up the monotony of wealth, and re-

awaken the people to the great ideals which are constantly fading out of their minds—"to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow"—in what directions could such Prophets point which should give any grander aims than the achievement of the old eternal ideals? "That motionless shaft," said Daniel Webster, pointing to the pillar on Bunker Hill, "will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age leaning against its base, and ingenuous youth gathering round it, will speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, "Thank God! I also am an American." But that depends. The boast of ancestral excellence is worse than unavailing if it be used by the lips of degenerate descendants. Vast is the work before America, and if in her the nations of the world are to be blessed, that work will need all her seriousness and all her energy.

I have endeavored to emphasize the thought on which all your own greatest and best men have insisted, that the hand of God is pre-eminently manifest in your history; and the correlative thought, that there rests upon the American nation an immense burden of heaven-imposed responsibility.

What is that responsibility?

It is to combine the old with the new—the experience of the East with the daring of the West—"the long past of Europe with the long future of America."

It is to guard the idea of Freedom as the fabled dragon guarded of old the very garden of the Hesperides—tak-

ing good heed that liberty be not confound with license ; nor republican government with the shout of popular anarchy ; nor freedom with the freedom to do wrong unpunished ; nor manly independence with lawless self-assertion. It is to keep the equilibrium between stability and advance, between liberty and law. "As for me," said Patrick Henry, in 1775, "give me liberty or give me death."

It is to work out the conception of Progress ; to recognize that it is your duty not only to preserve but to improve ; to bear in mind that the living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. You and your churches will have to decide whether, in the words of Castelar, you will confound yourselves with Asia, "placing upon the land old altars, and upon the altars old idols, and upon the idols immovable theocracies, and upon the theocracies despotic empires ; or whether by labor and by liberty you will advance the grand work of universal civilization." Despots, whether priestly or secular, may they "stand still !" But

" God to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll
Wrapped by her spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said, ' The primal plan
Of all the world and man
Is Forward ! Progress is your law, your right ! ' "

It is to work out a manly and intelligent correlation of religious tradition with the advancing knowledge of mankind. The churches must show to the world the rare example of religious tolerance ; of many folds existing happily side by side in the one flock. The laity must teach their churches not to supersede but to supplement

each other. They must beware of stagnant doctrines and stereotyped formulæ. They must learn the spirit of those grand words in which John Robinson addressed the Pilgrim Fathers when they sailed from the shores of Europe—"I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us; yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin has penetrated into the counsel of God."

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upwards still, and onwards,
Who would keep abreast with Truth."

Judge Sewell set a noble example when, in 1696, he stood up in his pew in the Old South Church to confess his contrition for his share in the witchcraft delusion of 1692.

That preacher of Georgia spoke wise words who, taunted with a change of opinion about slavery, said in a Thanksgiving sermon, "I have got new light. I now believe many things which I did not believe twenty years ago. . . . If I live till 1900 I expect to believe some things which I now reject and to reject some things which I now believe;—and I shall not be alone."

It is, above all, to show the nations the true ideal of national righteousness. Two centuries and a half have passed since Peter Bulkley addressed to his little congregation of exiles the memorable words: "There is no people but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in if not in holiness? If we look to numbers we are the fewest; if to strength we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches we are the poorest of all

the people of God throughout the world. We cannot excel nor so much as equal other people in these things, and if we come short in grace and holiness we are the most despicable people under heaven. Strive we therefore to excel, and suffer not this crown to be taken from us."

How has all this been reversed! In numbers you are now, or soon inevitably must be, the greatest; in strength the most overwhelming; in wealth the most affluent of all the Christian nations throughout the world. In these things you not only equal other people but excel them. Why? Mainly, I believe, because your fathers feared God. Shall America then dare to kick down that ladder, to spurn the low degrees by which she did ascend, and, despising the holiness which was once her single excellence, now in the days of her boundless prosperity to make in the common life of her citizens a league with death and a covenant with hell? I do not for a moment believe it. I believe that she will be preserved from all such perils by the memories of the dead and the virtues of the living. I believe that she will cherish the pure homes which have never lost their ancient English dower of inward happiness. I believe that she will not suffer the wise voices of the holy and thoughtful few to be drowned in noisier and baser sounds. I believe that her aspirations will dilate and conspire with the breezes from the sea which sweep the vast horizons of your territory. I believe that she will listen to the three great Angels of History, of Conscience, of Experience, which, as the great teachers of mankind, ever repeat to us the eternal accents of the Moral Law. I believe that she will help to

disenchant the nations of the horrible seductions of war, and of a peace crushed and encumbered under warlike armaments. I believe that she is linked, that she will ever desire to be linked, with us of the old home, in the golden yoke of amity, and that by the blessing of God's peculiar grace, you with us and we with you, shall be enabled to "make all things new" for the glory and happiness of mankind. Then shall hoary-headed selfishness receive its death-blow, and the vilest evils which have afflicted the corporate life of man

" Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Which like a penitent libertine shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his former years."

